

THE GALLOWGATE LAD

Joe Wilson's Life & Songs

"Dave Harker's work on Newcastle music is second to none and is not only an important piece of British cultural history, it tells a vital piece of the social and political history of the North East. His work is not only impeccably researched, breaking new ground for specialists, it is entertaining and interesting for a wide, popular audience. Joe Wilson was the most prolific and important of the incredible flowering of singer-songwriters in the North East. They were not only the 'Pop Stars' of their day but chronicled the lives and hopes of the ordinary people of the North East during a time of tumultuous change. As a songwriter Joe Wilson could be considered our 'Robbie Burns' but in his depiction of ordinary life he is perhaps better described as our 'Charles Dickens' and he is certainly the most important writer to come out of Newcastle in the Nineteenth Century. Dave's new biography is lavishly illustrated, meticulously researched, and is an important and much needed cultural history, but it is also a fascinating insight into life in Victorian Newcastle and will be of interest to anyone who grew up hearing 'Keep Yer Feet Still Geordie Hinny'. I highly recommend it."

Lee Hall, author of *Billy Elliot* and screenplays including *Pride and Prejudice* and *War Horse*.

Dave Harker with Kasandra van Keith and Terry Wilson, two of Joe's four Canadian great-grandchildren, at his grave in Jesmond Old Cemetery



£20

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*For Joe Wilson's Canadian great-grandchildren,
Kasandra, Leonard, Terry and Caroline*

Contents

| | |
|--|-----------|
| <i>Introduction</i> | <i>v</i> |
| Acknowledgements | <i>vi</i> |
| 1 The Gallowgate Lad | 1 |
| 2 The Working Men’s Club | 8 |
| 3 The Oxford Music Hall | 15 |
| 4 All the Principal Concert Halls | 22 |
| 5 Stage-Manager, Joe Wilson | 32 |
| 6 Manager, Mr JOE WILSON | 43 |
| 7 The Royal Adelaide Hotel | 55 |
| 8 Cum print us a funeral caird, Mister Printer | 69 |
| 9 I would like to see my children reared | 83 |
| 10 Reflection and moral reform | 98 |
| 11 Some one will enter the pearly gates | 108 |
| 12 The local vernacular is necessarily a drawback | 113 |
| 13 Dick, Sam and Rowley | 120 |
| 14 Sagging and settlement | 130 |
| 15 Joe lives? | 142 |
| 16 A new life in a new land | 148 |
| <i>References</i> | 155 |
| <i>Sources</i> | 165 |
| <i>Recordings</i> | 168 |
| Song, Tune & Verse Index | 170 |
| <i>Name Index</i> | 174 |

Introduction

Joe Wilson, the ‘Tyneside Bard’, was born in Stowell Street, Newcastle, on 29 November 1841, and his twin Thomas arrived 20 minutes later. Joe became a printer, wrote songs, and sang as an amateur, but late in 1864, following the death of George Ridley, the author of *Blaydon Races*, Wilson appeared at the Oxford Music Hall (formerly Balmbray’s) in the Cloth Market. Ned Corvan, the author of *The Cullercoats Fish-wife* and *Who Hung the Monkey*, was the acknowledged local star songwriter and singer, but after he died in autumn 1865, Wilson became a favourite across Northumberland and Durham, regularly playing the huge Wear Music Hall in Sunderland. In 1869 he married Isabella English, a 19-year-old singer, in Newcastle Register Office, and became a stage-manager at the Alhambra Music Hall in South Shields, but the owner Sam Siddall barred sales of alcohol and Wilson left and went back on the road. Late in 1870 he managed the Cambridge Music Hall in Spennymoor, but left after a short time. In 1871 he introduced concert hall entertainment to Carlisle as manager of the Princes’ Music Hall for a few months, but he was weary of travelling, and from late that year he was the singing landlord of the Royal Adelaide Hotel in New Bridge Street, Newcastle, but dealing with drunks turned him into a temperance campaigner by 1872. He performed professionally as an entertainer from Brotton in the North Riding of Yorkshire up to Glasgow, but contracted tuberculosis and stopped touring in autumn 1874. He died in Railway Street, Newcastle, on 14 February 1875, aged 33, and was buried in an unmarked grave in Old Jesmond Cemetery. Soon after his eight-month old son was buried next to him with a little wooden cross to mark the spot.

Wilson wrote at least three pantomimes and 360 songs, recitations, acrostics and poems about local people, everyday life in the terraces, tenements, pubs and streets of Tyneside. His verses appealed to working people across the north-east and many stand up well today, including *Keep yor feet still!*, *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum* and *The Row upon the Stairs*. *Bonny Sally Wheatley*, *Maw bonny Gyetside lass* and *Mally didn’t come* are arguably among the most poignant love songs ever written, but he also wrote protest pieces such as *Ne Work*, *The Strike* and *Charity!* In 1890 most of his surviving lyrics appeared in *Joe Wilson’s Tyneside Songs and Drolleries, Readings and Temperance Songs*, published by Thomas Allan, the Newcastle stationer, teetotaler and copyright-holder. In 1891 *Allan’s Illustrated Edition of Tyneside Songs and Readings* included a few Wilson songs, but omitted all the radical songs by Corvan and edited others to suit his Tory tastes. By contrast, this book quotes Wilson’s manuscript songs and those he printed or had printed for him during his lifetime.

Wilson used old Scottish, Irish and Tyneside tunes, those of contemporary concert hall hits, national ‘standards’ and several from the USA. They were not published with his lyrics in the north-east in his lifetime, but in 1908 Charles Ernest Catcheside of South Gosforth, a former music hall performer turned whisky salesman who was known as ‘Catchy’ because he conned fellow Freemasons, recorded *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum*. In 1911 ‘Catcheside-Warrington’ composed piano arrangements for J.G. Windows’ *Album of Tyneside Songs* and included several of Wilson’s tunes, but altered Allan’s versions of his lyrics. Two more albums appeared in 1912 and 1913 and also included Wilson songs. A fourth album of so-called ‘folksongs’, with piano arrangements by the church organist and music teacher Samuel Reay, appeared in 1924, but it too included one Wilson song. Windows reissued their *Albums* as *Tyneside Songs* in the late 1920s and 1950 and they remained in print until 1999.

Wilson’s songs have influenced dozens of north-east songwriters and singers, from Tommy Armstrong, the pitmen’s poet, to music hall stars like ‘J.C. Scatter’ (James Cosgrove from Gateshead), variety acts like The Five Smith Brothers, and recording artists including Michael Hunt, Owen Brannigan, Denis Weatherley, Alex Glasgow, Johnny Handle, Pete Scott, Judy Dinning, Anni Fentiman, Bob Fox and the Unthanks. There have been at least 147 commercially-published recordings (including 39 re-releases) of 36 Wilson songs, and 37 versions of *Keep yor feet still!*

Today most children have to follow the misnamed National Curriculum and focus on the history and culture of London, even though the capital has been parasitic on provincial talent back to Geoffrey Chaucer and beyond. Consequently few north-east youngsters know much about the history and culture of their own region, and many have never heard of Joe Wilson, though their parents might sing one of his choruses and their grandparents might also know verses or whole songs.

This story of an almost forgotten star includes maps, photographs, official documents, newspaper ‘clippings’ and suchlike, but some were written or printed quite poorly, and those that survive are sometimes in an unloved condition. They have been included to give a taste of Tyneside in Joe Wilson’s life-time and illustrate the ways he put everyday social life into the songs that made him famous, and which should make him famous again.

Before decimalisation £1 was equivalent to 20 shillings (20s) of 12 pence (12d). Below is how many pounds it would take today to buy goods and services that £1 bought in the past.

| | | | | | | | |
|------|------|------|------|------|-----|------|-------|
| 1860 | £110 | 1900 | £111 | 1940 | £50 | 1980 | £4 |
| 1870 | £107 | 1910 | £106 | 1950 | £31 | 1990 | £2 |
| 1880 | £108 | 1920 | £40 | 1960 | £21 | 2000 | £1.50 |
| 1890 | £116 | 1930 | £59 | 1970 | £14 | 2010 | £1.15 |

Acknowledgements

My warm thanks go to Joe Wilson's great-granddaughter, Kasandra Van Keith (born Shirley Elizabeth Wilson), who has researched the family history, and who drafted the final chapter, and also to her siblings, Leonard Hartley Wilson, George Terry Wilson and Caroline Bernice Poloni (born Wilson), who added to the story.

I also want to thank Pauline Tebbs and Meg Hartford, who have researched the Wilson and English families, plus Anni Fentiman, Bob Garside, Ed Waugh, Ewan Waugh, Freda Wilson, George Patterson, Jane Harker, Keith Gregson, Lee Hall, Paul Baker, Pauline Shawyer, Ray Stephenson, Sheila Gammon, Vic Gammon, Vicki Gilbert and Vin Arthey, and colleagues at Gateshead, Newcastle and South Shields Libraries, Newcastle University Library, Laing Art Gallery, Tyne & Wear Archives, Beamish Museum, the British Newspaper Archive - www.britishnewspaperarchive.co.uk - and the British Library Board.

Dave Harker
Newcastle upon Tyne
April 2017

1. The Gallowgate Lad

Joseph Wilson was born in Washington, County Durham, in 1730. By the 1750s he was a member of a Newcastle trade guild and was sworn in as a freeman. Guild members had a monopoly in their trade, while freemen could vote in local and national elections and keep two cows on the Town Moor, and their widows and legitimate sons could inherit these privileges. In 1753 Wilson married Elizabeth Craggs, who had been born in Auckland St. Andrew in 1734, and in 1755 they had a son they called Joseph. By 1780 he had completed his apprenticeship with the Newcastle shoemaker Mark Vickerson, joined the Cordwainers' Company, one of the 12 most powerful guilds, and was sworn in as a freeman by inheritance. In 1782 he married Frances Holiday, who had been born in Washington in 1759, and John, their third child, was baptised there in 1786.

In 1793 the government declared war on republican France. Hostilities continued until the Peace of Amiens in 1802, but after war resumed against Emperor Napoleon in 1803 John joined the Northumberland Militia. In 1806 he became a member of the Cordwainers' Company and was sworn in as a freeman by inheritance. In 1811, when he was in Colchester, he married.

Thomas Burnett was born in Alnwick, Northumberland, in 1767. He married Ann Sword and Ann junior was baptised in St. Michael's Church in 1794. In 1811 she married John Wilson in St. James's Church, Colchester, and went with him to Ireland, where Joseph was baptised in St. Mary's Church, Kilkenny, in 1812. They returned to Newcastle in 1814 and John worked as a 'Leather Dresser/Cordwainer' and a 'Cowkeeper'. Joseph later became a 'Joiner/Cabinet Maker' and by 1832 he had evidently joined the Joiner's Company, which was among the 15 less-powerful by-trades or lesser guilds. Soon after he was sworn in as a freeman by inheritance and married.

In 1813, when John and Elizabeth Knox lived near the Ouseburn, west of Newcastle, they had a daughter they had baptised Ann, and she was probably the Ann Knox who married Joseph Wilson in St. John's Church, Newcastle, in 1833.¹

Joseph Wilson of *St. John's* Parish
and *Ann Knox* of *St. John's* Parish
were Married in this Church by *James*
this *1st* Day of
September in the Year one thousand eight hundred and thirty *Three*
By me *John To*
This Marriage was solemnized between us { *Joseph Wilson*
Ann Knox
In the Presence of { *James Cockburn*
John Thompson
No. 342.

In 1834, when they lived in Gallowgate, their a baby girl was baptised Ann in St. Andrew's Church.

| When Baptised. | Child's Christian Name. | Parents' Name. | | Abode. | Quality, Trade, or Profession. | By whom the Ceremony was performed. |
|--|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------|-------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| | | Christian. | Surname. | | | |
| 1834 <i>Aug</i> <i>24</i> No. 777 | <i>Ann</i> <i>Dawson</i> | <i>Joseph</i> <i>Wilson</i> | <i>Wilson</i> | <i>Gallowgate</i> | <i>Cabinet maker</i> | <i>W. Dodd</i> |

John was baptised in St. John's Church in April 1837,³ and the Wilsons seemed to be prospering.

A Mr Young had built 30 or so terraced houses west of Darn Crook, just inside the Town Wall, and named it Stowell Street after Baron Stowell, formerly William Scott, the brother of John Scott, Lord Chancellor Eldon, both of whom had been born in Newcastle. Eneas Mackenzie noted that the development was completed by 1827.

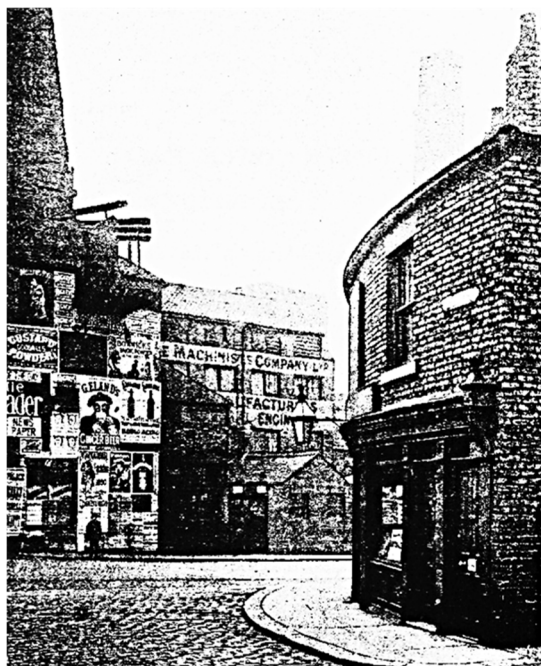
An immense quantity of earth and clay has been led from this place, which is now reduced to a dead level; but the houses are thereby rendered less private, dry, and airy. They are very judiciously planned, consisting of four fire-rooms each, and are well adapted for families of a certain rank, whose convenience is seldom consulted by building speculators.⁴

Stowell Street was west of St. Andrew's Church, near the junction of Newgate Street, Percy Street and Blackett Street



By 1841 Westgate district's population had grown from 1,636 to 7,493 in a decade, owing to a new colliery, quarries and a glue factory.⁶ In June Westgate and part of St. John's parish were home to almost 14,000 of the town's 70,500 people. The

shoemaker John Wilson lived in Gallowgate with Ann and four children, while Joseph Wilson's family lived in a curved-walled house on the corner of Stowell Street and Darn Crook, seen in a grainy photograph taken almost 50 years later.



Census-takers often rounded adults' ages to the nearest five years and they described Joseph and Ann as '25' at the bottom of the first page, though Joseph was 28. Ann junior was 6½ and John – at the top of the second page - was four.

Parish of St. Andrew

| PLACE | HOUSES of each Person who abode therein the preceding Night. | NAMES of each Person who abode therein the preceding Night. | AGE and SEX | | PROFESSION, TRADE, EMPLOYMENT, or of INDEPENDENT MEANS. | Where Born | |
|--------------|--|---|-------------------|---------|--|----------------------|-----------------------|
| | | | Males | Females | | Within the County | Without the County |
| St. Andrew's | | John Wilson | 28 | | | | |
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|---------------------------------|---------------------|--------------------|--------|-----------------|-----------------------|
| Dr: 5 th No. 1210 | Joseph son of | Joseph + Ann | Pilton | Stork Street | James H. M. Wright |
| Dr: 5. No. 1211 | Thomas son of | Joseph + Ann | Pilton | Stork Street | James H. M. Wright |

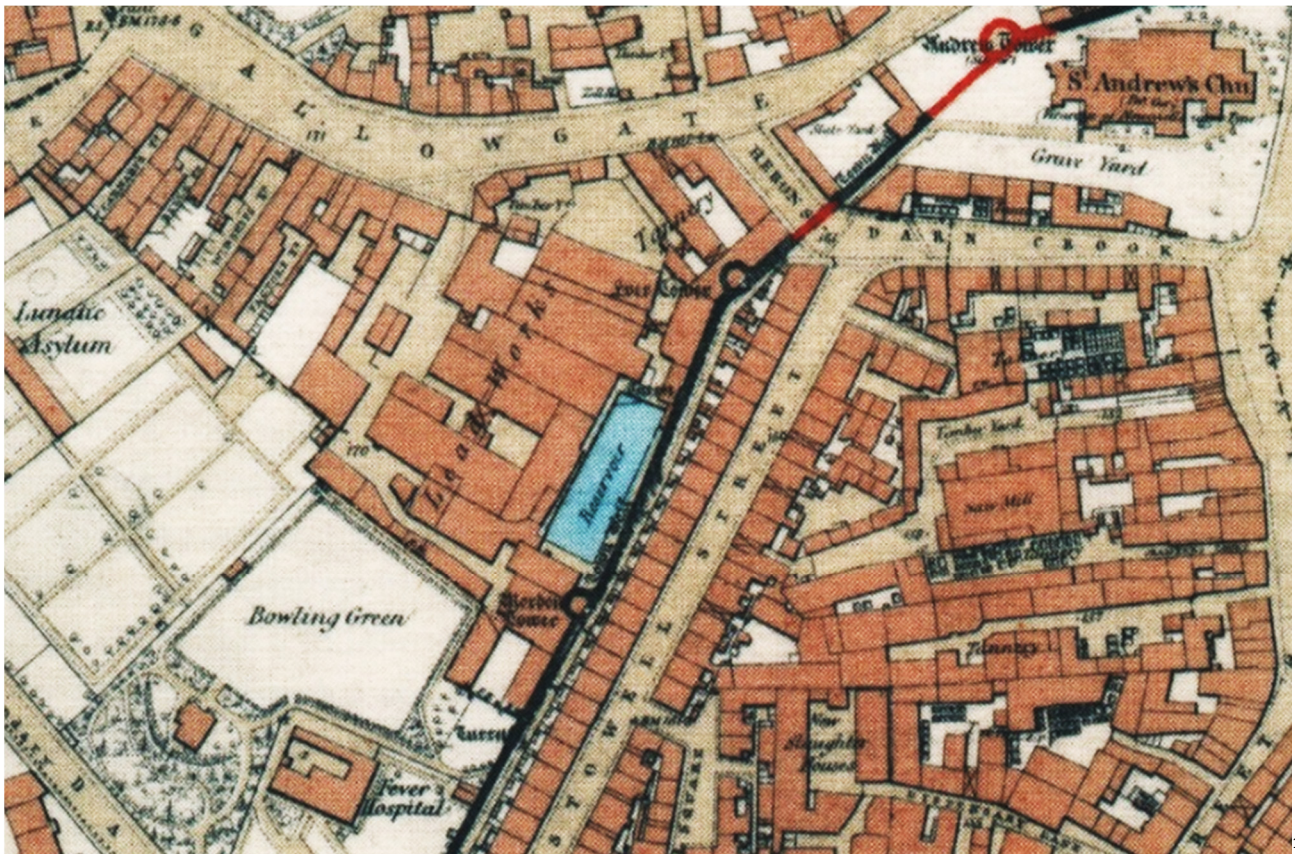
11

A quarter of a century later Joseph wrote about his early life in a phonetic version of Tyneside vernacular.

ME fethur was a joiner an' cabinet-myeker, an' me muther a straw bonnit myeker, an' byeth natives o' the "canny aud toon o' Newcassil." Aw was born on the 29th o' Novembor 1841, at the end o' Stowl Street, close agyen Darn Crook, an' not a hundrid miles frae Gallowgate, but *twenty minnits* efter aw had myed me forst ippeerince, te the stonishmint o' the neyborns, *Wor Tom* showed his fyece, te dispute wi' me whe shud be the "pet o' the famly," an' he sweers he is te this day, *becas he's the yungist!* Aw cannnet egsactly rickollect what teuk place at that remarkabil time, but aw warn'd the wimmin foaks wad heh thor drops an' cracks the syem as ivor, not forgettin te drink the hilt o' the new-born twins, an' wishin me muther seun better agyen, ivor se monny times ower.

12

Soon after the family moved to 3 Bell's Court, a tenement below the first 'A' of Gallowgate, backing onto the Lunatic Asylum.



13

Around 56 people in ten families lived in number 3, probably in unhealthy conditions. In April 1844 32-year-old Joseph Wilson died of 'Consumption of the Lungs' (tuberculosis) and Elizabeth Rankin, who was present at the death, registered it next day.

| | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------|------|-------------|--------|--------------------------------|--|-----------------------|---|
| 1844 30th April Gallowgate | Joseph Wilson | Male | 32 Years | Corner | Consumption of the Lungs | Elizabeth Rankin Gallowgate Present at Death | 1844 30th April | Deceased Living McWilliam Register |
|-------------------------------------|------------------|------|-------------|--------|--------------------------------|--|-----------------------|---|

Joseph was buried at St. Andrew's Church on the 9th.¹⁴ Years later Joseph junior recalled that his mother had to bring up four children 'the best way she cud. Weel can aw mind the struggils', but 'she work'd wiv a gud heart, an nivor flinched frae the task afore her, her constant study bein' for the gud o' her bairns'.¹⁵

Early in 1851 16-year-old Ann Wilson junior married John William Atkinson, a stonemason born in Durham, in St. Peter's Church,¹⁶ on the corner of George Street and Oxford Street, Newcastle. The town's population had grown by 24 percent in a decade to around 89,000, with an average of 8.4 in each of the 10,600 or so dwellings, but Westgate district's population had risen by 55 percent to over 21,000. John Wilson senior was still a shoemaker and he and Ann, a 'Dairy woman', lived in 3 Back Lane, Gallowgate. The census found 37-year-old widow Ann Wilson, a 'Straw Hat Maker', at 3 Bell's Court with her daughter Ann Atkinson, a 'Milliner', 14-year-old John Wilson, an apprentice 'Brush Maker', and 9-year-old Joseph and Thomas, both described as 'Scholar'. The twins attended St. Andrew's Parish School on the lower east side of Percy Street,¹⁷ and Tom recalled that their mother had 'a hobby in dressin' us byeth alike, which cawsed mony an absord mystyek'.

One day aw wes wawkin' doon Gallawgyet when a lad cum up to me an' gave me a smack o' the nose, which cawsed the blud to flow pretty freely. Aw went away te me muther bleedin' like a sheep. When I gat thor the regular cure wes used, that's te say the street dorr kee wes shued doon me back. It tordned oot eftor that this lad had sum words wi Joe, an' he tyek me for him. Thor's an awd sayin', 'Thor's nowt lost that a frind gets', but aw didn't think see that day.¹⁸

Well-off people who financed the school could nominate a 'Free scholar', but the boys had to wear corduroy trousers, a green jacket beaded with red and a green cap like a 'Scotch bonnet'.¹⁹ Joe recalled that 'Tom 'diddent fancy't', and it was 'the forst time aw had wore different claes te him'.²⁰ Probably in 1853 Joe's uncle took him to the Olympic Concert Hall near Central Station, where Edward Corven, a 26-year-old Liverpool-born but locally-raised singer-songwriter was 'all the rage'.²¹

In 1855 Joe became an apprentice compositor,²² with Frank Hooper Robson of Market Lane, off Pilgrim Street, and a journalist thought he was a 'gentle youth'.²³ Joe recalled that song-writing had 'long been me hobby' and in November 1858 he printed his first 'book',²⁴ which contained eight pages of sentimental songs and poems, only one of which has been traced.

THE TWIN-BROTHERS' BIRTHDAY.
BY JOSEPH WILSON.
TO HIS TWIN BROTHER, THOMAS WILSON.

Dear brother Tom,
Our birthday's come,
And now we're seventeen;
'Mid smiles and tears,
Seventeen long years
Have glided like a dream
Since first we saw a mother's smile
Beam on us like a ray
Of pleasing hope throughout life's path,
To cheer us on our way.
And now we gaze
Upon those days,
Which memory paints so fair,

Together we
Will ever be
As we have ever been;
Let years roll on,
We think upon
Each fond and cherished scene,
Since first we came into this world,
Together, yet one in heart,
Let us then hope, and trust in God,
We ne'er will have to part.
When we have played,
And often strayed
Far from a parent's care;
We think upon our childhood's days,
Affection then expands
Throughout our breasts, with brother's love
We grasp each other's hands.

Joe had a 'sweet tenor voice' and applied to join the choir led by the curate at St. Peter's Church, but he was rejected, so he joined All Saints Church choir and sang there for several years. He also attended People's Concerts in the Nelson Street Lecture Room, where he sang the 'ordinary sentimental songs of the day', such as *I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie*, but his first 'hit' was a comic medley entitled *Paddy's Adventures in his Sleep*.²⁵

By April 1859 Frank Robson was bankrupt.

INSOLVENT DEBTOR to be heard on THURSDAY, the 21st Day of April, 1859, at Ten o'clock in the Forenoon, at the Guildhall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, before JOHN RURY DANKER, Esquire, Judge of the County Court of Northumberland, holden at Newcastle:—
FRANK HOOPER ROBSON (sued as Frank H. Robson), late of No. 6, Villa Place, in the Borough and County of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Journeyman Printer; previously of No. 6, Villa Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne aforesaid, and at the same Time carrying on Business at No. 54, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne aforesaid, as a Printer, Lithographer, and Lithographic Printer; before then residing and carrying on Business at No. 54, Pilgrim Street aforesaid, as a Printer, Lithographer, and Lithographic Printer; formerly residing at No. 81, Pilgrim Street aforesaid, and carrying on Business in the Market Lane, Pilgrim Street, all in Newcastle-upon-Tyne aforesaid, as a Printer, Lithographer, and Lithographic Printer; now a Prisoner for Debt in the Gaol of the Town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Nevertheless, days later 17-year-old Joe Wilson printed a song about the victory of a Tyne sculler over a Londoner, though he may not have published it, since the surviving copy has a hole where it had been 'spiked'.

CHAMBERS FOR EVER!

The Greet Boat Race

On the Tyne, between Robert Chambers, of
Newcastle, and Thomas White, of London, for
£200, on Tuesday, April 19th, 1859.

A NEW LOCAL SONG, BY JOSEPH WILSON.

Air.—"Kiss me quick, and go my honey."

As aw was gan along the Clese last Tuesday efterneuz,
Awsaw a lot o' bettin men towards the Javel Group ran
Says aw tiv a fishwife stanin near 'what's thor gan ti take place?
She stares at me and cries 'ye feul whey its the greet boat race.'

Chorus.—Gan on the Champion o' the world!

Gan on Bob ma-lad!

An let folks see what ye can do,

Gan on the Tyneside Lad!

A drunken chep had just awoke, an wi boisterous joy did leap,
For altho sleep had tyen his heed, he didn't heed the sleep.
Chambers 'll win! he roared wi glee, as up the street he flew,
'An aw'll lay the odds that in the race White 'll turn RED White, an
BLUE.

Aw gans up ti the Skinners' Burn an gat among the crowd,
When 'White 'll win!' aw heard sum cockney fellows cry aloud,
'Thor in the boats, they byeth luik fresh!' bawls oot a weel knawn
ruff,
The folks luiked at him as he tuik a pinch, for they knew he was
UP TO SNUFF.

The excitement neo it got intenease when waitin for the start,
An mony a firmly buttoned coat held mony a beatin heart;
Thor off! thor off! was all the cry, an suen they appeared in sight,
When we saw the first was very RED we war sure he wasn't WHITE.

The splendid luik o' byeth the men did ivery one entrance,
Tho' we, like iverybody else got just a passin glance;
An Irishman frae doon the Quay, cries oot 'which is the worst?
For by the Powers I belave that the last wan he is first.'

Mid'awful shouts onward the flew just like the leetnin's flash,
In the weter they myede a dashin cut, so of course they cut a dash
An awd wife frae oot a public hoose, roared oot frae of the hills
'Gan en Bob, ma canny lad!' for she knew he liked HER GILLS.

Chambers put in all his strength about the Meadows' hoose,
Twas then the Cockney began ti feel his efforts war no use,
Se he thowt he'd try (altho it's not in ony rowing rule)
Ti myeke A FOUL O' Bob—he tried—but myede hissel THE FOOL.

Byeth the men luiked very RED, tho they stripped ti the buff;
The race was ower, Chambers had wun, an geen Tom White the huff
FOR TYNESIDE FLOCK had gained the day, an noo it is wor pride,
Ti say we can defy the world wiv a CHAMPION frae Tyneside.

Joe sought to represent local speech phonetically in his verse, yet it often appears to have been conceived in 'standard' English, then 'translated', though the grammar and syntax remain largely 'standard'. If it had all been in 'standard' English, Tyneside workers would have recited it idiomatically, so only outsiders or locals from a different class would need any guidance.

In September 74-year-old John Wilson died at home in Gallowgate and was buried in St. Andrew's Cemetery, Jesmond. In October 22-year-old John Wilson married 22-year-old Margaret Ann Armstrong in St. Andrew's Catholic Church in Worswick Street. Late that year their son was baptised Joseph in St. Andrew's Catholic Church,²⁸ but Margaret died of 'English Cholera'

(dysentery) in Napier Street, Elswick, in October 1860. John, an 'Engine Fitter', registered the death that day,²⁹ and she was buried in All Saints' Cemetery, Jesmond.³⁰

Joe Wilson was almost 19 and had worked at several 'printing offices', including the *Newcastle Guardian*,³¹ but mostly for Jonathan and William Howe in a former New Connexion Chapel in Melbourne Street, Gateshead, as Jonathan recalled.

Sitting around the fire at their teas, if the humour seized him a trifle was enough to set him on. Anything lying about, perhaps a bill they were printing, he would take it up and proceed in such a comic way to read it, that often their teas were never finished for laughter. His eyes, which were large, brimmed over with fun and drollery, and as he abandoned himself to the humour of the moment, voice, gesture, and wit all contributed to make his mock performance irresistible. One result of these outbursts of humour was that something like the following was often heard at tea-time. 'Joe, aw'm not gawn te sit beside ye; aw want me tea the neet; aw'm gawn upstairs'.

'Although thus full of life and merriment, he was constitutionally weak; and while other printers stood at their work, Joe had a seat, and laughingly excused himself by saying that he could do more sitting than they could standing'.

When Howe Brothers were printing an 'almanack' with stories and poems, Joe wrote, set and printed two recitations which reappeared in his earliest surviving songbook whose pages have yellowed today. One was *Aud Nelly's Advice tiv her Dowter*.

And Nelly plied her needle, byeth careful, fine, an' swiftly,
Then she gazed wi' muther's pride iv her bonny dowtor's een,
Her mind wi' past joys reelin, she blist the deer form kneelin,
Sweet coonsil then revealin te that sweet flooor o' sivinteen.

Maw cumley pet, maw hinny, aw' prood te see yor bonny,
But words o' praise oft myek conseet, an' beauty oft brings pain,
Aw'd like te see ye cosey, yor cheeks keep reed an' rosey.
As bloomin as a posey, but aw dinnit want ye vain!

Cawshus i' yor luv affairs, yor shoor te fettle canny,
So dinnit thraw me words aside for owt that lads may say,
For oft they'll sweer devoshun, an' tell ye thor greet noshun,
But like the tretch'rous oshin, they smile an' then betray.

It's not the fyece that myek's the man, fine eyes, or hair that's corly.
An honest heart an' kindly hand's far better then the pair,
So when ye gan a cortin, spoil not yorsel wi' flortin,
Or else ye'll fin'd ne sport in the lot's that for yor share.

If dancin ye shud fancy, mind weel what steps yor takin,
For one false step oft puts foaks rang, ne mair te be put root,
For gud an' bad steps glancin, i' life, itsel, like dancin,
We've a' te tyek wor chance in, an' tyeest byeth soor an' sweet.

Let uther foaks' affairs alyen, if ye mind yor awn ye've plenty,
An' nivor myek a practice o' gannin oot te tea,
For there thor's often clashin, wi' mischief myekin pashun,
If they'd tawk 'boot nowt but fashun, then, an' only the
'twad de.

Keep the hoose byeth clean an' tidy,—dinnit gan a drinkin,
A drunken wife's the plague o' life, a dorthy wife's the syem!
Wi' neybars dinnet gossip,—wi' scandal gud nyems toss up,
Ye'd mair need gan an' poss up the claes ye've left at hyem.

Attend yor hoosehold duties wi' heart byeth leet an' cheerful,
An' let yor gud man's cumforts be yor studdy a' throo life,
An' stop his mooth frae sweerin, wi' nice kind words, endearin,
Thor's nowt te man se cheerin as a true an' canny wife!

The 19-year-old's advice to a 17-year-old woman about the consequences of sex before marriage, the need to get married and put her husband first and accept restrictions on her conduct, were wholly in accord with 'respectable' standards.

Wilson later sang another 'recitashun', *Bob Hobson's Advice tiv his Son*, to the tune of *The Spider and the Fly*.³²

Bob Hobson sat before the fire,
An' puff'd his baccy smoke,
A pictor ov a gud aud sire,
That can give or tyek a joke;
He puff'd away, luek'd wisely roond,
Wink'd slyly at young Dan,
Then like a mortal wisdom croon'd,
Thus tiv his son began :—

Maw canny lad, ye've neo arrived
At a wild unsartain age,
So wi' me tung aw've just contrived
A lesson worth a sage :—
Luck forward te the sunny side,
The dark side scarcely scan,
An' nivor deal wi' dirty pride,
If ye want te be a maa.

Tyek a' advice that ye can get,
Turn not yor heed away,
Or let foaks put ye i' the pet,
W' onything they say,
For informashun myeks us wise,
An' shows which way te steer;
Be careful,—if ye want te rise,
Be canny wi' the beer.

Keep close yor mooth!—watch weel yor words,
Afore ye let them oot,
For thowtless speeches myek discords,
An' put foaks sair aboot;
Keep passion always frae yor door,
Send selfish thowts away,
An' nivor let foaks chawk a score
Ye think ye cannet pay!

Let honesty yor motto be,
Mark weel these words, aw say,
For if thor worth ye dinnet see
Ye'll mebbies rue the day;
Save up, te thrive, mind weel yor pense,
Put not yor claes i' pawn,
But keep them oot, yorsel te mense,
Thor's nyen fits like yor awn!

Dinnet tell lees, sic ackshuns scorn,
Unworthy ov a man,
Let truth as pure ye war born,
For ivor be yor plan;
Stick close te frinds that ye've fund true,
Strite-forward, kind, an' free;
De nowt te myek yor conshuns rue,
An' a "Happy Man" ye'll be!

33

He was evidently convinced that if 'ye want te rise' and be a 'Happy Man', you had to be 'canny wi' the beer' and not 'chawk a score' or pawn your clothes for drink. Joe printed five more 'numbers' of his songbook,³⁴ but in spite of his brother Tom's entreaties he later 'destroyed all the copies he could find', including *No 1*,³⁵ which included *The Working Men's Club*.

2. The Working Men's Club

In September 1860 members of the Working Men's Institute in Nun Street, Newcastle, debated the question of temperance and discussed who to support in the parliamentary election in November. At Christmas 'Mr Sutherland and Mr. J. Wilson' were the main 'vocal contributors' and sang 'humorous songs', and one of Wilson's received a 'hearty encore'. On New Year's Eve at a 'sober, rational and intelligent' temperance event Wilson sang *Prarie Flower*, but days later Richard Grainger evicted the Institute and William Jordan and John Brown responded at length in the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

Chartism in Newcastle has received a mortal blow by the appropriation, by Mr. Grainger, of the rooms in Nun Street, into tenement dwellings. Ever since the opening of these rooms, now many years ago, they have been maintained as a news-room and library, at great sacrifices, by the few working-men constituting the body. One of the principal features in connection with the institution, and one, doubtless, which drew down upon it much unmerited obloquy, was the Sunday evening lectures and discussions, at which social, political, and moral subjects were debated, and to which admission was invariably voluntary. These intellectual displays were advocated and supported as a counter-attraction to the influences of the tavern. With characteristic liberality, the members freely granted the use of their rooms to other institutions, although many of them propagated programmes of reform that did not always quadrate with their own; and the support which they give to benefit and other cognate societies, did much to elevate them in public estimation. In these rooms the Secular Society first saw the light; and the Northern Reform Union, before it reached its present importance, also held its meetings. Latterly, the new temperance society, which it is confidently anticipated, will rival all the temperance associations in the district, has been originated in the rooms. We are sorry to have to record a rather painful circumstance in connection with the closing of this institution. It appears that the members were some few pounds in arrears for rent, and a seizure has been made upon the goods and chattels of Mr. Brown, the indefatigable secretary, a working-man, to whose exertions, sacrifices, and unwearied industry, the existence of the institute, from its commencement, is, in a great measure, to be attributed. Those who have derived advantage from the institute should not hesitate to testify to Mr. Brown, in some substantial manner, their appreciation of his services.

SIR,—We, the undersigned, are deputed by the members of the above institute to reply to the paragraph which appeared in this day's impression of your paper, and to state fully the facts, circumstances, and acts as they occurred. Two paragraphs have already appeared, which we consider injurious to the institute, written in a spirit which savours strongly of a desire to crush rather than support the body of working men who assemble there for literary, and not political purposes, as stated in your notice of the 6th inst. In it you state that "Chartism has received a mortal blow," &c. Now, the fact is, that a considerable time has elapsed since Newcastle possessed an organisation of political reformers known as Chartists, the institute having for some time discarded politics, the members never being questioned as to their political creed; it not being necessary, seeing that it is an educational, not political, organisation. Chartism in Newcastle, like the Northern Reform Union, seems to be in a state of quiescence. But it is in your paragraph of this day, that the evil eye is made manifest, inasmuch as we can perceive no injury, either inadvertently or otherwise, done to Mr. Grainger in your former paragraph. In the first place, we beg to state that an agreement was entered into with Mr. Grainger, in the middle of last year, which has been faithfully kept. The lowering of the subscription by the Mechanics' Institute has, doubtless, militated in some measure against our success, otherwise more would have been done—but we again reiterate our former statement most emphatically, that we have faithfully kept our late engagement with Mr. Grainger, and that had time been allowed, means would have been taken to entirely liquidate the debt. In conclusion, we would advise your official paragraph collector, before he again rushes into print, to seek his information from a more reliable source than that from which he admits he got the above; for had he applied to the proper quarter, namely, the officers of the institute itself, he would have received full details of our position and prospects.

Institute members donated money to reimburse Brown. They were discouraged, but

they are not dismayed, and they have resolved to make another effort to establish a Working Men's Institute in Newcastle. A subscription has been commenced for the purchase of a few tables, forms, and other necessary things; and a sub-committee has been appointed to look out for a suitable place to meet in. The following subscriptions have been received:—A friend, per John Brown, 2s 6d; An old tottaller, 2s 6d; John Younie, 5s; A friend, 2s; George Main, 1s.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR MR. JOHN BROWN.—The following sums have been received to indemnify Mr. Brown for the losses he has incurred in connection with the Working-Men's Institute:—John Charlton, 2s. 6d.; David Smart, 1s.; A Working-bee, 1s.; John Carr, William Hoag, and George Smith 6d. each. Collected by Thomas Lishman:—Thomas Lishman, Thomas Wilkie, and John Jameson, 1s. each; in sixpences, 2s. 6d.; in smaller sums 2s.

Subscriptions should be taken to the Co-operative Literary Society Rooms in Newgate Street or to the *Chronicle* office. The estate of John Wilson, Joe's grandfather, was valued at under £200, and his 66-year-old wife died in March.

On Saturday evening, an inquest was held by Mr Theodore Hoyle, deputy coroner, on the body of Ann Burnet Wilson, who had died from injuries sustained by falling down stairs. The principal witness examined was an old woman named Mary Buckham, who was in Wilson's house, on Thursday night, when the accident occurred. According to her statement, the deceased went to bed about ten o'clock, somewhat the worse for liquor. After some time she rose and went up stairs, for the purpose, as was believed, of scolding her brother. The witness went up more than once and endeavoured to persuade her to return to bed but without success; and on the last occasion, finding her lying asleep on the landing at the top of the first flight of stairs, she placed a mat under her head, and there left her. It is supposed that the unfortunate woman, waking up in the dark, and being ignorant of her whereabouts, had fallen down the stairs to the passage, where she was found about eleven o'clock in the morning, in a state of insensibility. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Joe Wilson's grandmother was buried in St. Andrew's Cemetery, but at some distance from the grave of her late husband.

In Newcastle around 111,000 people lived at an average of almost eight in the 14,000 dwellings, including 37,500 in 5,200 in the Westgate district. Ann Wilson, a 'Bonnet Maker', now lived at 55 Clayton Street with her 29-year-old son John, an 'Engine Fitter', 19-year-old Joseph, a 'Compositor' and 19-year-old Thomas, a 'Brush Maker', plus 31-year-old John William Atkinson, a 'Mason', his 26-year-old wife Ann (born Wilson), four-year-old John George, two-year-old Ann and the baby Joseph Thomas, all born in Elswick. Months later the baby died and was buried next to his mother in All Saints' Cemetery, Jesmond.³

The Atkinsons had a beer shop at 47 High Friar Street, but they had taken over Mr R. Oliver's beer-shop,⁴ the Travellers' Rest at 4 Marlborough Crescent, by early 1863.⁵ They could open from 4.00am to 1.00am on Monday to Friday, but had to close at midnight on Saturday,⁶ and Joe probably printed there on Sundays.⁷ George Ridley had used the tune of the London star Harry Clifton's *Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green*, a song about a milkman whose girlfriend had left him for a bus conductor, for *Cushie Butterfield*,⁸ and Wilson used the tune for *Ne Wark*.

Aw's weary, aw's wretched, aw wander forlorn,
Aw sigh for the neet, an' then wish for the morn,
For neet brings ne cumfort, an' morn little mair,
I' byeth mind an' body aw's worn oot an' sair.

KORUS.

What wretchedness, what misery,
Thor's ne one can tell,
Except them that's been oot o' wark, like mesel!

Aw wander te places, an' try te get wark,
Where "call back agyen" is the foreman's remark,
Thus hopeless an' cheerless aw pass mony a day,
Tho the pay-week cums roond—it te me brings ne pay!

Ne wark yit!—heart-broken aw bend me ways hyem,
Ne wark yit!—te tell them aw really think shem,

For dependance is painful tho it's on yer awn,
Tho te cumfort an' cheer ye they try a' they can.

Thor's nyen can imagine the angwish aw feel
When aw sit doon at hyem te maw poor humble meal,
Each bite seems te chowk us,—the day seems full lang,
An' a' that aw de, whey, aw feel tho 'twas rang.

Me fether lucks dull, tho he strives te luck glad,
An' tells us it's nowt te the trubblis he's had;
Me muther smiles kindly, tho sad like the rest,
She whispers "cheer up lad an' hope for the best!"

It cannet last always!—aw hope afore lang
Wi' wark aw'll be freed frae sad poverty's pang,
For without it, hyem's dreery,—the fire's bright spark
Turns' gleamy an' dim when at hyem thor's Ne Wark.

Joe and Tom lived at 45 Westgate Street,¹⁰ and Tom recalled that his brother was courting.

One neet, when Joe was working' a bit later in wor hoose in Westgaet Street, he ses to me - 'Aw hed to meet Mary Ann te-neet; ye might gan an' tell her thit awm bissey, an' ax hor te cum up'. Awa aw went, an' sure enuff she wes at hor post. She tyek me airm, an' we wawk'd quite luv'in'ly doon Westgate Street. When aw gat te the fut ov the stairs, ses aw tiv hor, 'Joe axed me to cum to meet ye'. She dropped ma airm as if it wes reed het, and ses she, 'We are ye, then?' Whi?' say aw, 'am Tom'.¹¹

The brothers lived close to the former Royal Olympic, which was now George Stanley's Tyne Concert Hall, where George Ridley had hits with songs about sporting events.¹² So did Corvan, as Corven called himself,¹³ and a stationer was often in the audience.

Ralph Allan was born in Edensmouth on the Scottish side of the Tweed around 1801 and Alice McDougal was born in nearby Birgham around 1806. On 25 March 1828 they married in St. Mary's Church, Gateshead, and Ralph junior was baptised on 29 December at the United Secession Presbyterian Chapel in Carloli Square, Newcastle. Elizabeth followed in 1830 and Thomas in 1832. The family lived in Pitman's Row and their father was a blacksmith at Usher's coach works,¹⁴ at the west end of Forth Street. Usher died in June, but his son took over.¹⁵ Cholera was rife and Ralph Allan 'made the iron work for a sort of hearse which the authorities sent daily around to gather up the dead'. George was born in 1835 and was baptised in St. John's Church as was Robert in 1838. In 1841 'Spring Maker' Ralph's family lived in Forth Street. Nicholas was born in autumn and William followed in 1844, but someone erased their christenings from the family Bible.¹⁶ The Allan boys probably went to St. John's parish school and Thomas recalled that he was 'a fair scholar, at least in reading and writing, but arithmetic I never could grapple with', so the 'schoolboy's rhyme of the time was true in my case'.

'Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad,
The 'Rule of Three' puzzles me
And 'Fractions' makes me mad'.

Ralph senior was not a freeman,¹⁷ and Thomas was 'brought up a radical'. Around 1846 he was apprenticed to the coachbuilder Christopher Rutter, next door to the Hawthorns' Engine Works on Forth Banks.¹⁸ 'Hawthorns' cheps' worked a 60-hour week and got time and a half for overtime, while fines for breaking rules and regulations went into an Accident and Sick Fund and the men shared what remained at the end of the year. During the railway boom of 1844-1847 the workforce had almost doubled to over 1,000,¹⁹ and Hawthorns bought Rutter's workshop, employed him as a foreman and accepted Thomas as an apprentice,²⁰ but he did not enjoy 'robust health'.²¹ By 1851 the Allan family lived at 91, Ridley Court, South Street, just below the Central Station. Ralph senior was an 'Engineer Spring-maker' and Alice looked after him, Ralph junior, an 'Engine Smith' and Thomas and George, who were apprentices at Hawthorns. Their brother Ralph married in 1854. Ann was a year younger than him and from Newburn and their son Ralph was born in 1855, but his uncle Robert died in 1857. The government had taken stamp tax off newspapers and by 1858 Thomas and George had left both their parents' home and Hawthorns. They lived at 51 George Street, off Westgate Street, and rented a small shop at 8 Collingwood Street for £5 7s 6d for three months and sold newspapers and stationery. In 1859 they made 90 percent profit on 'best lead pencils' and 200 percent on 'Long

penholders', and in 1860 they opened another shop at the corner of Dean Street and Mosley Street and lived above it. They sold books in their Collingwood Street shop, but their printed stationary mentioned only Thomas's name, and continued to do so for over 30 years. When their brother Ralph opened a shop at 1 Church Way, North Shields, Thomas and George provided bank guarantees, and by spring 1861 Ralph lived at 11 Camden Street with Ann, five-year-old Ralph junior and two-year-old James, but Ralph Allan senior died, aged 60.²² Thomas and George Allan knew the bookbinder William Henderson Dawson. In October 1862 his song about the opening of the Stephenson monument opposite the Central Station proved popular and Thomas and George asked a printer in Clayton Street to produce a book of local songs.²³

John Beall, who had recently married a woman from Grantham,²⁴ 'occasionally engaged' Wilson as an 'extra hand'.²⁵ He had amateur engagements at 'Free-and-easies' and needed new material.²⁶ In summer the veteran Tyne sculler 'Bob' Chambers beat the Australian Thomas Green. In the preamble to Wilson's *Wor Geordey's Accoont O' The Greet Boat Races* 'Jackey Broom' claimed to have overheard a 'cockney' singing it; so, 'thinking that ye mebbies cuddent read their outlandish twang' he 'got his Uncle Bob, a weel eddycated man, te translate it into the Newcassel dialect, so as anybody can understand it'.

Fareweel the days when Lundun lads as Champions nobly shon,
Defiant te the wide wide world, the bonny Thames thor throne,
For noo Tyne lads beet us complete, wor chance wi' them's but sma'
Oh! sad's me heart, whod ivor thowt te see us browt se law.

KORUS.

Oh! dear Oh! thor's nyen like Chambers, Oh!
De a' we can we hevent a man
Te lick Bob Chambers, Oh!

Fareweel the days when Lundun boats wes the finest that wesmade,
But Harry Clasper, frae Tyneside, seun put wor's i' the shade;
He myeks his boats se leet an' neet, brings oot sic forst-class men,
He licks wor builders, rowers te,—wor Lundun glory's gyen.

Fareweel the days when Robert Coombes rowd fleetly ower the tide
The swiftest champion ivor knawn, the Cocknies' boast an' pride,
For gox, he had but little squeek, if he'd leaved this day te see, [flee
For if Coombes cud myek his fine skiff run Bob Chambers myeks his

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Fareweel the days when Lundun crews pull'd the winnin boat se fast
When i' skills, an' pairs, an' fower-oars, we cuddint be sorpass'd,
But noo we might as weel not pull at the grand regretta here,
For Tyneside lads cum here an' win the prizes ivry eer.

For Everson, Kelley, White, and Green, te Chambers did give in,
Bell's Life may puff an' praise them up, but it cannet myek them win

Fareweel, fareweel them gud aud days, we'll see thor like ne mair,
For then ne men like Chambers pull'd, nyen cud wi' him compare;
Still Lundun men are gud as then,—resentful thowts declaine,
For weel we know, say what we will, the best men's on the Tyne.

27

Wilson set it to a tune associated with the US song *Yankee Doodle Uncle Sam*.²⁸

In July Chambers raced the Redheugh ferryman Robert Cooper over one mile starting below the High Level Bridge.

The One Mile Race.

An Monday neet we thowt it neet te join among
That myek thor way, wi' ne delay, te see the
Bob Chambers, champion o' the world, an' Cooper
Cum out i' style te judd a mile, an' best man
chain te be!

Chorus:—
Oh, lads, the scene looks all an ivor saw,
Oh, my, an' wish yells a' been there,
Oh, lads, as game as ivor men can be,
For jam ahead wi' judd an' speed thor's nyen
can lick the pair!

An' round a steamer, full o' foakes, we just had look
over jance.
When myek the men, about te the buff, cum out
te judd the race;
Thor manly jouns myek admiration fill each
weatun heart.
When roun the bridge myek jounly meant, they
myek a hurray start.

an off! that weel-known cry agyen wes heard
thrus the air,
Then "jam on Bob!" wes shouted in a style te
myek thowts sair,
Thor stroke on stroke they judd ahead, but
jimmies, thurs atween,
For Cooper, i' the pride o' jance, judds clear
out thimmes' Burn.

ye may laugh about when Greek meets Greek, the
ting o' war ye'll see,
But let the Greeks do what they like, the Tyndal
lads for me!

Cooper, game an' true, an' best, lads hand te
keep his jance,
The Chambers, like the man he is, wurk'd
hard te win the race!

Thor level now, wi' speery spints, close by the
Lindisfarne pier,
The struggle then te get the lead, a splendid seat
te see,
Myek hearts lump up—an' voices cheer the hives
on thor way,
Its nobly on—thor lads jouns, dash'd bravely,
thrus the spray.

29

Wilson evidently did not publish these lyrics immediately, but later set them to the tune of XYZ,³⁰ a song about race horse by the Newcastle shoemaker William Midford in 1814.³¹

Thomas Allan recalled of Wilson that 'local was now his only fancy' and three more songs 'were quickly written and sung by him at the club'.³² He set one to a tune associated with William Johnston's patronising song about Irish immigrants, *Sandgate Chris'nin'*,³³ which was also known as *The Tinker's Wedding*. Wilson's couple put on their best clothes and had the time and money for *Wor Peg's Trip te Tynemouth*. The crinoline had been invented in the USA, and the steel hoops were made in Sheffield, but Peggy made hers out of cane. They danced, but only she had the courage to go sea-bathing.

The sun wes shinin i' the west,
An' aw wes shinin i' me best,
An' Peggy like a queen wes drest,
The day we went to Tynemouth, O.
Upon the sands, byeth happy, we
Injoy'd the breezes frae the sea,
An' wish'd the day a week might be
Upon the sands at Tynemouth, O.

Along the sands we myed wor way,
Like pldgers on a rainy day,
The lasses bonny feet display
Upon the sands at Tynemouth, O;
Sum fiddlers there to myek thor brass
Played touns te tice byeth lad and lass,
For dancin steps nyen cud surpass,
Maw cumley Peg at Tynemouth, O.

The dancin deun, says Peg te me,
"Thor's lasses bathin i' the sea,
An' if ye'll had me claes," says she,
"Aw'll hev a bathe at Tynemouth, O."
"No, Peg," sav aw, "no, dinnet gan!"
"What flaid," say she, "are ye a man?"
In tiv a fine masheen she ran.
Te change her claes at Tynemouth, O.

Aw stud dumbfounded, stiff, an' mute,
An' hoped she nivor might cum oot,
Te show hersel te crowds aboot,
That watch foaks bathe at Tynemouth, O.
At last, gud grashus, Peg fell doon
The steps,—aw thowt twes iv a swoon,
Up she gets iv a lang blue roon,
Among the waves at Tynemouth, O.

Then Peg's reed heed wes plainly seen,
Wiv figor that wad mensae a queen,
Aw wish'd beside her aw had been
Among the waves at Tynemouth, O;
Upon the shore,—the bathin deun,
Peg full o' life an' full o' fun,
Git on a cuddy's back te run
Along the sands at Tynemouth, O.

But plishur often wid brings pain,
Byeth sad an' sair we sowt the train,
For Peggy's hoops, she myed o' cane,
Wes lost that day at Tynemouth, O;
She sadly sighed, wi' leuk so meek,
An' laid her heed agyen me cheek,
But kiss an' cuddle myed her speak,
I' cummin hyem frae Tynemouth, O.³⁴

Wilson used the tune of the Irish nationalist song called *The Happy Land of Erin* for *Bonny Sally Wheatley*,³⁵ and while his narrator acknowledged that his sweetheart 'cud toss a pot o' whisky ower sweetly', she knew 'when te stop'.

Noo aw's byeth deprest an' sad,
Tho aw once wes blithe an' glad,
An' cud trip aboot the toon byeth trim an' neatly,
Aw wes happy neet an' morn
But iv aw sic joys aw's shorn
Since aw fell so deep i' luv wi' Sally Wheatley.

Korus.

O dear me, aw dinnet know what te do,
For Sally's teun me heart away completely,
An' aw'll nivor get it back,
For she gans wi' Mistor Black,
An' they say he' gan te marry Sally Wheatley.

Aw nivor saw sic a lass,
Tho aw know she lik't her glass,
An' cud toss a pot o' whisky ower sweetly,
But it's reet te tyek yor drop
If ye just know when te stop—
That wes just the vary way wi' Sally Wheatley.

Hoo aw felt aw dinnet know,
The first time aw Sally saw,
Iv a threesum reel she hopt aboot se loetly;
An' aw might hev had a chance,
If aw'd askt her up te dance,
But aw wes ower shy te speak te Sally Wheatley.

So, as often is the case,
Ye'll fin'd uthers i' yor place
If ye dinnet shuv ahead—an' fettle reetly,
For aw'd scarcely turn'd me back
When aw there saw Mistor Black,
He wes jiggin round the room wi' Sally Wheatley.

An' he mun hev myed it reet
When he set her hyem that neet—
Efter wark, drest up, he gans te see her neetly;
Thor's greet danger i' delay,
Or aw'd not been sad the day:
If aw had a heart aw'd brickt for Sally Wheatley!

Evidently the young man was not entirely heartbroken.

Wilson wrote another song 'throo seein me brother-in-law nursing the bairn the time me sister wes oot',³⁶ and set *Aw Wish Yor Muther Wad Cum Or, Wor Geordey's Notions aboot Men nursing Bairns*, to the tune of *The Whistling Thief*, a song about courting in Ireland.³⁷ The mother accepted that housework child-care were her responsibility, but she had to go shopping.

Cum, Geordy, had the bairn,
Aw's sure aw'll not stop lang,
Aw'd tyek the jewl mesel,
But really aw's not strang;
Thor's floer and coals te get,
The hoose-turns thor not deun,
So had the bairn, for fairs,
Ye've often deund for fun!

Then Geordy held the bairn,
But sair agyen his will,
The poor bit thing wes gud,
But Geordy had ne skill,

He haddint its muther's ways,
He sat both stiff an' num,—
Before five minutes wes past,
He wished its muther wad cum!

His wife had scarcely gien,
The bairn begun te squall,
Wi' hikin't up an' doon,
He'd let the poor thing fall,
It waddent had its tung,
Tho' sum and toun he'd hum,—
"Jack an' Jill went up a hill,"
Aw wish vor muther wad cum!

What weary toil, says he,
This nursin bairns mun be,
A bit on'ts weel eneuf,
Aye, quite eneuf for me;
Te keep a crying bairn,
It may be grand to sum,—
A day's wark's not as bad,
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!

Men soldum give a thowt
Te what thor wives indure,
Aw thowt she'd nowt to de,
But clean the hoose, aw's sure,
Or myek me dinner an' tea:—
Its startin te chow its thumb,
The poor thing wants its tit,
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!

What a selfish world this is,
Thor's nowt mair so than ~~man~~
He laffs at wummin's toil,
And winnet nurse his awn;—
Its startin te cry agyen,
Aw see tuts throo its gum,
Maw little bit pet dinnet fret,—
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!

But kindness dis a vast,
It ne use gettin vext,
It winnet please the bairn,
Or case a mind perplext;
At last,—its gyen te sleep,
Me wife 'ill not say aw's num,
She'll think aw's a real gud nurse,—
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!

38

He used two handkerchiefs to represent the baby, but recalled that he never dreamed it 'wad turn oot the "hit" it did'.³⁹

Wilson's next success was *The Row Upon the Stairs*, which he also set to *Yankee Doodle Uncle Sam*. The lyrics were about two women arguing over whose turn it was to clean the communal tenement stairs. They used terms like 'clarty fah' (dirty gypsy) and 'sk'yet gob' (skate mouth), and listed each other's improprieties including thefts, wearing 'blucher beuts' (so called after the 18th century general Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher), drinking with a shoemaker when her husband was out, cheating a Jewish hawker and a 'manadge man' who sold goods on tick, and being a frequent and unwashed visitor to the pawnshop.

Says Mistress Bell to Mistress Todd
"Ye'd better clean the stairs!
Ye've misaed yor turn for monny a week,
The neybars a' did theirs!"
Says Mistress Todd to Mistress Bell,
"Aw tell ye Mistres Bell,
Ye'd better mind yor awn affairs,
An' clean the stairs yorsel."

KORUS.

Oh what tungs i' the row upon the stairs,
Clitterin, clatterin, scandal, an' clash,
I' the row upon the stairs.

Says Mistress Todd—"when it suits me
Te think that it's me turn,
Ye've a vast o' cheek te order me,
Thor's not a wummin born
That keep's a cleaner hoose than me,
An' mark ye, Mistress Bell,
Ef ye'd oney de the syem as me,
Ye'd gan an' clean—yorsel!"

Says Mistress Bell—"ye clarty fah,
We was't that stole the beef?"
"What de ye say?" cries Mistress Todd,
"De ye mean that aw'm a thief?
Let's heh the sixpence thas aw lent
Te treat Meg Smith wi' gin!
An' where's the blanket that ye gat
The last time ye lay in?"

Says Mistress Bell—"ye knaw yorsel
The sixpence's lang been paid,

An' the raggy blanket that ye lent
Wea ne use then ye said!"
"A raggy blanket! Mistress Bell,"
Cries Mistress Todd—"what cheek!
Yor dorty stocking had two holes
Full twice the size last week!"

"Maw holey stockings, Mistress Todd,
Luks better i' the street
Than yor gud man's awd blucher beuts
Ye weer te hide yor feet!
The eer-rings ye gat frae the Jew
On tick the tuthor day,
'Ill be like the fine manadge man's shawl,
The syem as gien away!"

Says Mistress Todd—"ye greet sk'yet gob,
Ye'd better had yor jaw,
The varry shift upon yor back
Belangs the wife below!"
"Ye lazy wretch!"—shoots Mistress Bell,
"It's true, thor is ne doot,
Last neet ye fuddled wi' Bob the Snob
The time yor man wes oot!"

"Oh, Mistress Bell!"—says Mistress Todd,
"Ye brazind-lucking slut,
Ye may tawk away—te clean the stairs
Aw'll nivor stir a fut!
Afore aw'd lift a skoorin cloot
The mucky stairs te clean,
Aw'd see them turn as black as ye,
Ye pawnshop luckin queen!"

Wilson evidently used whatever paper was to hand.

He set *The Gallowgate Lad!* to the tune associated with *Sweet Sally Gray*, a slip song of 40 years or so earlier.⁴⁰

One morn neer the grand Central Stashun,
'Mang croods that wes hurryin bye,
Aw happin'd te see Meggy Bensin,
An' sairly the lassie did cry.
Say aw—"canny lass, what's the matter?"
Says she, quite dejected, "aw's sad,
Aw's greetin for Jack, that's me luvae,
Maw bonny bit Gallowgate Lad!"

"Ye'll knaw him, Joe, issint he hansum?"
As clivor a lad as ye'll see,
He wes striker at Stivvisin's Factory,
But lately he's been on the spree;
An' he got bag'd for gan on the fuddle,
An' the jewl mun heh fairly gyen mad,
When he went an' he join'd the Milisha,
Maw gud-luckin Gallowgate Lad!

A' the neybars declared he wes lazy,
 But spite 'll myek bissy foaks speak,
 Tho aw knaw—tho aw owint te menshund,
 He nivor workt mair then a week;
 But wi' foaks gyen—keep quiet thor failin,
 Aw greeve for me luv that's a swad,
 Oh, his best suit o' clacs is his sowljor's,
 Maw brave luckin Gallowgate lad!

It's five eers since we forst got acquaintid,
 He always wes wild iv his ways,
 An' he swore that he nivor cud squeeze us
 The time that aw wore me new stays;
 If he cuddint—it wassint for tryin,
 For monny's the tussle we've had,
 But te Annick he's gyen wi' the sowljors,
 Maw kind-hearted Gallowgate Lad!

Aw can mind hoo he wander'd the Leazes,
 Wi' me on the fine summer days,
 An' he wid sit on the grass close beside us,
 The time aw wes dryin the clacs;
 He wid rowl us anundor the baskit,
 Me shawl he wid use for a plad,
 Oh, what myed ye join the milisha?
 Maw corly-haired Gallowgate Lad!

Man, aw've mended the holes iv his elbows,
 An' myed his aud troosors like now,
 Tho aw thowt he might spoke about marridge,
 When his granfethur bowt him a coo,
 But he selt it an' spent a' the munney,
 The foaks said his luv wes but cad,
 An' aw wish that aw cuddint beleere them,
 Maw sowljor-like Gallowgate Lad!

The syem neet that we had the leave-takin,
 He wanted to stop the whole neet,
 But for a cupple that hessint been married,
 Me granmuthur says it's not reet;
 We'd a pint o' warm beer te wor supper,
 An' cheese that wed myek yor eyes glad,
 But poor Jacky, he swally'd the whole on't,
 Maw sweet-luckin Gallowgate Lad!

Aw's fairly heart-broke since he left us,
 Aw cannet leave weel be ancel,
 An' me tung gans as tho 'twad keep tellin
 A lang way mair then aw shud tell;
 When the heart's full it's greet consolashun,
 Te whispur what myek's ye se bad,
 Oh, what myed ye join the milisha,
 Maw gud-luckin Gallowgate Lad!"

41

One man in Wilson's audience found the reference to 'stays' (a corset stiffened with whalebone) 'excruciatingly funny'.⁴²

The revolutionary nationalist General Giuseppe Garibaldi had visited Tynemouth on a US ship ten years earlier,⁴³ and radicals had collected pennies from workers to present him with a sword.⁴⁴ In spring 1864 he was expected again and Wilson wrote *Wor Peg's Invitashun! Not Accepted and Disappointment – Fareweel te Garibaldi*.

Mistor Garibaldi,—Aw's sure aw feel just like as if
 Thor wes sumthin stickin i' me throat when aw sit doon
 te write aboot ye, (aw spoilt five sheets o' paper afore aw
 started,) aw's that pleased yor cummin back te the Canny
 Toon—aw hevent forgot ye, thor's ne fear o' that, if aw
 leeve te the day aw dee aw'll nivor forget ye. Ye've
 myed gud use o' the sword ye gat the last time ye wor
 here Mistor, a lang way mair then wor Geordy's deun wi'
 his, he's i' the horse noodles, ye knaw, Mistor. Aw sup-
 pose yor gan up te Stella te see wor canny frind, Mistor
 Cowen—ye might call at wor hoose an' get yor tea, aw's
 sure yor welcum, dinnet be frighten'd, its wor Geordy's
 pay, an' aw'll hev sum fine spice kyeck reddy, myed on
 purpose—aw bowt a new set o' cheeney last Seturday
 neet, an' aw can myek a cup o' tea as gud as me neybars,
 an' that's sumthin te say—if ye bring Mistor Cowen wi'
 ye, aw can borrow a chair ov Mistress Scott next door,
 thor's plenty room for two,—be sure an' cum!

N.B.—Wor Geordy wears nowt but reed sharts:

Bad news aw've heard, flee vary fast,
 An' disappointments fond hopes blast,
 An' myek us greeve for joys gyen past,
 Wi' breest full sair;
 The news that ye had tyekin bad,
 An' order'd hyem,—myed hearts se glad
 Dejected, weary, sair an' sad,
 Wi' grim despair.

But truth cums oot,—thor's been foul play,
 An' them that myed se short yor stay,
 Aw hope may leeve te rue the day,
 An' get a throw!
 Fareweel!—tho ye gan ower the sea,
 They cannet tyek wor luv frae ye!
 Wi' acts like these—if England's free
 Aw'll had me jaw!

45

Cowen had sent money to Garibaldi,⁴⁶ and 'Wor Peg' knew he had used his sword, but 'Wor Geordey' had not used his.

The widower John Wilson married Jane Fraser in St. John's Church;⁴⁷ but Ann Wilson was getting frail, and Joe set *Dinnet Clash the Door!* to the tune of *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*, which George Root wrote for Union prisoners in the USA.⁴⁸

Oh, dinnet clash the door!
 Aw've tell'd ye that before,
 Can ye not let yor muther hev a rest?
 Ye knaw she's turnin aud,
 An' for eers she's been se bad.
 That she cannet bear such noises i' the least.

KORUS:—

Then oh, lass, dinnet clash the door se,
 Yor yung an' yor as thowtless as can be.
 But yor muther's turnin aud,
 An' ye knaw she's vary bad,
 An' she dissent like te hear ye clash the door.

Just see yor muther there,
 Sittin feeble i' the chair,

It's quiet that she wants te myek her weel;
 She's been yor nurse throo life,
 Been yor guide i' peace an' strife,
 An' her cumfort ye shud study an' shud feel!
 She once wes yung an' strang,
 But bad health 'ill put foaks rang,
 An' she cannet bear the noise that once she end,
 She's narvis as can be,
 An' whativor else ye de,
 Ye shud study what ye think 'ill de her gud!
 So dinnet clash the door,
 Or myek ony idle stir,
 For the stir 'ill only cause yor muther pain,
 As quiet as can be
 De yor wark, an' let her see
 That ye'll nivor give her causes te complain.

Wilson recalled that this song came close to 'lickin "Geordy, haud the Bairn"' in popularity.⁴⁹

Reverend Henry Solly had toured north east towns to advocate the formation of Working Men's Clubs and Institutes,⁵⁰ and about 100 men, including the president of the Operative Painters' Society, met at the Northern Reform Union Office in Grainger Street, then adjourned to the Temperance Hall in Nelson Street and agreed to form a Club. The acting committee included a teetotal secretary, a house painter, a hatter, three fitters, a joiner, three printers, a bookseller, a whitesmith, a soda water manufacturer and a cabinet maker.⁵¹ Around 250 signed up,⁵² and in November the committee advertised in the *Chronicle* for a six or seven room house including one of 'large dimensions'. Subs were 2d a week or 1s 6d for three months in advance. A permanent committee was elected and found premises at 25 Nelson Street. In January 1864 there were around 400 members and its room was open by February.⁵³ In autumn a Mr Wilson 'presided at the piano'. Late that year Mr. Harry Fletcher of Sheffield accompanied 'Mr Joe Wilson' and when Reverend J. Street lectured on US literature, his 'selections' from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poems had a 'thrilling effect', while the 'musical part' of the evening 'was well sustained by Messrs. Joe Wilson and William Campbell',⁵⁴ who was probably a veteran of Billy Purvis's travelling theatre. John Scarlett recalled that Wilson was a 'delicate looking fair-haired man with a sweet voice' who 'attracted crowded audiences'.⁵⁵ He 'had not much of a voice', but 'produced a much better effect than an abler vocalist' by 'the humorous or pathetic feeling he expressed'.⁵⁶

One day Wilson stepped on the hem of a woman's dress and wrote a song.⁵⁷ For *Maw Bonny Gyetside Lass!* he used *All around my Hat*, a tune associated with a London slip song of the 1820s, in which a street seller promised to wear green willow in his hatband and be true to his sweetheart for 'a twelve-month and a day' after she was transported to Australia for theft for seven years.⁵⁸ Wilson's male narrator, who was free only on Sundays, reported that the woman was a dressmaker.

Aw warn'd ye hevent seen me lass,—her nyem aw winnet menshun
For feer ye gan an' tell her hoo aw like her, so aw de!
But it's just for lads an' lasses to whisper thair affecshun,
The bonniest lass o' Gyetside's bonny fyece's bother'd me!

The first time that aw saw her, whey aw's sure aw diddint knaw her
Tho' aw thowt aw'd seen her fyece afore, but cuddint think o'
where,
Her blue eye met mine i' passin up High Street, i' the mornin,
An' her luck wes se intrancin, that me heart wes mine ne mair!

Aw diddint see her for a week, till one neet at the Bridge End,
When aw strampt upon her goon, an' the gethors com away;
She said that aw wes clumsy, an' aw said that aw wes sorry,
An' aw humbly beg'd her pardin,—aw wes licht for what te say.

She menshun'd confidensly that her unkil wes a grossor,
An' his muther's fethur's cussin wes a fiddler doon the shore;
An' she spoke so nice an' frindly, an' smiled se sweet an' plissint,
That aw thowt aw'd niver seen a lass se charmin like before.

She said her muther kept a shop, an' sell'd het pies an' candy,
An' her bruther wes a cobbler at the high pairt o' the toon;
An' she wes a dress-maker,—we got se kind tegithor,
That aw blist aw'd been se awkword as aw strampt upon her goon.

Aw myed her laff an' slap me lug, wi' tawkin lots o' nonsense,
But, bliss ye, when yor curtin thors nowt se gud 'ill pass;
Aw askt her wad she be me lass, an' aw'd tyek her oot on Sunday,
Te maw delite, she said aw might, maw bonny Gyetside Lass!

Managers of Mechanics' Clubs and Institutes had considerable autonomy in booking entertainers, and Wilson secured a professional engagement at Pelton,⁵⁹ but only for one night.⁶⁰

3. The Oxford Music Hall

John Blakey, a husbandman and brick maker had migrated from Straithness to Sedgefield in County Durham. He married Jane Woodruff and their fourth child, Walter, was born in 1800. He became a chain maker and blacksmith, married a woman called Mary, moved to Newcastle, and then to Gateshead, where Walter William was born in 1837. Probably in 1851 the boy was apprenticed to Haggie Brothers, the Gateshead rope-makers, then worked for Newcastle timber merchants, and by 1858 he was a 'commercial agent' and met a local landlord.

In 1822 the 37-year-old blacksmith Joseph Bagnall had married Ann Ines in Gateshead. Joshua Innes Bagnall was born in 1824 and baptised at St. Mary's Church, Gateshead, in 1825. He had some schooling before he was apprenticed to attorneys in Grey Street, Newcastle, then held a 'responsible position' in a solicitor's office in Westgate Road. He later became a newsagent in the Side and married Jane Blakey junior. Bagnall had Chartist sympathies, but he was also ambitious. In 1855 he sold oysters in Nun Street, by 1857 he had a beer-shop in Clayton Street and by 1858 he was the landlord of the Albion Inn in Newgate Street, where he established the Albion Chess Club, whose secretary was Walter Blakey.¹

In 1860 Blakey and John Balmбра, the owner of the Wheat Sheaf Inn in the Cloth Market, supported Alfred Gorrington of the Newcastle Rifle Corps who was going to Naples to 'join the glorious cause of the Italian liberator', Garibaldi.² Bagnall was a friend of the scullers Harry Clasper, Bob Chambers and James Renforth. He was also a prominent member of the Newcastle and Gateshead Licensed Victuallers Association and became its vice-president in 1862. After the attorney Edward Glynn told the LVA that they could 'make any business respectable if it were conducted in a respectable manner', Bagnall urged his fellow licensees to cooperate with the magistrates by not opening before 6.00pm on Sundays, or preferably not at all.³

By 1864 Tom Handford, the well-known professional clog dancer and organiser of 'People's Concerts', managed Balmбра's singing room at the Wheat Sheaf, but there were rival bill stickers, and John Ritchie was charged with pulling down the hall's advertisements. Handford testified that Ritchie posted bills for himself and for George Stanley's Tyne Concert Hall, but Handford had Mr Young's exclusive permission to have his bills stuck along the Neville Street wall facing the cattle market, and it would take around £1 to replace them. The magistrates fined Ritchie 2s 6d and costs, but 'desired that the rivalry should cease' since it was 'very inconvenient for them to judge upon such cases'.⁴ By April Handford was the lessee of the Wheat Sheaf,⁵ and Balmбра sold the contents in May,⁶ but remained as the LVA secretary. In September the LVA president Joshua Bagnall informed his 'Friends' via the 'SPORTING INTELLIGENCE' section of *The Era* that he was living at the Wheat Sheaf, 'late Balmбра's', and 'by keeping a choice assortment of every article connected with the Trade' he hoped 'to merit a continuance of their support'.⁷ Bagnall and his partner Walter Blakey added 'an extra entrance' to the singing room, which held 800. It had a large gallery around three sides, two private boxes at each end and a proscenium. A seat would cost 1s in a box, 6d in the gallery and 3d in the pit, and women would be 'admitted with their husbands, or friends, to certain parts of the house'. Balmбра's 33-year-old stage manager, Joseph Carlisle, would continue in that role.⁸ The concert room was on the first floor and extended from the Cloth Market to over the top of an ironmongers' shop in Grey Street.



The chairman would be William (Billy) Thompson, a veteran of Purvis's travelling theatre, whose 'genial, good-humoured face' and 'quick and ready-witted sayings' were well known.¹⁰ A 'single flash of humour' was 'sufficient to curb the most turbulent audience',¹¹ though William Edward Adams, the editor of the *Chronicle*, recalled him as 'a fat man with a fund of coarse humour'.¹² George Ridley had died, aged 29,¹³ and Corvan was at Adam Elphinstone Donald's Grainger Hotel Concert Hall,¹⁴ but Bagnall and Blakey needed a 'local' singer, and a policeman had a suggestion.

John Elliott was born in Castleton in the North Riding of Yorkshire in 1823. He became an apprentice tailor in Whitby, but moved to Newcastle in 1845 and was influenced by the writings of the utopian socialist Robert Owen. In 1848 Elliott 'took the twopences at the door' of Chartist meetings and spent Saturday evenings in a Nelson Street bookshop. In 1851 he applied to join the police and was rejected, but he was accepted in 1852 and Joseph Cowen introduced him to Garibaldi in 1854. In 1862 policemen who demonstrated at Earl Grey's Monument about the Chief Constable's 'tyranny' and lobbied the Watch Committee were partly successful, but Elliott was told to stop working with the Ragged and Industrial Schools, so he sought the support of *Chronicle*. He became Chief Constable of Gateshead in 1863,¹⁵ and later claimed that 'it was mainly due to my persuasion' that Joe Wilson 'went on the stage', late in 1864,¹⁶ soon after his twin married.

Thomas Baston was born in Whittle Dean, Northumberland, around 1815, and later married Catherine Young, who had been born in Kirkwhelpington, Roxburghshire, around 1817. Ellen was born in Newcastle in 1845 and baptised in St. John's

Church. In 1851 Thomas, a 'Cartsman', Catherine, Ellen and her brothers lived in Victoria Place. By 1861 Ellen was one of two unmarried female servants of a 64-year-old widow and her daughter, the 'Mortgagee' of a large house in Leazes Terrace; but in November 1864 19-year-old Ellen married the 23-year-old brushmaker Thomas Wilson in St. John's Church.¹⁷

Joe Wilson had been the 'Bard' of the Highland Society for some years, and sat at the right hand of the chairman, Sir John Fife, who had been knighted in 1840 after quelling Chartist meetings with police and troops.¹⁸ Bagnall was also a leading member. Blakey acknowledged that Wilson's voice was 'sweet and tuneful' and might be fine in a small venue, but Bagnall engaged him for the opening night of the Oxford Music Hall on 26 December.¹⁹ According to Tom Wilson, Bagnall went backstage to congratulate Joe, then returned to the hall, but the singer seemed to have preceded him. 'Hallo', Bagnall cried, 'how have you got here, Joe?' only to be told that 'Aw'm not Joe. Aw'm Tom'.²⁰

Joseph Philip Robson, the schoolmaster and poet, put Wilson's name on the title-page of *Chater's Comic Tyneside Almanack for 1865*,²¹ and on New Year's Day Bagnall and Blakey advertised in *The Era*.

NEWCASTLE - UPON - TYNE. — OXFORD
MUSIC HALL (late Balmora's), Wheatsheaf Inn, Cloth Market,
Proprietors, Messrs J. BAGNALL and W. W. BLAKEY.—WANTED, to
open on Monday, January 23d, TWO Good NIGGERS, a First-class
Comique, and a Lady Serio-Comie Vocalist. Also Talent of the highest
order for future dates. No stamps required. Three days' silence a
negative.

The Era reported the 'excellent attendance' and 'great success' of an Oxford company that included 'Mr Joe Wilson, Tyneside bard and vocalist'.²² *The Chronicle* noted that he was 'repeatedly encored',²³ and the *Newcastle Guardian* was impressed.

Messrs Bagnall and Blakey seem determined to spare no expense in catering for public amusement. At present the company is composed of talent of the first order. Mr. Joe Wilson, a native of Newcastle, a young man of great promise, is becoming a special favourite, considering that this is his first public engagement; the ballads which he sings are all his own composing, and written in the Newcastle tongue. ... [T]he Oxford Saloon is becoming one of the most attractive resorts in Newcastle, and there seems no fear now, under such management, that it will, ere long, receive the lion's share of public popularity.²⁴


The Chronicle assured readers that the Oxford was run on the same respectable lines as Charles Morten's Canterbury Music Hall in London,²⁵ and *The Era* subsequently noted that the hall was 'most liberally patronised' and the company gave 'great satisfaction'. Wilson was 'one of the leading favourites' and his songs had a 'purely moral tendency'.²⁶

Wilson's eight-page songbook No. 6, now crumpled and faded, has advertisements for a barber, a publisher and a 'Wholesale Agent' on the back.

THE CANNY
Newcassel Foaks' Fireside Budjit!

**JOE WILSON'S
TYNESIDE SONGS**
And Ballads.

Copyright.
Dedicated to everybody.



Full o' Fun,
Droll Wisdom, an' Sincere.

No. 6

CONTENTS.
Among a greet lot o' uther things that thur's ne room
for ye'll find

Canny Aud Chrismis.
Forst-Futtin...Aw wish ye a Happy New Eer
The Day that we got Married! — Me Muther's Warnin!
She's gyen to Place at Jarro! The Day o' Life!
Aw wish yor Muther wad cum.
Droll Dottins, an' iver se much mair.

J. WILSON.] 1864. [PRINTER.

Six months o' time had sorely gyen,
The doctor myed tis wince, man,
When he said—yor Mallv's got a bairn,
Says he—ye've likt the Prince, man!
The bairn's bit claes wes ready tee,
Aw blist the day we married;—
Withoot a wife—fareweel to life,
Ye might as weel be barried!

Droll Dottins.

Delightful Gettin yor lass to set ye hyem for a change
Disgraceful Shuv'n a chow o' bacey intiv her mooth when yor kissin her
Delishus Roast Pork an' unions wiv a lot o' gud-temperd fyecers round it
Delicate Tyekin bad wi' the thowts on't
Dexterous Thrawin a stone over a hoose-top an' runnin to the tuther side
te catch't afore it falls. Wor Geordy did it.
Daftness Tryin to stop a cairt wheel wi' puttin yor fut under't
Dangerous Tellin yor wife she lucks as aud as Muthuserlum
Darkish.... When ye kiss yor sweetheart's grannmuther thinkin its sumbody else

Forst-rate B'yuks for Foaks that's fond o' Readin!

Try the Sorkilatin Lybory at TOM KERR's Hair Cuttin, Shavin,
an' B'yuksellin Istablishment at the Heed o' the Side—Kerr's Patent
Hair Cuttin Masheenory put i' moshun at any momint—inspeschun
rispectfully invited.—Joe Wilson's an' ivry uther Sang B'yuk may
be had here, wi' a' the Newspapers an' Stashunary imaginable.

Read The Neet the Bairn wes Born; Sally Wheatley's Comments on Mr Black's
Lav Letter; The Fashuns; Deed Meat Dispute; an' Always on the Hop, be Joe
Wilson, published i' CHATER'S COMIC TYNESIDE ALMINACK for 1865
Gie yor orders at once, as the Sorkilashun's limited to 100,000, an' thor nearly a'
spoke for. Publishin Offiss—89, Claytin Street, Newcassel.

Joe Wilson's Tyneside Songs an' Drolleries.

No. 1 containin Bonny Sally Wheatley, Bob Hobson's Advice tiv his Sun, Ne
Wark, Workin Men's Club, Wor Geordy's Invitashun to Garibaldi, &c.
No. 2 containin Sunday Neets at Jesmond Gardens, What gud can Sweetin
de? Aud Nelly's Advice tiv her Dowter, Cockney's Lament, Draper's Appeal, &c.
No. 3 containin Wor Peg's Trip to Tynemouth, The Chep that knaws nowt,
Contradichun, Bessie Walker, Jesmond Pic-Nic, George Stephenson, &c.
No. 4 containin Chambers an' Cooper's Boat Races, Prepare for what's to cum,
Whisperin, Jiggin doon the Shore, Tyneside Lads for Me, Double Acrostic, &c.
No. 5 containin Keep't Dark, Meggie Bell, Pride, The Noodle an' Rifleman's
Dispute, Mally Dunn, Tyne Regretta, Billy Turnbull's Adventors, &c.
And the COMPLETE PART OF SIX NUMBERS, PRICE 6d.

May be had at No. 4, Marlborough Crescent, Cattle Market,
Newcassel, or at any respectable b'yukseller's shop.
Wholesale Agent, T. FRANCE, Side, Newcastle.

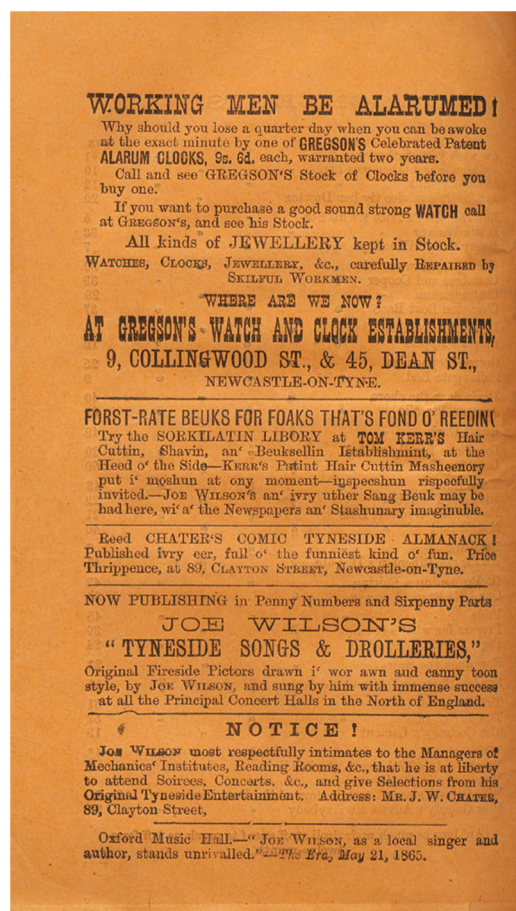
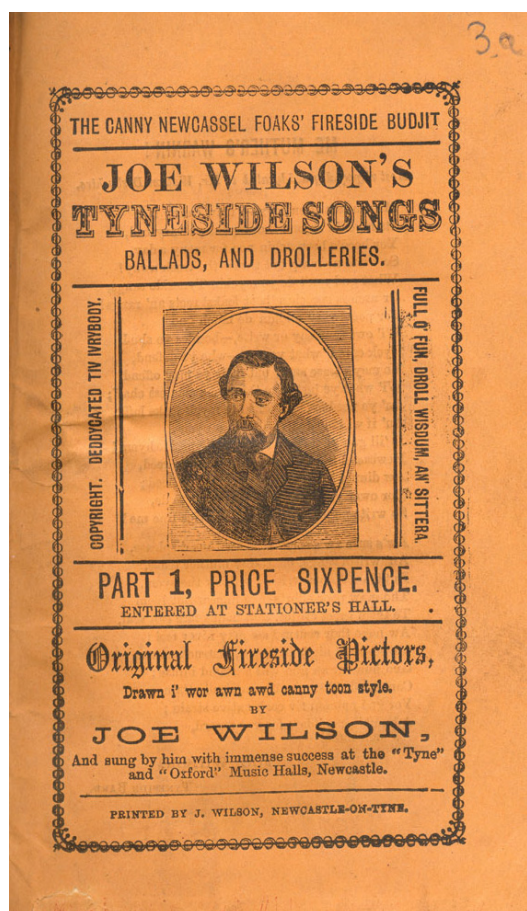
Inside Wilson 'respectfully intimates to the Managers of Mechanics' Institutes, Reading Rooms, &c' that he was 'at liberty to attend Soirees, Concerts, &c., and give Selections from his Original Tyneside Entertainment'.

Me Muther's Warnin! acknowledged that 'Newcassel tawks' a queerish thing te reed' and Wilson did not consider himself a poet - 'I call mysel a song writer'. Reportedly he was 'Never a boaster, never offensive', and the 'high opinion he had of the merits of his own works came out in conversation so naturally and apparently so unconsciously', that it soon 'ceased to be noticed';²⁷ yet when Peter Laws of Blackett Street took his photograph he had slicked hair, a stiff-collar and necktie, a fustian jacket worn by skilled working men, matching waistcoat and trousers, and a watch and chain, and he had a book in his hand.



28

Wilson sold these 'portraits' at engagements,²⁹ and entered Part 1 of his songbook at Stationer's Hall to secure his copyright of the 41 songs. Thomas Gregson, a former Chartist who had been jailed for selling unstamped literature and whose shop was next to T. & G. Allan's in Collingwood Street, plus the Allans' 'novelties', were among the advertisements on the back.



30

Wilson 'did a little of his own bookselling',³¹ but John Chater appears to have become his agent.

Part 1 included *The Neet The Bairn Wes Born*, set to a tune associated with *I stood it Like a Lamb*, originally published in New York,³² but the tune was also known as *Caller Fair*, which the former Newcastle fiddler, songwriter and singer Bobby Nunn had used for *Lukey's Dream* in the 1830s.³³

One winter's neet te bed aw went
Like onny uthor man,
Aw cudden sleep, tho maw intent
Wes just the varry plan;
For restless aw, wi' kick an' thrav,
Wish'd lang an' sair for morn;
Wi' wink an' blink, aw cudden think
The neet the bairn wes born!

The neet seems lang when sleep forsakes
The sair an' weary eye,
An' myeks ye wish the hoose awake,
An' bricfast time was nigh.
Hoo lang aw lay aw cannot say,
When sumthin myed us turn;
Wi' thund'rin clang the door went bang,
The neet the bairn wes born!

Thinks aw—it's not the time for wark,
Aw wunder whe's gyen oot;
Aw lifts me heed—the room wes dark—
Oppress'd wi' fear an' doot.
Aw lissens weel as if the Deil
Wes gan te gies me turn,
At last a stir aw heers next door
The neet the bairn wes born!

Footsteps aw heers upon the stairs,
An' whispers te that's clear,
Tho'ts reet te mind yor awn affairs
Aw cudden help but hear.
Aw heers a cry aw wipes me eye,
Me feelins myed us gurn,
Across the stocks aw fell, begox,
The neet the bairn wes born!

Half-stunned aw scrammels frae the floor,
"Cum oot!" cries Mistress Gray,
As quick as thowt aw opes the door,
An' next door myed me way.

Where sec a seet aw saw that neet,
Grim wundor myed us gurn;
Wi' greet surprise aw stritch'd me eyes,
The neet the bairn wes born!

Upon a bed byeth doose an' clean,
Young bonny Bessie lay,
Wi' cheek as pale as onny queen,
Close by stud Mistress Gray.
Wiv a little bairn upon her arm
Sum pictor 'twad adorn,
It's cheek se pink myed bright eyes blink,
The neet the bairn wes born!

It's fethur stud beside the bed,
An' blithe an' glad wes he,
Wi' eyes for wife an' bairn he stud,
A bonny seet te see,
The muther smiled se sweet an' mild—
The midwife's jolly yarn;
Wi' gin an' tea myed lots o' spree,
The neet the bairn wes born!

The little bairn wes handed round,
That a' might get a view,
It's silky cheek wi' luv wes croon'd
Wi' kisses not a few;
It's health, wi' glee, an' muther's, te,
Wes drunk frae neet te morn,
Byeth lad an' lass cud tyek thor glass
The neet the bairn wes born!

N.B.—Aw think aw'll not tell ye owt mair, or ye
might varry easy imadjin aw gat on the fuddle, but aw
didnt tho' mind ye, tho' aw can safely say wor Geordy
didnt gan te wark for a week eftor,

34

Wilson was unconcerned about women drinking gin after giving birth and their husbands getting drunk and being off work for a week, but he did not publish these lyrics for over a year.

When Joe, Tom and Ellen Wilson visited Mr and Mrs Hair, Tom noticed that Joe 'kept every now and then jotting down in his pocket-book', then read them a new song.³⁵ His tune, *The Miller O' The Dee*, was associated with 18th century lyrics about a man taking care of his family,³⁶ but the narrator of *Its Time Te Get Up!* was a factory worker's wife.

"Cum Ned, get up!" says young Mary Broom,
One morn tiv her lazy man,
"Its half-past Five, its time te get up!
So stir, maw hinny, an' gan;
Ye lost a quarter yisterday morn,
Throo fuddlin wi' Davie Spark,
Ye shuddint stop oot so lato at neet
If ye want te gan te wark!"

"Get up, or aw'll shake ye weel," says she,
"Its twenty-minnits te Six,
Thor's just time te drink a cup o' tea,
An' hurry yor claes on quick;
Last neet—afore ye went te bed,
Ye tell'd us te nip yor lug,
Or de owt aw like't te waken ye up!"
But Ned he still lay snuig.

"Ten minnits te Six,—gud gracious me!
Yor gan te sleep in the day,
It may suit ye te lie there an' snore,
But te me its owt but play,"
Then she nipt his ear wiv her finger nails,
An' he rowl'd upon the floor,
As the bell o' the fact y ung, he grow'd
"Ye shud wakint us up afore!"

"What, wakint ye up afore?" cries she,
"Aw've shooted since half-past Five,
If ye loss a quarter ivry morn
Ye cannot expect we'll thrive!"
"Huts, lass," says he, "cum into yor bed,
Yor eneuff te gie foaks a fright
Wi' yor noisy tung,—so had yor jaw,
An' aw'll start at half-past Itel!"

"But half-past Itel's not the time te start
For a full day's wark!" says she,
"Ye shud tell'd us that when aw went te bed,
Then aw wad knawn what te do;
Is't reet that aw shud get up se seum,
When ye lie cosey i' bed?"
The morrow me man, ye may wakin yorsel,
An' see hoo ye like that, Ned!"

Next mornin Ned wes up wi' the lark,
But Mary lay quite still,
Till she saw that he intendid wark,
Then te show a hoosewife's skill,
She lowpt up te tio his briclist things,
An' myek him a cheerin cup;—
Noo he thinks the best time bar gannin te bed
The time that he hes te get up.

Wilson evidently understood the temptations of the pub and accepted the enforcement of factory discipline in the home.

Wilson set *The Noodle and Rifleman's Dispute* in Joseph Mackey's Duke of Cambridge Inn. A militiaman accused a rifleman of having 'black leg'd' and 'Undermin'd wor daily pay' of 2s 6d by serving for nothing; but as the argument got heated, the

landlord 'quietly kickt them oot!' *Prepare for what's te cum!* criticised a 'first-class' worker who spent his wages on rum, rather than taking them home, yet in *The Day o' Life* 'glasses went round tiv a reet merry tune' after a christening and the mother and child's healths were 'drunk agyen, an' agyen'. *Pride* noted that a former friend was haughty after becoming a clerk, while a 'beauty' who 'aim'd high' but got pregnant was 'thrown aside'. The narrator of *Mally Dunn* was pleased that his sweetheart had rejected his penny treats at the October Fair, since a 'higher bidder' might have won her over.³⁷

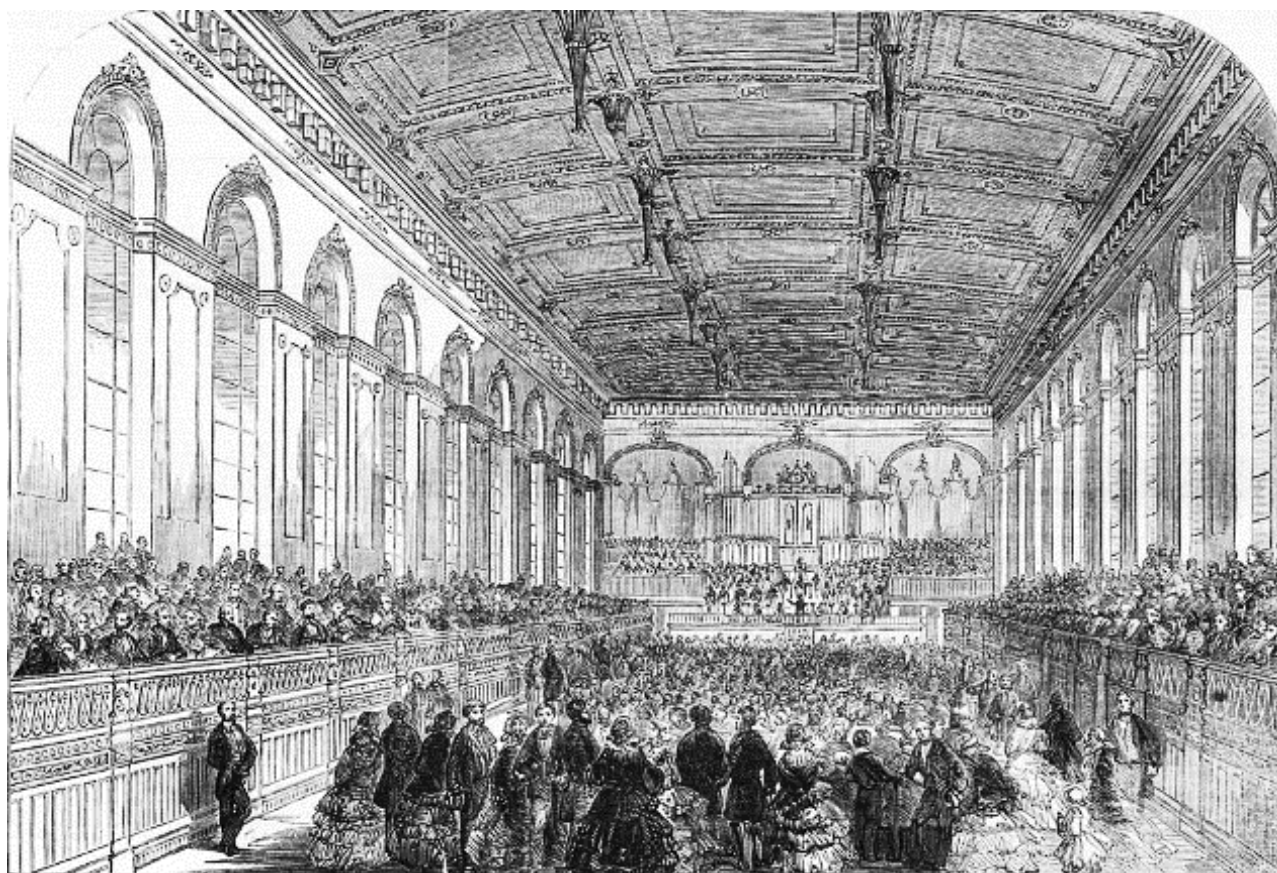
In February the *Newcastle Guardian* reported that 'Our local bard' was 'delighting the patrons' at the Oxford with 'new and original songs'.³⁸ *The Era* confirmed that the 'old favourite' 'Tyneside bard and vocalist' was 'as popular as ever' and noted that a 'handsome and commodious Music Hall' was being built in West Hartlepool and would hold 1,000. It was 'likely to be opened before Easter' and should be a 'great commercial success' because it was close to the iron foundries.³⁹ The *Shields Daily Gazette* reported 'a grand concert' in the Albion Assembly Room, North Shields, for the benefit of Mr Jewson, who had been robbed. It was 'under the patronage of the Free Gardeners' and Mr Ridley, a 'Tyneside vocalist, sang several of Joe Wilson's songs, by permission, with considerable acceptance'.⁴⁰

By late that month Wilson had sung at the Oxford for three months, and at his benefit 'a lady gave him a large dressed doll' to hold when singing *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum*,⁴¹ but he apologised in the *Chronicle* to those who had been disappointed.

OXFORD MUSIC HALL.—Mr. JOE WILSON
Obegs to return his sincere thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him on the occasion of his benefit on Friday evening, and to inform those parties who hold tickets, and who were unable to gain admission, that they will be admitted any evening during the week.

Stanley engaged Wilson for the Tyne and advertised in the *Chronicle* that the band would play the overture at 7.00pm and Wilson would perform from 8.00 to 8.10pm and 9.40 to 9.55pm. The *Chronicle* reported that he was 'most cordially received in his new songs, which are characterised by mingled pathos and humour, and to which he lends an additional interest by his unaffected and simple style of vocalisation'. Subsequently he 'nightly increases in popularity', since his 'homely local ditties give unmixed satisfaction to all classes of his patrons', and the attendance was 'as numerous as ever'. Late in March he was 'deservedly a favourite' and early in April his local songs were 'highly popular', but his engagement ended on the 14th.⁴²

Opposite the Oxford stood the new Town Hall, whose 'Music Hall' was 147 feet by 60 and 45 feet high. There were 1,100 seats in the central area and 1,300 in the galleries, but the hall could hold 4,000 if 1,600 were prepared to stand.⁴³



44

The *Newcastle Journal* noted that an Easter Monday concert had had a 'limited' attendance and 'the side elevations and gallery were the only parts occupied', which did not 'improve the acoustic capabilities of the building'. 'Mr. Joe Wilson, however great elsewhere, is lamentably little in the Town Hall. His voice was scarcely audible at the far end of the building, and his gestures, in the absence of sound, were simply ridiculous'.⁴⁵ The *Chronicle* acknowledged he could not be heard in the gallery, but he 'was called back again' after singing *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum* and sang another local song.⁴⁶

Bagnall and Blakey engaged the nationally famous 'Miss JENNY HILL, Serio-Comic and Dancer' for the Oxford, and boasted about the 'Flattering Reception of Mr. JOE WILSON, Tyneside Bard and Vocalist', who would 'introduce a variety of New Songs written specially for this Engagement'.⁴⁷ Wilson was fourth on the bill, but five days later he was third, and Jenny Hill's dress was set alight when she brushed the footlights.⁴⁸ *The Era* noted that Wilson 'stands unrivalled' as 'a local singer and author',⁴⁹ and the *Newcastle Guardian* later reported his 'Increasing success'. The Oxford's prices rose to 1s 6d in a box and 1s in the gallery, but remained at 3d in the pit.⁵⁰ One night, when Wilson was singing *Aw wish your Muther wad cum*, Ned Corvan was in the audience, and a 'friend who was sitting beside him said, "A good song that, Ned." "Yes," said Ned in a voice which toward the end had become almost a hoarse whisper. "Yes," said he huskily, "a gud song, but aw'm writin' one that'll knock its end in".⁵¹ Soon after Corvan was in 'great distress' and the *Chronicle* advertised a benefit at the Nelson Street Lecture Room.

Mr R.P. Bell has given the use of the room free, and many of Ned's old professional friends are going to lend their assistance on the occasion. I hope all his admirers will make appoint of attending. Poor Ned has many times made the public merry. I hope they will remember him in his hour of sickness and broken health.⁵²

A member of the audience recalled the occasion.

Mr Wilson sang his own songs, which struck the audience as novelties, and the manner in which he rendered them, having a great natural appreciation of the prevailing local characteristics, won for him many admirers. His voice was sweet though somewhat thin, but he had a very happy way of imparting various shades of pathos and humour to suit the words of his melodies, which were very pleasing and telling with his audiences.⁵³

The Lecture Room could hold over 1,000.⁵⁴

Wilson heard that the police had charged some men with obstruction on Newgate Street. In court Sergeant Henderson testified that a 'knot of men' were 'congregated around' Frederick Moreton who was reading a newspaper aloud. He said he had been reading Wilson's song book, but Henderson 'knew it was not that which the defendant was reading'. Moreton claimed that he was 'going to Mr Chater's to buy a book', 'had not stood on the street two minutes' and Henderson had 'never told him to move on', so the magistrates dismissed the case.⁵⁵

Wilson used a tune written by L.M. Thornton in the USA for W.T. Wrighton's *The Postman's Knock*, and both had been published in London.⁵⁶ Wilson understood that the factory bell shaped workers' leisure activity, including illegal betting on horses at the Town Moor races, and *Newgate Street* acknowledged that street bookmakers had little respect for the police.

The day's just begun, an' a bright bleezin sun
Sends a fine dazzlin lustor a' roond,
When i' famed Newgate Street a' the jolly dogs meet,
An' a' the beer-hooses surroond;

Thor's a greet race the day, so they a' myek thor stay,
Te got on, an' wait for the news,
That te sum 'ill be glad, an' te uthers be sad,
An' a lot o' queer feelins infuse.

KORUS.

Laffin an' chaffin when movin alang,
Tippin an' tiplin's the way wi' the thrang,
Ivry day—frae mornin te neet,
The sportin lads muster i' Newgate Street.

Iv a small groop o' three, that seem lickt what te do,
Anxehus whispers yor sartin te hear,
"Its a deed sartinty!" says one i' the three,
"Frev a jockey aw heard it aw'll sweer,
Just back thing-a-bob, an' ye'll fin'd that me gob
For tippin's a reggilor don!"
When a brave luckin pollis, hard-up for a case,
Cums up, an' tells them te MOVE ON!
Its dinner-time noo, an' a dark luckin few

Frae the fact'ries that's a' roond aboot,
Cum up iv a hurry, beukmakers te worry,
An' lay a' thor pocket-brass oot;
"Cum hinny," says one, "will ye lay three te one?
Its nearly Two noo for me wark!"
Then the chep wi' the beuk, wiv a droll kind o' luck,
Says "aw'll lay ye'd, but mind ye keep't dark!"

"Whe's that wild-luckin man wi' the beuk iv his hand,
That's ravin as if he wes mad?"
"Whey, its Dayvis, the preecher, that moddlin aud feul,
His impittince baffles the squad;
Hoo he sets up his jaw, wiv a sanctified craw,
The whole toon 'twad greetly releove,
If they'd tyek him away te Benshim sum day,
Withoot hopes ov a ticket o' leeve!"

Bliss me, what a din, its the news that's cum in,
"What's wun? canny man," then's the cry,
Thor's a rush, an' a scrush, an exciteable push,
Then a change te the spetator's eye;
Hoo happy thor's sum, when uthers luck glum,
Then ye'll hear sum aud-fashin'd chep say
"If aw'd only knawn'd a' the hoose aw wad pawn'd
Te heh been on the winner the day!"

57

The threat of Bensham Workhouse hung over everyone in Gateshead and a ticket to leave was not guaranteed.

Early in June the *Chronicle* reported that Wilson 'continues to meet a successful reception as a comic dialectical singer' at the Oxford, which was 'unsurpassed in Newcastle as far as scenic decoration and internal arrangements are concerned', since 'the stage boxes are private and comfortable', while 'the rest of the seats are roomy and convenient'.⁵⁸ The *Guardian* carried weekly reviews,⁵⁹ and *The Era* hailed him as 'the favourite'.⁶⁰ One patron recalled that audiences were 'racy of the soil' and all classes sat 'cheek by jowl'. 'The fumes of the fragrant Havana mixed with those of the somewhat "thick broon" – sheeps trotters and black puddings, boiled eggs and biscuits, oranges and nuts were all consumed with open and evident enjoyment by the crowd who assembled on Saturday nights.'⁶¹ Wilson was 'warmly welcomed' at his benefit,⁶² and he and Billy Thompson remained as the 'local element' and 'great favourites' early in July,⁶³ but Wilson accepted one-off solo engagements. Late that month, at the Annual Soiree of the Beamish and Tanfield Volunteers, he sang *It's time to get up*, *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum* and *The Row upon the Stairs*, and he and Mr McMillan sang to the accompaniment of Mr T.C. Watson's quadrille band.⁶⁴ Soon after Wilson and McMillan had another engagement.

Thomas Armstrong was born in Wood Street, Shotley Bridge, in 1848, but the family soon moved to South Pontop and then to East Tanfield. 'Tommy' probably spent four years at school, but suffered from rickets and had to walk with sticks, so when he was nine his elder brother had to carry him to Tanfield pit to work as a trapper. In 1865 there were pubs and beer houses in Tanfield and Stanley, but no concert halls,⁶⁵ so Tommy went to a soir  e in Annfield Plain which aimed to raise money for Reading Rooms and similar workers' institutions, and he was impressed with McMillan and particularly with Wilson.

First McMillan sung, he sung see funny and queer;
Then Joe Wilson sung his song, 'Aa wish yor feythur was here';
After he'd sung that see well he sang 'Geordy haad the bairn';
He caused the women te feel, with the wax doll on his arm'.

Armstrong was 15 at the time, but he would be 16 in August.⁶⁶

In August Stanley re-engaged Wilson for the Tyne and his benefit was a 'bumper'.⁶⁷ Soon after he was engaged at the third annual soir  e in support of the Miners' Permanent Relief Fund. About 330 sat down to tea in a marquee in a field near Burnopfield Colliery, but 600 attended the concert and 'Mr Joe Wilson was successful with his Tyneside ballads'.⁶⁸ Late that month the *Chronicle* noted that Wilson performed at the opening of Stanley's Assembly Room at the Bath Hotel in Tynemouth, and 'the renowned "Joe," whose songs are on every tongue and salute the ear in every street', was 'most graciously received by the assemblage' and 'well deserves it, for the quiet and gentle humour of his songs and happily peculiar style of singing them, illustrating Newcastle domestic life to the very letter'.⁶⁹

After Ned Corvan died Wilson headed the professional 'local' songwriters and singers,⁷⁰ and had an 'overflowing benefit'. Soon after he was a member of Stanley's Northern Dramatic Company at Blaydon Lecture Hall. Late in September 'Mr. Tom Wilson, the twin brother of the inimitable "Joe," made his debut' at High Felling Working Men's Institute, and was 'received with loud applause', especially for what the reporter called *Aw wish yur muther wad come*. After a 'highly successful engagement' at the Wear in Sunderland Joe Wilson, the 'popular Tyneside comic singer', had a benefit on 13 October.⁷¹ The *Shields Daily Gazette* noted that North Shields Theatre Royal 'continues to be well attended', and the concert between the pieces 'appears to be the most attractive part of the programme'. Wilson would appear on Monday and 'those who like a good Tyneside song will get one from him'. Soon after the *Gazette* included an advertisement and reviewed the performance.

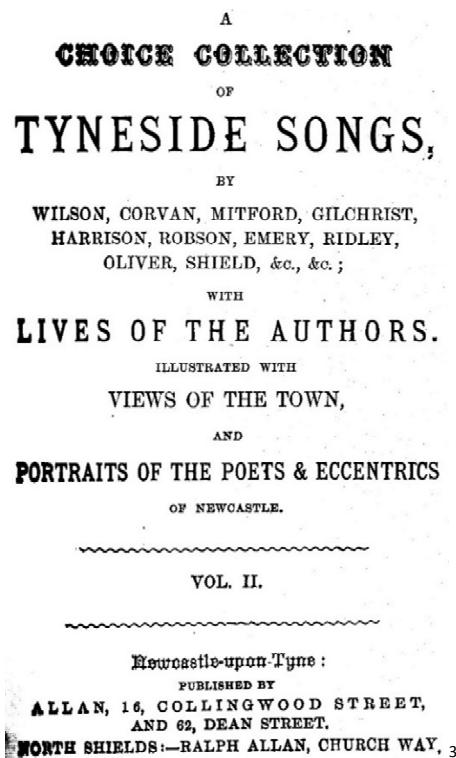
THEATRE ROYAL, NORTH SHIELDS.
FIRST APPEARANCE of MR JOE WILSON
The popular Tyneside Poet and Vocalist.
Production of the Grand Romantic Drama of **DINORAH.**
ON MONDAY & TUESDAY, October 16 & 17,
Will be produced for the First Time,
DINORAH, or, THE LEMOY'S TREASURE.
Followed each Evening by Singing & Dancing.
To conclude on MONDAY with the Scorching Farce of
GRIMSHAW, BAGSHAW, & BRADSHAW.
On TUESDAY with the laughable Farce of
NURSEY CHICKWEED.

THEATRE ROYAL, NORTH SHIELDS.—The vigorous efforts put forth by the manager of this theatre, Mr Frank Hall, in endeavouring to establish a thoroughly talented company of performers, seems to be fully appreciated by the play-goers both of North and South Shields judging from the numbers and respectability of the audiences they every night attract. On Saturday evening the entertainments commenced with the beautiful drama of "The Dream at Sea," which was followed by a variety of singing and dancing. It may here be remarked that this part of the entertainment is decidedly not the least attractive, and proves itself to be highly popular, especially the singing of Miss Ruth Stanley, whose excellent qualifications as a vocalist rank her as one of the first favourites of the evening. Mr Joe Wilson, the well known Tyneside poet, also continues to prove himself highly popular. The performances terminated with the laughable farce of "Scartro' Beach." To-night the entertainments are to commence with the romantic drama entitled "The Break of Morn; or, the Dark Hour."⁷²

The *Chronicle* reported that Wilson and Ruth Stanley, George's daughter, had a 'warm reception',⁷³ and *The Era* was enthusiastic. 'This place of amusement is being most spiritedly conducted, and is well patronised; indeed, a change seems to have come over theatrical business in North Shields since Mr. Hall entered upon the Management. This may in great measure be attributed to the introduction of a concert between the play and the farce.' 'Mr Joe Wilson' was among those taking part.⁷⁴ Early in November the *Chronicle* reported that Wilson was an 'established favourite' and 'as clever as ever',⁷⁵ and the *Shields Daily Gazette* hoped for 'a bumper house' when he had his benefit.⁷⁶ In the event the 'celebrated Tyneside poet and harmonist' received 'quite an ovation' and his singing was 'rapturously encored'.⁷⁷ Joe and his brother John had become freemen of Newcastle,⁷⁸ but there were opportunities for Joe to get engagements in County Durham.

4. All the Principal Concert Halls

Thomas Allan had visited Joe Wilson's 'printing office' in Marlborough Crescent, Newcastle, where Tom 'inked the roller' while Joe 'pulled the handle' and kept 'jotting down on a sheet of paper'.¹ Allan later published *Aw Wish Yor Muther Wad Cum* and *Dinnet Clash the Door* from Wilson's manuscripts dated 1863 and 1864, and he had probably bought the copyrights.² Wilson headed the list of songwriters on Volume II of Allan's songbook, which had appeared in the same format as Volume I by 1866.



Wilson was not in Newcastle.

In 1851 to 1861 north-east coal production rose by 85 percent,⁴ and the population by 24 percent, or twice the national average; but County Durham's rose by almost 30 percent, to over 500,000 and Bishop Auckland district's population had grown by 36 percent to almost 20,000. Coal production and the population kept on rising in the early 1860s.

In November 1865 Joe Wilson, 'the Tyneside Bard and comic singer', performed at the opening of the Masonic Music Hall in Bishop Auckland and had 'decisive hits'. Audiences were 'tolerable',⁵ but by December he was the 'People's favourite' and always had a 'warm reception'.⁶ *The Era* noted that the hall was 'crowded to excess' and 'our near proximity to "Canny Newcastle"' made his songs 'the favourites of the majority of the patrons'. *The Era* reported that contrary to rumours in the 'Profession' the proprietor intended to keep the venue open all year round and wished him 'a long and prosperous sojourn'.⁷

On 1 January 1866 up to 600 people took tea at the annual soir  e at St. Wilfrid's Roman Catholic School.

Afterwards a concert was commenced (shortly after six o'clock), the tables being cleared, the performers being Mr Frank Williams proprietor of the Masonic Hall, Misses Lizzie and Annie Graham, Joe Wilson, and two 'darkies'. The concert closed about eight o'clock and then the room was cleared in order to facilitate the ball, which was commenced about half-past eight, when it was opened with a country dance and in addition to the common dances of the times several Irish jigs were enjoyed by the elderly people present who appeared quite young again as they danced to the strains of Boyd's Quadrille Band, which supplied the music during the whole evening. Dancing was continued until after twelve o'clock. Altogether a thousand persons took part the proceedings.⁸

Tom Handford had accumulated capital in Newcastle, invested it in West Hartlepool and advertised in *The Era*.

WEST HARTLEPOOL — OXFORD MUSIC
HALL and PICTURE GALLERY.—(Proprietor, Mr. TOM HANDFORD.)—The above elegant place of amusement is crowded nightly, to witness one of the best Companies in the North of England. The Proprietor appears every Evening, and causes shouts of laughter by his Droll and Witty Sayings, Songs, and Dances. The celebrated JOE WILSON, Tyneside Bard and Vocalist, appears on Monday. First-class TALENT WANTED, for present and future dates. No stamp. Three days' silence a negative. Wanted, Immediately, a First-rate Cornet Player. Apply to J. H. LASHING, Leader of Band.

The 'author and singer of Tyneside songs' was 'underlined for appearance' in an 'excellent company',⁹ but he faced a problem.

In Bishop Auckland Mr and Mrs Frank Williams owed half the rent and the company's wages of around £30,¹⁰ and the *Newcastle Guardian* reported on the 'Evening Shadow'.

About two months ago a person who gave the name of Francis Williams (but which we are informed is only an assumed name) engaged the Masonic Hall, Bishop Auckland, for the purpose of holding evening concerts, and amongst other performers engaged Joe Wilson for two months ... Wilson became quite a favourite with the Auckland people, the songs which he sang being of his own composing, published in the shape of a sixpenny book, and in penny parts. Wilson's engagement terminated on Saturday last. On Friday nights he had the customary privilege of a 'benefit,' when the hall was crowded. Mrs. Williams took the money, and Williams' brother took the cheques at the door, and after the entertainment had commenced, the latter went round the hall selling Wilson's songs and *cartes de visite*. The entertainment went off well, Wilson singing most of his favourite songs, and being ably assisted by his brother Tom. He expected to have a settlement with Mr F. Williams the next morning, when what with benefit and salary due, he would be entitled to over £10: but while at breakfast on the Saturday morning he was informed by his landlady that the 'bird had flown,' accompanied by Mrs Williams and H. Williams, his brother, taking with him all the money due to Joe Wilson, and *forgetting* to pay the other actors engaged their several salaries. On Saturday night, an entertainment was given by the same company in the above hall, from which they cleared about 15s. each. Joe announced upon the platform how he had been 'done' out of his benefit and salary, and a quantity of coppers were thrown upon the platform for him.¹¹

Subsequently Miss Mottram and Miss Fanny Allister sang 'some of Wilson's peculiar Tyneside songs' at what had become Messrs Westoby and Harding's Masonic Music Hall.¹²

In Sunderland Dan Goodall 'gave one or two Tyneside songs, written and sung by Mr Joe Wilson', at the Wear,¹³ which held around 750,¹⁴ and William Cosser's 'rendering of Joe Wilson's famous song "Aw wish muthor wad cum"' was 'greatly applauded' at the anniversary of the Free and Easy Society in the Miners' Arms in Consett.¹⁵ Wilson was now at Tom Handford's Oxford Music Hall in West Hartlepool and *The Era* believed that the 'author and singer of Tyneside songs' was too well known and appreciated in this district to need remark' and 'a surprising change has come over the place'.

Instead of the meagre pit and empty boxes that so generally characterised it, the Hall is well filled nightly, and in the audience we see many faces that have never before seen the interior of a Music Hall ... [since] the character both of the performances and of audience has taken a much higher tone of respectability, and better order we never saw kept in a London Concert Hall.

Handford advertised in *The Era* that his 'Elegant Palace of Amusement' was 'nightly crowded to excess' for a company including Wilson, but 'TALENT of Every Description' was 'REQUIRED for early and future dates'.¹⁶

Early in February Lindo Courtenay engaged the 'Tyneside vocalist' at George Stanley's Darlington theatre. Wilson and the 'eminent vocalist' Ruth Stanley 'created quite a furore' and were 'nightly received by crowded and delighted audiences', while Wilson's performance as 'Jem Dalton' in *The Ticket of Leave Man* was 'excellent'. Stanley engaged him for the Tyne in Newcastle and *The Era* noted that the 'popular Tyneside bard and vocalist' was part of a 'highly talented company'. The Tyne had 10,000 patrons in one week and Stanley advertised 'Mr JOE WILSON in his New Compositions' and he was 'warmly welcomed'.¹⁷

Early in March *The Era* reported that Wilson was at the Oxford Music Hall in Carlisle and 'an excessively crowded house assembled to witness a class of entertainment now introduced for the first time into this city'. The 'Tyneside poet' received a 'perfect ovation' and the proprietor had to 'solicit the audience to refrain from encoring, to enable him to complete the second part of the programme at a reasonable hour'.¹⁸ In mid-March there was an 'excellent attendance' when 'our Tyneside singer' had his benefit at the Oxford in Newcastle and his appearance was 'the signal for a most gratifying ovation from his numerous friends and admirers'. His songs were 'eminently characterised by humour and homely sentiment, while breathing a praiseworthy more tendency'. Sir John Fife and other members of the Highland Society were the evening's patrons. Late that month Wilson was 'appearing especially' at the Wear in Sunderland. Early in April the 'Tyneside Singer' was at North Shields Theatre Royal.¹⁹ *The Era* reported that the hall was 'well filled' every evening and on 'special nights numbers retire disappointed at not being able to gain admission'. It was 'impossible to describe the wild enthusiasm that greets the appearance of this favourite vocalist. The songs he sings are written by himself, and although only three weeks here, they are already "household words"'.²⁰ Late that month he was at the Oxford in Carlisle and a local paper was impressed that there were 'thirteen different performers, exclusive of the band' and the hall, 'since its adaptation from a theatre, has been considerably altered, having been papered and illuminated'.²¹

Bagnall and Blakey had opened the Alhambra Music Hall near one of South Shields' railway stations. They had decorated the walls, installed gas lamps, put tapestries on the proscenium and added lavish new scenery showing a 'magnificent street scene of the Italian school' and a 'chamber scene with a large centre door opening upon a beautiful garden'.²² In May Wilson, the 'favourite vocalist' was 'rapturously received'. The hall was 'crowded to excess',²³ and had 'numerous audiences nightly'. The 'inimitable Tyneside vocalist' was 'a great favourite' and his songs were 'received with approbation'.²⁴

Wilson's songbooks 6 to 10 became Part 2 of his intended book. *Cadjin for beer* showed the seamy side of Grainger Street, where 'decent cuppils toddle hyem' before 10.00pm, but 'efter that's a scene ye'll know / aboot which aw'd better haud me jaw'. Wilson's narrator gave a 'seedy' beggar a halfpenny for beer, but he managed to get drunk, and when he begged again the benefactor became angry.

Aw like a man that tyeks his gill,
An' decency hauds dear,

But oh! the man disarves contempt
That cadjis for his beer.

Thor's Cumfort iv a Smoke asserted that 'A drink o' beer the heart 'ill cheer' and told a temperance activist to 'haud his jaw'. *Recknin' for the Pay* described a single working man's budget on wages of 30s a week. He had paid his landlady 'short' for board and lodgings at 12s, so he would have to make that up soon or move. He had given the manadge man nothing for three months, and intended to carry on doing so, but would give a friend 3s of the 5s he owed. He had to pay 2s for the 'bairn' that 'They say belangs to me', and owed a landlord for ten glasses of beer, but he would have a 'spree' come what may.²⁵

Tom Wilson recalled that when a London singer asked Joe how he was, 'Varry canny' was his response. "'What de ye meen by them words?" ses the Cockney. "Weel," was the ansor, "awl let ye knaw afore the ingagement is ower, an' from the stage tee". He sang *Vary Canny* two nights later,²⁶ to the tune of *Canny Newcassel*, which was associated with lyrics by Thomas Thompson, a Quayside merchant,²⁷ which John Bell had published in 1812.²⁸

A sooth-country fellow one day says te me,
Yo Newcassel foaks is queer tawkers,
Ye puzzle us sair wi' the words ye'll not fin'd
I' Johnson's, or Webster's, or Walker's,
Huts, hinny, says aw, we speak plain eneuf,
What bothers ye, tell us, maw manny,
Says he, aw wad just like to knaw what ye mean
Be them words that ye say, "vary canny."

"Vary canny" says aw are ye puzzled wi' that?
Aw'll gie ye the best explanation
That a fellow can give withoot usin fine words,
For aw hovent had great eddication.
Just luck it yon lass wi' the gud-temper'd fyece,
That the foaks i' the street call young Fanny,
She's not ower gud, or she's not te cali bad,
~She's just what we call "vary canny."

If yor not ower clivor it owt ye may de,
Or not te call clumsy at tryin,
Yor just "vary canny" te hit twixt the two,
On yor awn humble noshins relyin;

An' if like the gud-hearted sowl that ye are,
Ye held oot yor hand hard an' brawny,
An' art us te gau te the bar for a gill,
Aw'd say ye wor a chep "vary canny."

But if wi' that gill, or a pint, or a quairt,
Aw show'd signs o' bein on the fuddle,
The foaks they wad say Joe's canny just noo,
Or if wi' sum lass aw shud cuddle,
I' sum quiet corner wi' nobody near,
Te disturb me or Mary, or Nanny,
Aw wad think as aw sat wi' me airm round her waist
Aw wes just what they call "vary canny."

The man that 'ill just lend a kind helpin hand
Te ease sum poor fellow's distresses,
Is a real canny chep that the world 'ill respect,
Respect licks unmeanin caresses;
An' if wi' me sang aw shud please a' the foaks,
Aw'll whisper, cum Joey, maw manny,
Ye manynit de owt like sum greet bleezin star,
But yor reet if ye de "vary canny."

29

Wilson claimed that he had had no 'greet eddication', yet he was familiar with Samuel Johnson's *A Dictionary of the English Language* of 1759, John Walker's *A Dictionary of the English Language, answering at once the purposes of Rhyming, Spelling, and Pronouncing* of 1775, and Noah Webster's *American Dictionary of the English Language* published in Britain in 1850.

Wilson lived in lodgings when he was away from Newcastle and the mother in his *Hoo te leeve at Lodjins* offered her son advice if he had to leave after getting sacked. In *The Day his wife wes Barried* 'tipsy Dick' had met 'Janey', 'two years gyen the races', and been attracted by her legs, 'dimpled cheek, an' yellow brow, / That show'd ne sign o' thinkin'. He would miss her 'big fat airms, / That myed us throo the neet forget / Throo day-time ye wor randy!', but he 'drowned his grief 'i' beer, or somethink stranger' and was 'sure te find anuther lass', 'Te tyek your place te cuddle'. The narrator of *Hannah's Black Eye* did not know if she got it from 'Mick Cain' 'for fairs' or 'fun', but she acknowledged that 'He's lazy, he's thievish, an' ivrything bad'. He could not keep a job and was a 'black' – probably a *black-leg*. Ten years earlier Benjamin Hanby had written *Darling Nelly Gray* about a black slave in the USA,³⁰ and Wilson used the tune for lyrics about Tyneside wage-slaves called *Keep Yor Feet Still!*

Wor Geordey an' Bob Jonsin byeth lay i' one bed,
Iv a little lodjin hoose that's doon the shore,
Before Bob had been an' oor asleep, a kick frae Geordey's fut
Myed him wakin up te roar instead o' snore.

KORUS.

"Keep yor feet still! Geordey, hinny, let's be happy for the neet
For aw maynit be so happy throo the day,
So give us that bit cumfort,—keep yor feet still Geordey lad,
An' dinnet send maw bonny dreams away!"

Aw dreamt thor wes a dancin held, an' Mary Clark wes there
An' aw thowt we tript it leetly on the floor,
An' aw prest her heevin breest te mine when walsin round the
room,
That's mair then aw dor ivor de before.

Ye'll knaw the lad that she gans with, they call him Jimmy Green,
Aw thowt he tried te spoil us i' wor fun,
But aw dreamt aw nail'd him heavy, an' blackt the big feul's eyes,
If aw'd slept it's hard te tell what aw wad deun.

Aw thowt aw set her hyem that neet, content we went along,
Aw kiss'd hor lips a hundrid times or mair,
An' aw wish'd the road wad nivor end, se happy like wes aw,
Aw end walk'd a thoosind miles wi' Mary there!

Aw dreamt Jim Green had left the toon an' left his luv te me,
An' aw thowt the hoose wis furnish'd wi' the best,
An' aw dreamt aw just had left the church wi' Mary be me side,
When yor clumsy feet completely spoil'd the rest!"

The back page of Part 2 of Wilson's songbook advertised Thomas Gregson's alarm clocks, a barber's circulating library in the Side that sold Wilson's penny numbers and sixpenny Parts, Wilson's services as a performer, and *Chater's Comic Tyneside Almanack*. John W. Chater's shop at 89 Clayton Street was Wilson's business address.

A famous consart man,
That once cud bring the hooses doon,
Just noo aw'll call him Dan,
It waddint de te tell his nyem,
It might amuse a few,
But still 'twad de ne gud te them
If his real nyem they knew:
He used te sing at consarts i'
The country roond aboot,
A real gud-hearted jolly sowl,
O' that thor is ne doot.

He got engaged te sing sum sangs,
An' keep up his renoon,
At a quiet little country place
Not ten miles frae the toon;
He packt his carpet-bag wi' things
Te suit myest ivry age,
False whiskers, paint, an' claes an' wig,
He needed for the stage;
Then off he set—got landed there,
An' pleased the foaks se weel,
They waddint let him cum away
Till tipsy he shud feel.

He sat an' drunk till late at neet,
The last train lang had gyeen,
So Dan myed up his mind te leave
An' walk the distance hyem;
He flung his bag across his back,
An' bid them a' gud neet,
Then hurried on as best he cud,
An' seun wes oot o' seet,—
A mile between the hoose an' him
He seun had put between,
But here's just where the fun begins,
A scene that's seldum seen.

Luckt hard an' queer at Dan,
Byeth on the watch for sum greet thief,
They teuk him for the man;
A pair o' bracelets on his wrists,
Afore poor Dan cud wink,
Wes thrust,—an' then they teuk his bag,
He haddint time te think,
Before they march'd him tiv a hoose
He'd nivor seen before,
An' then they threw him iv a cell,
An' then they lockt the door.

Poor Dan at forst wes stupefied,
For drink wes iv his heed,
But when he fund oot where he was,
His yells wad wake the deed;
The pollis byeth luckt iv his bag,
Wi' wide an' greedy eyes,
An' ivrything they fund, they thowt
Wes this greet thief's disguise,—
They waddint lissen te the words
He tried te myek them hear,
But thowt o' praise an' greet rewards
Next mornin they wad share.

The mornin com—the clerk wes there,
The pollis tell'd thor case,
Then browt Dan oot—wi' oaths he swore
He'd myek them tyek his place,
For when he tell'd them what he was,
They swore he tell'd a lee,
Until he drest an' sung a sang,
An' then they thowt it spree,
But Dan the spree he cuddint see
Until he myed them pay
Expensis—an' they had te did
Afore he'd gan away.

The only 'famous concert man' from Tyneside who 'cud bring the hooses' down' was Ned Corvan, whose married life was reportedly tempestuous. Interestingly Wilson's *Fightin' Jim!* was about a victim of the domestic violence who was determined to 'leave the hoose an' him'.³²

Early in June Wilson had a benefit at the Stuart Henry Bell's Royal Wear Music Hall in Sunderland. During Race Week the 'Tyneside Bard and Vocalist' topped the bill at the Tyne in Newcastle.³³ Soon after, at the fifth anniversary of the Cowpen District Industrial and Provident Society (Limited) in the Central Hall in Waterloo, near Blyth, there was a 'public tea' for over 600 members, wives and friends. Richard Fynes, a founder of Northumberland Miners' Association, took the chair, and the Society's secretary, William Crawford, who was also secretary of Durham Miners' Association, reported that the annual income had been over £14,000 and the profit was over £1,000. Wilson, the 'celebrated Tyneside bard', performed in the concert.³⁴

Early in July a Carlisle printer publicly apologised to Wilson in successive issues of the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

J O E W I L S O N ' S S O N G S
INFRINGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT.
I, **LOWIS MURRAY**, Printer, Carlisle, regret that I have
infringed upon the Copyright of "Joe Wilson's Tyneside
Songs," by printing the same, and I hereby apologise to him,
and agree to pay all costs, in consideration of which Mr.
Wilson consents to abstain from taking proceedings.
(Signed) **L. MURRAY.** 35

The Era advertised a subscription for the widow of the entertainer Tom Nash. Bell and the Wear company gave £1 1s, Bagnall and Blakey 5s and Carlisle and Billy Thompson 2s 6d apiece. Wilson sent 1s. Soon after he 'received a perfect ovation on his re-appearance' at the Carlisle Oxford during race week, but the 'non-fulfilment of engagements by numerous professionals' was too much for the manager and a new proprietor engaged a 'dramatic company'.

Wilson appeared in Thomas Holmes's 'first-class company' at the new Royal Music Hall in Jarrow Market Place. *The Era* reported that the 'true and pathetic rendering of his own songs characteristic of Tyneside life and manners' was 'unequalled' and 'notwithstanding the favourable state of the weather for outdoor amusements' the audiences were 'numerous'. Early in August the hall was 'crowded to excess by a respectable audience' for Wilson's benefit and he 'sang some of his most touchingly written songs, many of which we doubt not will be standard favourites at social gatherings long after the deservedly respectable author of them is no more'.³⁶ Soon after Wilson and Handford 'fully merited the warm approval of the audiences' at Frank Hall's Concert in North Shields. Then Handford engaged the 'Tyneside Bard' at the Oxford in West Hartlepool, which had 'undergone great improvements', and Wilson was 'rapturously applauded in his touching songs'.

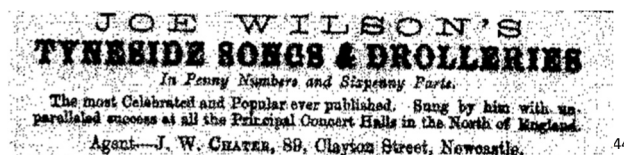
In September Wilson performed from 9.25pm to 9.40pm at the Tyne Concert Hall in Newcastle, where his 'new local songs' were 'highly successful and greatly applauded'. Elsewhere Mr Stoley sang what he called *Dinna clash the door* and it was a 'complete success'. Stanley advertised in the *Chronicle* that Wilson would perform from 8.25pm to 8.40pm and 9.45 to 10.00pm before the final act at his benefit and 'Elfin' (Sidney Miles Hawkes) promoted it in the *Chronicle*: 'I bespeak for one of the best of our local poets and singers, and one of the most decent of men, a bumper house'. On the 26th Stanley placed a large advertisement for 'The Gallowgate Lad's Benefit' in the *Chronicle*, exhorting men to 'let yor Wife gan te the Consart for one neet' to hear what he knew as *Geordy Had the Bairn* sung by the author of the 'most celebrated and popular Tyneside Songs ivor published'. On the last night but two '100 of JOE WILSON'S PORTRAITS (Carte de Visites) will be GIVEN AWAY to the first 40 entering the Boxes, the first 320 to the Pit, and first 30 to the Gallery'. On the 27th the *Chronicle* plugged the benefit of 'one of the most successful of our local musicians'.

He has published a considerable number of songs illustrative of the social life of the working people of Tyneside, and on a future occasion we will perhaps give a detailed notice of them. All of his songs possess more or less merit, and some of them are really of a very high order. They all convey some useful moral or recite some interesting episode in social life, and are infinitely superior to the miserable productions that we are sorry to see have now become so popular with comic singers in our concert rooms. Wilson's "Aw wish yer muther wad oom," his "Gallowgate lad," and his "Row upon the stairs," are, of their kind, unique specimens of lyric and descriptive poetry, and they will have a more than ephemeral popularity, inasmuch as they truthfully and quaintly describe scenes in social life that

every one familiar with the habits and customs of our working-classes have more or less experienced. Mr. Wilson, we believe, is a printer to business. He writes, prints, and sings his own songs. He is a very worthy and diligent young man, and we are glad to see his great and increasing popularity with the audiences in our concert rooms. We are sure that, from the songs he writes and sings, the frequenters of these places of amusement can derive no evil impressions, but many have had both their hearts and minds improved by them. We trust that this evening his numerous admirers in Newcastle will give him the patronage his modest and deserving conduct so well merits by crowding Mr. Stanley's excellent place of amusement to the doors.

By October 'the universal favourite' was at the Royal Alhambra in South Shields,³⁷ which had 'crowded houses nightly'.³⁸ The 'ever-pleasing and successful Tyneside poet and singer' was a 'special favourite' and his benefit would be a 'bumper'.³⁹ At the end of the month he was at Mr W.W. Sullivan's Oxford Music Hall in Stockton, which was 'crowded nightly', and he was still there in November.⁴⁰ The 'popular Tyneside poet and comic singer' had a benefit at the Wear in Sunderland on the 30th.⁴¹

In December Wilson was to appear at Macdonald's Theatre and Music Hall in Carlisle. *The Era* felt that singing and dancing was 'sadly out of place alongside the drama', yet business was 'excellent' and audiences were 'on the qui vive' for the 'Tyneside vocalist'. There were 'excellent houses' and Wilson 'met with a perfect ovation' and 'had to respond to three or four encores each evening during the week'.⁴² In mid-December the Tyne in Newcastle advertised the engagement of the 'Tyneside vocalist', who 'met with an excellent reception' and 'sang with his wonted taste'. The 'Tyneside Author and Vocalist' produced 'Mr JOE WILSON'S ENTERTAINMENT'. Three days later he was at North Shields Theatre Royal for two nights and his local songs were 'heartily greeted'. A Mr Wilson (possibly Joe) recited *The Spanish Chieftain* at Gateshead Working Men's Club and was 'heartily encored',⁴³ and Joe Wilson advertised in *Chater's Tyneside Comick Almanack* for 1867 and named Chater as his 'Agent'.



In Wilson's No. 12 *Affected Bella* was to be sung to *Pat's Curiosity Shop*, a US tune associated with lyrics about an Irishman's museum of strange curiosities,⁴⁵ and Wilson's lyrics criticised a woman for her airs, graces and speech.

Ye wad think she'd forgotten Newcassel,
She mixes the dialect se,
If she only cud manidge plain English,
It might for a little bit de ...⁴⁶

Wilson set *The Lanlord's Dowter* to *Matilda Baker*, a tune associated with New York lyrics about a man saving up to marry.⁴⁷

Aw's one o' the luckiest lads that's oot,
At least that's what they tell us,
An' before aw's deun, thor's nyen 'ill doot
The fortin that's befell us;
Aw's efter, aw think, the finest lass
That ivor was created,
Her fethur,—he keeps a public hoose,
Se nobly she's related.
KORUS:—
This fine-luckin lass for a queen might pass,
An' a queen aw've often thowt her,
An' aw's the lad if ye want te knaw'd,
That's on for the lanlord's dowter.

Whenivor she gets an order for two
For consorts or theatre,
She sends for me an' away we gan,
Man, she's a real forst-rater;
Tho' aw knaw she drinks upon the sly,
Aw waddint say owt tiv her,
For the time might cum, an' aw hope it will,
When aw can tippie wiv her.
Aw've seen when aw've laid a sixpence doon,
Aw've got change for a shillin,
An' if ivor she thinks aw's onyway dry,
Te quench me thirst she's willin;

Aw've seen when aw've laid a sixpence doon,
 Aw've got change for a shillin,
 An' if ivor she thinks aw's onyway dry,
 Te quench me thirst she's willin ;
 An' aw've seen when aw've order'd half o' ru
 She's gien us half o' brandy,
 An' aw's sartin the lass that behaves se weel
 'Ill myek a wife that's handy.

Her fethur he thinks aw's up te the mark,
 An' she thinks thor's nyen truer,
 An' the aud man says aw'll be lanlord there
 As seun as he turns brewer ;
 At a pawnshop, cheap, the tuther day,
 The weddin ring aw bowt her ;
 So lads, luck oot for an open hoose,
 When aw marry the lanlord's dowter.

The narrator aimed to join the petit-bourgeoisie and was sure his father-in-law would become a successful capitalist. In songbook No. 13 *Wor Geordy's Album* noted that he had 'bowt it at Allans' where other songbooks were on sale.

Then here's poor Ned Corvan, the comic Tynesider,
 That myed the foaks laff till thor sides wes all sair,
 Wiv his humorous sangs; - an' the next's Geordy Ridley,
 Another gud fellow, - but noo thor ne mair.⁴⁸

Wilson set his lyrics to the tune associated with *Rocking the Cradle, Boys, Pull Away Cheerily*.⁴⁹

In January 1867 the Penny Readings at Herdley Bank, south of Haltwhistle, were 'as successful as ever', in spite of heavy snow, and 'the school room was filled with an appreciative audience, who warmly applauded the performers', including Thomas Bell, who sang "Dinna Clash the Door" (Joe Wilson).⁵⁰

Wilson's sister Ann was a 'dealer in sundries' in Percy Street, Newcastle. Thomas Allan lived at 14 Alexandra Terrace, Sandyford, while his brother Ralph lived at 195 Linskill Street, North Shields, and had a newsagent's shop at 23 Tyne Street.⁵¹ In February Wilson 'gave two or three songs in capital style' at a 'Grand Ball' for Mr J.W. Atkinson, a dancing teacher, at the Shepherd Inn in Marlborough Crescent, Newcastle, and when Hugh Smith engaged Wilson for the Victoria Music Hall, Atkinson returned the compliment.

VICTORIA MUSIC HALL.—Mr. Smith, the proprietor, has at present a first-rate company engaged at the Victoria Music Hall, Grey Street, Newcastle. One of the most prominent, and certainly the most popular, is Joe Wilson, the Tyneside vocalist. He last night, on the occasion of his benefit, appealed to his friends for support. The hall was crowded in every part, several of the influential members of the Newcastle Highland Society—of which Mr. Wilson is a member—being present in their characteristic costume. The worthy "Joe" was, on making his appearance on the platform, received with cheers, which were again and again repeated. He sang, "Billy's turned an actor," "Wor Geordy's Album," and the mirth-provoking, "Aw wish yor muther wad cum." The whole of

Mr. Wilson's songs are full of broad humour, and never fail to create laughter. Moreover, they are also well sung, Joe being possessed of an excellent voice. He was encored so frequently that the audience really became unreasonable, but "the poet" was ever willing to gratify them, and he kept on singing until he was almost exhausted. Mr. J. W. Atkinson, a well-known dancing master in Newcastle, by special request, danced a Scottish reel. He performed the task with such good taste that the audience demanded, by their applause, that he should give another. He did so, and showed that he was thoroughly master of the art he teaches. He was encored a second time. The other regular performers likewise acquitted themselves well. ⁵²

The Era noted that 'a host of professional and amateur talent would appear' for Wilson's benefit and had 'no doubt that the house will prove to be a bumper, as it should be', since his talents as a local singer and writer and his 'quiet and unassuming conduct towards all make him an universal favourite'. He was a 'gentleman'.⁵³ He sang in Gateshead Working Men's Club, and the 'ever successful and pleasing poet and singer' performed at the Royal Alhambra in South Shields, and the 'poet and vocalist' was 'a particular favourite at the Royal in Jarrow'.

Early in April the 'deservedly popular Tyneside bard' was at the Oxford in Stockton,⁵⁴ then moved to Darlington Theatre Royal Music Hall, where Macdonald advertised a programme of 'high-class *Artistes*', but offered to let the theatre and the Theatre Royal in Carlisle 'for any class of Entertainment'.⁵⁵ The 'genial Tyneside bard' had his benefit, and soon after a 'Mr Wilson' recited *Yorkshire Humphrey* at New Bridge Street schoolroom in Newcastle.⁵⁶ Later *The Era* acknowledged that Joe Wilson 'introduced the now popular Music Hall entertainment to the Darlington public for the first time' and 'the house has been crowded', but while one of the 'old favourites' had 'met with a hearty welcome', the 'gems of the entertainment' were 'Messrs. Churchill and Crabtree (the Ebony Wonders and champion dancers)'. Macdonald had managed West Hartlepool Theatre and was soon to become lessee of a 'beautiful little theatre' 'in course of erection'. In May he organised a 'series of entertainments' at the Athenaeum,⁵⁷ in Church Street, where the Lecture Room was 70 feet by 35,⁵⁸ and 'fitted up as a theatre'.⁵⁹ The company included Joe Wilson who was 'probably the most popular Tyneside vocalist in "the North"'.⁶⁰

On 10 June Wilson was at the Tyne in Newcastle, but advertised his services in the *Chronicle*.

JOE WILSON, the Tyneside Bard and Vocalist,
 respectfully intimates that he will be at liberty on
 Monday, July 1, for a short season, to engage for
 Concerts, Soirees, &c.—Address J. W. CHAYER, 89, Clayton
 Street, Newcastle. ⁶¹

Netherton Mechanics' Institute *soiree* took place in a 'spacious marquee' in a field in north Northumberland and the 'vocal and instrumental music' included the Morpeth Band and 'Mr. Joe Wilson' was one of 'the principal vocalists'. The 'humorous character' of his performance caused much merriment and applause.⁶² On the 13th he was second on the bill at the Tyne and

the *Chronicle* acknowledged that he 'warbles his capital local songs with his accustomed effect', but in July Stanley announced that the Tyne season was ending. The 'ever popular' Wilson gave 'several of his local airs' at St. Anthony's District Cooperative and Industrial Society's anniversary and the 'Tyneside Poet' and the 'Tyneside Bard and Local Comic Singer' also sang at the Wear in Sunderland.⁶³ The concert at Newcastle Working Men's Club's very successful picnic at Gosforth included 'Mr Joe Wilson' and 'Mr Wm Thompson', who gave their services 'gratuitously' to help the Club be 'self-supporting'.⁶⁴

In August Billy Thompson retired from the Oxford and the *Newcastle Guardian* reported that a 'crowded house did honour to his great abilities'. After a presentation, 'Messrs J.P. Robson, Joe Wilson, and other poets appeared on the stage' with the 'ex-Champion of the Thames, Mr. R. Chambers'.⁶⁵ At the Wear in Sunderland some 'exceedingly clever negro' performers were the main attraction, but the audience demanded that Wilson sing encores,⁶⁶ and *The Era* praised Stuart Henry Bell.

We must congratulate the spirited Manager on the great success that has attended his efforts since the reopening of this splendid Hall. Crowded houses have been the rule, and not the exception. The company engaged is the most numerous, as well as talented, that has ever appeared before a Sunderland audience. Mr Joe Wilson is one of the greatest Tyneside composers and vocalists that we have ever heard, and he is compelled nightly to sing three or four songs before he makes his final bow.⁶⁷

Wilson 'provided a capital programme of entertainments' for his benefit on the 26th.⁶⁸

Early in September John Weatherburn of North Seaton sang what he called *It's time te get up, The Landlord's Daughter*, and *Dinnet Clash the Door* at Cowpen Friendly and Benefit Society's 23rd anniversary tea party in the Central Hall, Blyth.⁶⁹ Late that month Wilson was 'as great an attraction as ever' at the Oxford in West Hartlepool.⁷⁰ He set *What that man might heh been!* to Henry Clay Work's recent US temperance song, *Come Home, Father*,⁷¹ and Wilson's lyrics blamed drink for a man's economic and social downfall; yet the narrator of *Geordey, O!* claimed rejected temperance propaganda.

Teetotallers needint talk te him,
 About hard drinkin, quite free-thinkin,
 'Aw'll fill me glass up te the brim,
 If aw want as much', says Geordey, O;
 'But if aw think aw've had me share,
 Withoot thor pledges, dorty pledges,
 Wi' mind myed up to heh ne mair,
 Aw winnet touch', says Geordey, O.

In *Mistress Taylor's Poesin!* a drunken women bought a powder to commit suicide, but it turned out to be Epsom Salts, so she decided she was too young to die – 'aw's only fifty!' – and became a teetotaller.⁷²

Joseph Hutchinson's Canterbury Music Hall had opened in Lower Feversham Street, Middlesbrough, in December 1860, but by November 1861 it was the Canterbury Hall Wine and Spirit Vaults. In August 1867 Hutchinson opened the Oxford Palace of Varieties in Rostock Terrace, Feversham Street, which could seat 1,800,⁷³ and in October *The Era* reported that it attracted 'the patronage of the most encouraging nature' and the 'Tyneside poet and vocalist' received 'a warm reception'.⁷⁴ The *Newcastle Journal* noted that the Alhambra in South Shields enjoyed 'increasing and delighted audiences' and 'Mr Joe Wilson' was 'unique in his line'.⁷⁵ The 'favourite Tyneside poet and singer' had 'met with quite an ovation' and continued 'to hold his own' until mid-October.⁷⁶ In November the 'ever welcome poet and singer' was at the Oxford in Middlesbrough and his friends 'rallied round' for his benefit.⁷⁷

Songbook No. 15 was published by mid-December and Part III would soon be available.

JOE. WILSON'S TYNESIDE SONGS, No. 15,
 Now Ready, containing "The Sunderland Trip," &c. –
 Sold by all Bookellers. Part III. will shortly be Published.

It included *The Life of Joe Wilson (As far as its gyen) a Short Sketch Publish'd at the Rickquest ov a few aud Frinds*. He had performed in 'nearly ivry toon i' the North' and was 'happy te say wi' the syem success aw've had i' me native place', so 'it'll always be me study te deserve the syem ower agyen'.⁷⁹ Then came *Me Awn Advortismint*.

If ivor ye want to hear us sing
 The songs aw've wrote te please ye a',
 On ivry little hyemly thing,
 Just drop a line an' let us know,
 An' if aw heh the luk te cum,
 Ye may rest assured me best aw'll de
 Te myek ye laff wi' sangs o' fun,
 An' aw'll sing ye sentimental tee.

After Part 3 appeared, Wilson asked Howe Brothers to do his printing.⁸⁰

The *Newcastle Journal* noted that the Oxford was 'fully patronised' and the 'Tyneside melodist and author' was 'warmly welcomed'. He 'introduced several songs characteristic of Tyneside peculiarities, which were given with much effect and success'. Bagnall and Blakey put his name above Jenny Hill's at the top of their advertisements in the *Journal*.⁸¹ *The Era* put the

'Tyneside melodist' first in its report about Stanley's new Tyne Theatre and Opera House in Westgate Road,⁸² which used entrance refreshment tokens like other Newcastle halls.⁸³ The *Journal* noted that it was 'well attended' and the 'Tyneside melodist and author' was 'encored for his local effusions'.⁸⁴ He also contributed to Chater's *Almanack*.⁸⁵

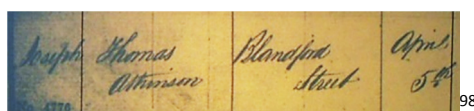
Wilson was usually good-natured.⁸⁶ Once, when a newspaper reporter saw him buying boots, he 'was in a funny mood, and compelling a companion to sit down' he 'proceeded to take his measure in the most comical style of extravagance'. The '*vis comice* [funny face], the wild drollery, were absolutely irresistible, and stopped all business for a few minutes'.⁸⁷ But Wilson could also make a 'smart retort'. He was knock-kneed, probably because a lack of sunlight and vitamins as a child had caused rickets. He and other 'well known professionals' used the Clock House in Westgate Street and he was 'a special favourite of the host and hostess. One day, as he was walking across the bar, 'a would-be wit ... sneeringly remarked, "I say, master, you're knock-kneed." There was scarcely time for the companions of this man to laugh, even if they had so willed, before the stinging reply came from the poet – "Yes, that's true, aw'm sorry te say maw knees is like yor brain – varry weak"'.⁸⁸

Early in January 1868, at the opening of at St. John's Chapel Town Hall in Weardale, the amateur singer Mr B. Walton 'greatly amused the assembly with what the *Durham Chronicle* reporter called 'Gordy, hawd the bairn'.⁸⁹ Professional concert halls were attracting custom from theatres and the *Newcastle Guardian* reported about South Shields County Petty Sessions.

Mr Wybert Reeve, the lessee of the South Shields Theatre Royal, summoned Messrs Bagnall and Blakey, of the Alhambra Music Hall, South Shields (and of the Oxford Music Hall, Newcastle), on a charge of having performed a stage play without the necessary licence or authority. Messrs Bagnall and Blakey produced what they called a spectacle, which they described to be 'as good as a pantomime.' Mr Reeve declared that it was so, and Messrs Bagnall and Blakey were fined £10. At a time when a modification of the law is expected, and with the excellent example of Mr E.D. Davis, of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, it is to be regretted that Mr Reeve should have instituted a prosecution. Rightly or wrongly the public estimate such as persecution. It is necessary that the public should be protected against ill-conditioned and ill-conducted places of amusement; but Messrs Bagnall and Blakey are notable for the efficient management of their music halls, and the general excellence of the *artistes* they employ.⁹⁰

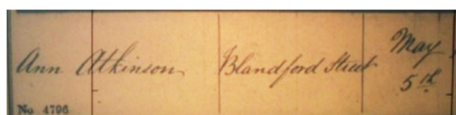
The Newcastle Oxford attracted a 'large and enthusiastic' audience. The company included Ceda's 'troupe of sable minstrels', Billy Thompson and Joe Wilson, 'whose melodies are well appreciated', since they 'embody a good moral' and were 'household words on Tyneside'. A fortnight later the hall was 'nightly crowded by large and respectable audiences' and Bagnall and Blakey were 'sparing neither cost nor trouble' to produce a 'spectacle' of 'imposing effect', but they were experiencing problems with the bill-poster Ritchie. Bagnall testified that they had rented a site for £1 a year, but after Ritchie made a higher bid they had to pay £2 10s. 'Strangers coming to the town generally looked about for entertainments that might be open' and Hugh Smith of the Victoria Music Hall agreed that the absence of bills would be 'most injurious'.⁹¹ 'Professor Scott', John Henry Anderson, had spent £3 15s a year on printing and posting bills in the 1850s but now had to pay £2,000.⁹² Early in February, after a 'very successful engagement' at the Newcastle Oxford, Wilson had a benefit.⁹³ Soon after someone sang *Keep your feet still* at an 'entertainment' at Gilesgate Academy in Durham.⁹⁴ In March Wilson was at the Wear in Sunderland, which was 'nightly crowded', and in April he sang in aid of Seaham Harbour Mechanics' Institute.⁹⁵

Ten years earlier Isabella Wilson, possibly a relation of Joe's, had died at 59 Blandford Street, aged 32.⁹⁶ In March Joe's nephew Joseph Thomas Atkinson died there, aged six,⁹⁷ and was buried in Jesmond Old Cemetery.



98

Early in May Wilson sang at Joseph Carlisle's annual benefit at the Newcastle Oxford.⁹⁹ Soon after Wilson's sister Ann died, aged 33, after suffering 'Phthisis Pulmonalis' (tuberculosis) for a year,¹⁰⁰ and was buried near her son.



101

In June the champion sculler Bob Chambers died of tuberculosis, aged 36.¹⁰²

The 'Tyneside Bard and vocalist' was 'very popular' at the Oxford in Middlesbrough and sang *The Deeth O' Bob Chambers* at his benefit.¹⁰³ He set it to *Hallow Fair*, a tune he heard in Carlisle,¹⁰⁴ where it was known as *Come into my Cabin, Red Robin*.¹⁰⁵

I' the gloom thor's aroond bonny Tyneside,—
'Mang the greef that's s3 bad te contain,—
When all honest hearts mourn for thor champein,
Wi' breests fill'd wi' sadness an' pain,—
Aw'll sing i' the praise o' Bob Chambers,
The manliest, the gaenest. an' true.
He's alive i' the hearts ov a' Tyneside,
Tho' we've lost wor poor "Honest Bob" noo.

Fareweel te the days when Bob Chambers
Wes wor idol, wor pet, an' wor pride,
When he set the whole world at defiance—
Brave champein o' canny Tyneside.
When aw think ov he's sowl-storin races,
Aw can hardly believe that he's gyen
I' the prime ov he's life ;—hoo Deeth's hurried,—
But thor's LIFE still iv Honest Bob's nyem.

Fareweel te the canny Bob Chambers,—
 A man for he's honesty famed;
 Strite-forward, an' kind, noble-hearted,—
 Wor champe n such qualities claim'd.
 Aye, an' what's mair, we know he possess'd them;
 Oh, then, hoo can we help but repine
 For the hero that's gain'd wor affeeshun,
 Like this brave hardy son o' the Tyne.

Fareweel te the world's finest champein;
 An' defeated be Deeth tho ye be,
 It cannot tyek ye frae wor hearts, lad;
 An' yor form lang i' mem'ry we'll see.
 We've been prood—aye, an' still wor prood o' ye;
 An' yor brave deeds for ivor 'll shine
 Throo the gloom thor's been myed wi' greet sorrow,
 For the Champein an' Pride o' the Tyne.

These lyrics were not published for several months.¹⁰⁶

In July the *Newcastle Guardian* noted that the Oxford was 'crammed to suffocation' and 'never on any occasion has a public man been more enthusiastically welcomed than was Mr Thompson, the worthy chairman, who has presided at this temple music and song, for the last three years, and who took his benefit last evening'. 'Sweet William' was 'greeted with a tremendous burst of applause, which continued for a considerable time' and was 'surrounded, on the stage, by about 200 of his immediate friends'. After the presentation of 'a splendid silver salver' and 'tea and coffee service', Thompson 'acknowledged in feeling terms the honour done him, and after thanking his patrons and friends for the unvarying kindness and consideration they had always shown, he made friendly allusion to the merits of Mr Joe Wilson, who stood near him'.¹⁰⁷ The *Era* noted that the tea service was electro-plated, but 'many sporting notables' were present and Wilson sang one of his local songs.¹⁰⁸ Soon after, when Pelton Mechanics' Institute held its Annual Soiree, 'the monster marquee was well filled to hear the concert by Mr Joe Wilson and other celebrities',¹⁰⁹ and many songs were 'loudly encored'.¹¹⁰

In August 'A Nawd Pee Dee' (Billy Thompson) mentioned Wilson in his column in the *Newcastle Guardian*.

Aw see maw canny frind Joe Wilson hez written a song about the Tyneside lads beetin the Cocknees. It's a rel gudin, tho'ts not in Joe's regular line. Wen Joe began he struck oot a path for heesell, he left the aud beetin road-way an tried fresh feelds and pastors neu. His sangs hev an air of simplicity in thim, but, Sor, thors sum gud morrill truth i' thim. Aw's not gan ti inflict this list o' nyems on ye, but onny man thit's a fethor an khez been left it yem wit hi bairns kin eesly feel thi trooth ov 'Aw wish yor muther wad cum,' an monny plaice oot o' Sandgyet hez seen the 'Row upon this stairs.'

Thompson added some lines of verse in praise of Wilson in September and highlighted his *Gallowgate Lad*, *The Row upon the Stairs*, *Aw wish yor Muthor wad cum*, *It's time te gan te wark* and *Wor Geordy's wondrous Album Buik*.¹¹¹

Wilson was 'well received' at the Wear in Sunderland, where he attracted 'large audiences', and early in October the 'champion four-oared crew appeared' at his benefit and 'drew forth thunders of applause'.¹¹² He and Tom now lived at 59 Blandford Street in Newcastle and Tom had become a freeman.¹¹³ Joe used a tune associated with *Kate Mooney's Portion*, which had been published in Newcastle years earlier,¹¹⁴ for lyrics set in Middlesbrough.

The Young Man
 Hum! - Mooney.

Mr, where is Jim, maw bonny lad,
 I to him w'd like to see,
 For if aw'd chiee or a' the loon,
 He's still the lad for me,
 He's a moulder - just a gentles that, (The)
 In a great big shop he show'd,
 An' aw've liked him ever since that meet,
 He met on Linthorpe Road,
 Home.

He ge think that aw'll blush when it comes to
 The crush,
 Te marry me bonny young moulder,
 He's just the bit lad that'll myek a lass glad,
 An' he's carvin his time as a moulder!

He says for anybody else,
 He's heart has no mair room,
 An' tells us that aw's in his mind,
 When mawkin mawg the loon,
 Bless me, what funny work that is,
 The thout lues like vains play,
 Te see men myekin figurs in
 The dirt myek a' the day.

Aw wonder'd how they kept their breath,
 Among the stipe, or, dear,
 But when they knowt that need-het stuff,
 The thout aw'd drop for fear,
 Te see them joo'er that metal in
 A hole myek down below,
 An' flames spring up like fireworks,
 Man aw's glad o' what aw saw!

Aw saw this when aw took his dinner
 Te the shop one day,
 "Go mawg lass, when you need him,
 An' men tak to work for jay,"
 He said to me, - but Miss ye, lads,
 Me heart's given clean to him,
 An' aw'll never sing another sang,
 If aw dimet get me Jim.

For L.A.
 1866

Joe Wilson,
 Newcastle

These lyrics were apparently not published, but writing songs was a competitive business.

POETICAL COMPETITION IN THE NORTH.—Some time ago, Mr J. W. Chater, Clayton Street, Newcastle, offered prizes for the three best local songs, for publication in the next number of "The Keelmin's Annueal." We understand that about a dozen competitors entered the lists. The adjudicators, to whom the songs were submitted, have given in their decision as follows:—First prize (£3), Mr Wm. Fergusson, of the *Express* office; second (£1 10s). Mr J. P. Robson, well known as

"The Retiart Keelmin," whose letters are published in the *North of England Advertiser*; and third, Mr Joe Wilson, the popular Tyneside poet. The competing poems will be published in "The Keelmin's Annueal." It will be remembered that Mr Fergusson, who has gained the first prize, won the gold medal given by the Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club, for the best poem on "Scottish Scenery."

116

Fergusson had written his song in 'English'.¹¹⁷

The *Newcastle Guardian* noted that the Oxford had a 'refreshment room' where 'the best of everything can be had during the evening at current prices,' and the hall closed in time for the last trains to North and South Shields, Tynemouth, and elsewhere. On Boxing Day 'Mr William Thompson' would 'hold a special levee' and 'the Tyneside Bard, Joe Wilson, and numerous artistes will appear'.¹¹⁸

Wilson's *Throo Hevin Nowt Te De* duly appeared in *The Keelmin's Comic Annueal* for 1869.

Slaystori' sadly throo the streets,
An' sighin' a' the day,
Wundorin' what on irth te de,
To pass the time away;
Wundorin' hoo the rich foaks leeve,
What can thor blissins' be?
When poor foaks weary o' thor lives,
'Throo hevin' nowt te de.

Korus:—

Wawkin' round the Mairket,
An' wawkin' round the kee,
Wawkin' where—aw divvent care,
'Throo hevin' nowt te de.

Aw pass the Centril Stayshun, an'
Aw see the shooblack there
L'yuks happier when he gets a job,
An' then he sighs for mair;
B'yeth him an' lads wi' lucifers,
'Torn weary as can be,
An' bad times tell on yoothful minds,
'Throo hevin' nowt te de.

Aw t'yek a torn throo Claytin' Street,
An' there aw see the s'yem,—
A chep that cannot reed 'ill stop
An' try te reed a n'yem,
I' sum b'yukseller's bonny shop,
Or pictor framers, tee,
An' puzzle byeth his eyes an' brains,
'Throo hevin' nowt te de.

Then round the Mairket next aw'll gan,
The s'yem 'ill meet me eye,
Wi' cheps that winnet work or want,
An' cheps that's elwis dry;
Sum sighin' for a flat te catch,
Sum sighin' for a spree,
They l'yuk as if they cudden help't,
'Throo hevin' nowt te de.

Then Mairket Street, an' Grey Street
The s'yem to me betray, [next,
The dushin' swell gets wearied tee,
For a' ye'd think him gay;
He'll stick an eye-glass tiv his eye,
Sum canny lass te see,
She's past,—an' then he's really lost,
'Throo hevin' nowt te de.

The Sandhill cairtman's lazy like,
If wark cums slawly in,
The fishwife cannut shoot as weel,
As when thor's a greet din;
The porter pokeman's joaks fall flat,
He trails along the kee,
Tho' glad at wark,—he losses heart,
When he hes nowt te de.

Aw tramp about the toon a' day,
An' still aw see the s'yem.
An' wish that sumthin' wait orn up,
Before aw get back h'yem,—
But no! bad luck sticks tiv us still;—
A happy man is he,
That nivr or feels owt but content,
When he hes nowt te de.

Wilson's engagements at the larger halls may have been drying up, but he wanted to get married.

5. Stage-Manager Joe Wilson

On New Year's Day 1869 Joe Wilson was one of about 30 'gentlemen' at a Jolly Dogs social club's annual supper at Mr Taylor's Trafalgar Inn in New Bridge Street, Newcastle. All the 'dogs' had to sing or pay a fine and they decided to present one of James Renforth's colours to the three winning crews of recent four-oared sculling races.¹ *The Era* noted that 'the ever-welcome singer of Newcastle songs in the dialect' was 'as popular as ever' at the Oxford.² In February his singing was 'most acceptable' at a dinner for the landlord of the Palmerston Inn in Blandford Street, and he took part in a 'complimentary concert' at the Mechanics' Institution in New Bridge Street.³ In March he 'nightly delights his auditors by his sweet singing' at the Oxford,⁴ and in April he was an 'efficient' tenor at the Tyne with his 'very pleasing voice, which he manages with much judgment'.⁵ In May the 58-year-old Siamese twins, Chang and Eng were 'exhibited' at the Music Hall in Nelson Street, with Miss Anna Swan, the 'Nova Scotia giantess', who was almost eight feet tall and weighed 31 stones, and Zoebida Stuti, 'a very beautiful Circassian lady'.⁶ Wilson used the tune of Robson's *The Pawnshop Bleezin for Wor Geordey's History of the Syimese Twins*.

Wor Geordey, just the tuther day,
Wes walkin up an' doon, man,
An' what amused him myest ov a'
Wes bills stuck round the toon, man,
Avisin' foaks te gan an' see
These Twins they call the Syimeese;
He's read thor hist'ry iv a beuk,
An' swears that wundor nivor struck
Iim half se much afore, man.

He says this freak o' nator is
Thor join'd se fast tegither,
Wiv a lump o' grissel hard an tight,
Thor siporashun's nivor;
They call one Bob, the tuther Jim,
An' Jim's like Bob, an' Bob's like him,
An' if one wants te stop at hyem,
The tuther hes te do the syein,
He cannot de owt else, man.

He says when young, that Bob wes wild,
An' liked te hev he's glasses,
An' led a kind o' rakish life
Amang a' kinds o' lasses;

But Jim, he waddint had at a'
He said to Bob, "aw'll let ya knaw
If ye want te lend this life, me lad,
Ye can gan yonsel, aw'll not be bad,
Aw'll brick the string that ties us."

But Geordey says he durwent did,
For fear he hurt he'sel, man,
Since then thor kind a nettled doon,
For on thor life's a spell, man;

Shud they fall oot an' hev a light,
Thor's neethor hes the best o' wight,
An' if they russel, byeth gan doon,
An' when they hit the blaw reboons,
The striker feels the blaw, man.

He says thor married an' got bairns,
He wonders hoo its deun, man,
But i' this world thor's things se queer,
Sum reckind nowt but fun, man;
An' if Bob wants te say he's prayers,
An' Jimmy wants te gan doon stairs,
Bob hes te wait till Jim gets deun,
An' if Jim's gan te klaw he's aun,
Bob hes te boo he's heed, man.

But gox! hoo funny it wad be,
The time that they war kortin,
For if the lass fell out wi' Jim,
Bob's feelings she'd be hurtin,
An' if he whisper'd iv her ear,
The tuther one was sure te hear;
An' when Bob tyeks an openin dose,
It fissicks Jimmy aw suppose,
An' that's a reglor mawer!

If Jim shud fancy gan asleep,
Bob hes te gan wi' him, man,
An' if Bob fancies gannin oot,
He hes te gan wi' Jim, man;
Where Bob is Jimmy hes te be,
Sumtimes ye'd think it essent apree,
But what one dis he's mate mun do,
Iv a' the sects the world can see,
This is the biggest cawshun!

Wilson sold these lyrics to Thomas Allan.⁷ According to Allan's son Edward he 'got hold of' copyrights because the writers 'were not careful men, so the songs might well have been lost, but, encouraged by the brothers, they called in the shop, ran over the songs to be written down by the brothers, and then departed, often with something from the till in their pockets'.⁸ Wilson was engaged at the Victoria Music Hall in Newcastle, but June saw the first appearance of the 'London comic', Harry Liston, who ridiculed the womanising, drinking and idleness of upper-class 'swells'.⁹ In July Wilson was at the Tyne,¹⁰ and then the 'talented vocalist' sang his 'amusing songs' at the Victoria.¹¹ He was saving up to get married.

In 1822, when the schoolteacher Joseph Maule and his wife Isabella (born Hudson) lived in Newton on the Moor near Shilbottle in Northumberland, they had a daughter they called Grace Isabella. In 1842 she had a son called Joseph out of wedlock and became a straw bonnet maker in Paikes Street, Alnwick. Joseph Milburn English, a 19-year-old saddler born in Rothbury, had a workshop in the Market Place, and in 1847 they married at Sion Meeting House in St. Michael's Lane according to 'the rights and ceremonies of the Independents', and Grace's son became Joseph English. Robert George was born in North Shields in 1848 and Isabella junior in Amble in 1850. In 1851 Joseph senior, a 'Sadler and Harness Maker' in his early thirties, told the census takers he was 28. Mary Jane was born in 1852 and Elizabeth arrived in Tenters Street, Bishop Auckland, in 1857. Eleanor followed in 1859 and she and Elizabeth were baptised in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. In 1861 the family lived in Hawthorn Cottages, St. Andrews Auckland. Joseph senior, a saddler in his early forties, claimed to be 36, as did 39-year-old Isabella, a 'Straw Bonnet Maker'. In 1867 Joseph was found guilty of 'wilful damage' and had to pay costs. He was later charged with refusing to maintain his wife, and then with being drunk, but was discharged. In 1868 he was found guilty of threatening to assault his wife and was bound over to keep the peace and had to find sureties or go to jail for three months. His and Grace's three teenage daughters became the Singing English Sisters.¹² On 3 August 19-year-old Isabella, claiming to be 20, and 27-year-old Joseph Wilson, a 'Compositor', got married at Newcastle Register Office and both gave the same address.

18th 1899 Marriage solemnized at the Registrar office in the District of Newcastle upon Tyne in the County of Newcastle upon Tyne

| No. | When Married. | Name and Surname. | Age. | Condition. | Rank or Profession. | Residence at the time of Marriage. | Father's Name and Surname. | Rank or Profession of Father. |
|-----|--------------------|-------------------|----------|------------|---------------------|------------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 56 | Third August 1899. | Joseph Wilson | 27 years | bachelor | compositor | 59 Bedford Street Newcastle. | Joseph Wilson | joiner. |
| | | Isabella English | 20 years | spinster | | 59 Bedford Street Newcastle. | Isabella English | saddler |

Married in the Registrar office according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the by *George Lindsay Watson* by me, *John Youlledge*

This Marriage was solemnized between us, { *Joseph Wilson* } in the Presence of us, { *George Lindsay Watson* } *Thomas Wilson* *George Boniller* *Superintendent Registrar*

The witness George Lindsay Watson owned a brick works at Hunwick just north of Bishop Auckland. Four days later the *Newcastle Guardian* reported about the Oxford.

Joe Wilson, as he always is, is a tower of strength and always meets with a hearty reception. This week, which I regret to see is the limit of his present engagement, he has several new songs of a very taking character, which elicit hearty bursts of laughter and approval. Indeed canny Joe's songs always take, because ... he seems alto have a purpose to serve ... and is the only exponent of Tyneside melody who makes a public appearance, and though his songs multiply with a rapidity truly astonishing, there is no falling off either in the genuineness of their humour or their moral force. What Edwin Waugh is for Lancashire, Joe Wilson is for Newcastle and district.¹³

Wilson sang at a benefit for Billy Thompson in Jarrow.

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO MR. WILLIAM THOMPSON, AT JARROW.—Last night, the Royal Music Hall, Jarrow, was well filled by a highly respectable audience, on the occasion of a complimentary benefit to Mr. William Thompson, the well-known Tyneside poet and singer, who has for some months been incapacitated from following his profession, owing to a severe and painful illness. Mr. Thomas Holmes kindly arranged the benefit, and gave the use of his fine hall, and his efforts were generously seconded by the following artistes, who gave their services gratuitously:—Messrs. Langley and Bittella, sensational duettists, dancers, &c.; Mr. C. Exley, comic (from the Oxford Music Hall, Newcastle), by the kind permission of Messrs. Bagnall and Blakey, who also patronised

the performances, as a mark of their esteem for their old servant; Mr. C. H. Fenlon, a clever comic; Mr. Joe Wilson, a favourite Tyneside vocalist; Miss Maggie Kerby, a sweet Scotch ballad vocalist; Messrs. Reed and Ted Foster, who gave their refined negro entertainment; Mr. T. L. Bertman, a successful comic; Mr. W. Wheeler, comic and brass band imitator, who elicited great applause; Mr. Tom Nevitt, a capital tenor vocalist; Miss Annie Somerville, a pleasing serio-comic; Mr. James Willison, a sterling comic. The whole of the artistes were well taken with, and in every instance a hearty encore was given, so deeply did the audience sympathise with the efforts of the ladies and gentlemen to do good for their brother in distress. Mr. Sanderson ably conducted the orchestra.

Soon after 2,000 people, mostly working people, and including Joe Wilson, attended the unveiling of a memorial for the sculler Robert Chambers in Walker Churchyard, and then the 'Tyneside vocalist was at the Wear when it reopened.¹⁴ Early in September the *Shields Daily Gazette* published an obituary.

DEATH OF "BILLY THOMPSON," THE LOCAL COMEDIAN.—After a long and trying illness, Mr W. Thompson, more familiarly known to the inhabitants of Tyneside as "Billy Thompson," died at his residence in Gateshead, on Thursday. For the four years preceding his illness, Mr Thompson filled the chair at the Oxford Music Hall, and was greatly esteemed by all the patrons of that favourable amusement. His ever ready wit, and good natured, jovial disposition made him a great favourite with all who came within the circle of his acquaintance. We are informed that during his nine months' absence from the "Oxford" Messrs. Bagnall and Blakey—and to their honour be it recorded—have never ceased to forward him ample funds to meet all his necessary domestic expenses, and indeed paid him his

full salary for a considerable portion of the time. From his boyhood "Billy" had a strong passion for comic acting. He was for some time connected with the famous Billy Purvis's company. Eventually he became possessed of a booth of his own, with which he travelled among the towns and villages of the North of England, and many who saw him perform at the time will know him best by the name of "Button-me-up." He wrote a number of local songs of considerable merit, and other poetical effusions. Deceased was also the author of the series of letters, written in the north country pit dialect, that appeared in the *Gateshead Observer* under the nom de plume of "A nawd Hewor." He was between fifty and sixty years of age at the time of his death.

15

William Henderson Dawson published a 'Life of Joe Wilson' in the *Jarrow Chronicle*.

Whilst coarseness was a main feature in the elder bards of "Canny Newcassell," Joe never brings the blush to the cheek of maiden modesty. One reason why we admire them so much—irrespective of the modest, unassuming, and amiable personal qualities of their author—is the depth of moral tone that pervades them. Indeed, his *hardiesse* in that respect has often been to us a matter of surprise. Let it suffice that he has scarcely

written a piece without endeavouring to make his listeners the better for it. Old Fletcher, of Saltown, exclaimed—"let me make the songs of the people, and I care not who make their laws." Compared with the frothy, unmeaning, and ephemeral trash termed comic songs, Joe's stand out in shining contrast. He seeks to convey no double meaning; whether the advice be given to male or female, there is no ambiguity in his language or expression.

The greatest "hit" that Joe perhaps ever made was with "Aw wish yor Muther wad cum." Lately the "Siamese Twins" have bid fair to contest the merits of the former. As we have not space for many extracts, and his songs being easy of access, we say, get them and read for yourself. His fame is not limited to his native place. To use the words of a public writer, "he has a name which of itself should suffice to fill a Tyneside hall."

The very extensive sale these songs have met with is clearly

indicative of the public desire to keep hold of a good thing when once they can get it. Basking in the sunshine of an early fame, cheered by the well-merited applause of the people, we venture to predict for Joe a long and prosperous career. The slight tincture of dialectism that pervades his songs only adds a charm to their homeliness. As they become more widely known they will be more appreciated; he will live in the memories of the people of Tyneside, and

"Fame's fair meed be his for length of days."

16

When the Tyneside Humourist' was the 'greatest favourite' at the Wear,¹⁷ 'A keel laddie' wrote in the *Newcastle Guardian*.

Aw diddint get te the Oxford on Mondor neet, so aw diddint see the kickup there it that time. Aw'se glad te heer they've laid the fellows bi the heels for a while, sarve thim reet. Nowt inoys me warse than te be in sec a pleyce an te hey fellows gobbin a tawkin close te yor varry lug. It's owt but plissint, an if aw wis Bagnil an Blakey aw wad put the mark o' the beest on sic fellows, an nivvor let thim in mair. There's nee feer o' thim runnin short o' custimers, for while they keep sec compineys is they hev noo there's nee feer o' thim.

Aw wis stravaigin up bi the Sentril Stashin on Sundor efterneun when we shud owertyek me but canny Joe Wilson, whe had been at poor Billy Thomsin's fewnoril ... an eftor wagging paws wi him an axin eftor hees hilt, Joe wanted ti knaw is aw had seen yor paper, an if aw cud get him onny. ... Joe wis reythor agog wi sumbody putting him in, but aw nivvor let on what aw had sent ye. Ey, sor, heer's poor Billy laid unnor the sod, J.P. [Robson] laid up, and Joe heesel gawn to leeve uz ... ti manidgge a new Consort Hall it Sooth Sheels ...¹⁸

After almost four years on the road, Wilson wanted to settle down and he fancied himself as a stage manager.

Samuel Broadbent Siddall, the son of James and Elizabeth Siddall, had been born in Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire in 1837, and was baptised in an Anglican church. In 1855 he married Julia Ann Gray in South Shields, and the couple returned to Sowerby Bridge, where Julia junior was born around 1857, James around 1859, and Adelaide around 1861, when Samuel was a 'Machine Smith'. Amelia was born in County Durham in 1863. Siddall subsequently became a pawn broker in Blyth, but went out of business and sold some furniture in 1864.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,
BY
MR. WM. RUDDOCK.
On the Premises, GUTHRIE'S BUILDINGS,
WATERLOO, BLYTH,
On MONDAY, February 22nd, 1864.

A Portion of the HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, and Effects, belonging to Mr. S. B. Siddall, Pawnbroker, who is declining Business: Consisting of half a dozen mahogany balloon-backed chairs in hair seating, mahogany sofa in hair seating, with steel springs, mahogany centre table, mahogany card table, mahogany high chest of drawers, mahogany easy chair, in hair seating and steel springs, case of stuffed birds, large chimney mirror in gold frame, 3 pictures in gilt frames, kidderminster carpet, fender and fire irons, pair of scales, and set of weights, &c.

The above Goods are all Modern, well-made, and no worse than New.

A lot of ladies elastic kid boots, and children's boots and shoes, a quantity of wearing apparel, consisting of ladies' mantles, children's dresses, men and boys' vests, trousers, and also table cloths, and other goods.

Sale to commence at One o'clock in the Afternoon.

NOTICE

All Persons having Goods pledged at Mr. S. B. Siddall's, must REDEEM THE SAME before April 1st, 1864, otherwise they will be Forfeited.¹⁹

Mary Siddall was born in 1867. In July 1869 he father advertised in the *Shields Daily Gazette*. 'WANTED, a few strong LADS, who can use the Hammer and Saw - if been year or Two at the Joiner Business preferred - to assist in erecting the New Alhambra Music Hall, Mill Dam, Shields. Apply to S. B. Siddall, Builder, on the Premises'.²⁰ In September *The Era* noted that Joe Wilson was 'nightly hailed with the greatest enthusiasm' at the Wear in Sunderland, but Wilson and Siddall advertised in that issue and soon after in the *Shields Daily Gazette*.

GRAND OPENING of the NEW ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL,
SOUTH SHIELDS.—(Proprietor, S. B. SIDDALL.)
WANTED, a PIANIST, well up in Concert Business,
to complete the Band. Stage-Manager, JOE WILSON.²¹

**NEW ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL, MILL
DAM, SOUTH SHIELDS.**

Director and Sole Proprietor - S. B. SIDDALL.

**THE LARGEST MUSIC HALL IN THE
NORTH OF ENGLAND.
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY!
GORGEOUS DECORATIONS!!
MONSTER TALENT!!!
GRAND OPENING NIGHT!!!!**

**The following matchless array of talent will
appear on
MONDAY, Sept. 20, 1869,
And every evening during the Week, in addition
to others.**

**The world-renowned
ALBERTO TROUPE,
Four in number,
In their Grand Drawing Room Entertainment.
JOE WILSON,
Tyne-side Bard and Vocalist.
MR ORVILLE PARKER,
The great Negro Comedian, Instrumentalist, and
Stump Orator.
MISS P. ECKART,
The fascinating Serio-Comic Vocalist.
MR AND MRS WILL JOHNSTONE,
Duettists and Dancers.
MR E. CUNNINGHAM,
Comique, Grotesque Dancer, unapproachable in
his line of business.
MR J. WILLISON,
The Rising Comique.**

NO DRINK SOLD IN THE HALL.

**[The BAND will consist of the following
performers:—
Leader and Musical Director,
MR JOHN TUTE,
The celebrated Violinist, Author, and Composer.
Miss MINNIE MASTERS, Pianist, from
the London Academy.
Solo Cornet Mr BROOKS.
Flute and Piccolo .. Mr B ROBSON.
Double Bass Mr STUART.**

**Doors open at Seven, to commence at Half-past.
Admission: Private Boxes, 1s 6d; Front Boxes,
1s; Balcony and Promenade, 6d; Body of
the Hall, 3d.
Half-price to Front Boxes at a Quarter to Nine.**

**Bill Department..... Mr SMITH.
Stage Manager Mr JOE WILSON.**

22

Wilson put a notice in *The Era* and required 'All Artists Engaged' to 'Meet at the Hall at Two o'clock for rehearsal' on the 20th,²³ and then listed the bookings he had confirmed

Engagement for New Alhambra Music Hall South Shields.

1st week Sep. 20th 1869

| | |
|-----------------------|--|
| Alberto Family | - 3 weeks - 1 st week |
| Mr J Hughes | - 2 weeks - 1 st week |
| Orville Parker | - 2 weeks - 1 st week |
| E. Cunningham | - 3 weeks - 1 st week |
| Mr & Mrs Will Johnson | - 3 weeks - 1 st week |
| Pauline Eckard | - 2 weeks - 1 st week |
| Jas Willison | - 2 weeks - 1 st week ²⁴ |

On the 21st the *Newcastle Chronicle* published a review

NEW ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL, SOUTH SHIELDS.—Last night, this large and chastely-decorated place of amusement, erected by Mr. S. B. Siddall, on the Mill Dam, was opened as a concert hall. There was a large and appreciative audience, the body of the hall being crowded. Many of those present evidently did not expect to see so neatly fitted up and well-adorned auditorium. The effect of the arrangement of the lights upon the decorations of the front of the boxes, &c., was very pretty and pleasing. The company comprised the now well-known clever Alberto Family, whose drawing-room entertainment was much appreciated; Joe Wilson, the favourite Tyneside songster, who always meets with a hearty reception from his many Shields admirers—Joe is permanent manager of the hall, and the selection of the opening company speaks volumes for his judgment—Mr. Orville Parker, a funny negro artist above the ordinary run of blacks; Miss P. Eckart, a pleasing serio-comic vocalist, who promises to be a general favourite; Mr. and Mrs. Will Johnson, two of the cleverest and most entertaining duettists in the line; Mr. E. Cunningham and Mr. J. Willison, two comic singers of ability. The orchestra is well balanced, and performed their part of the programme to the satisfaction of the audience and the singers, which is saying a great deal for the skill and tact of Mr. John Tute, the leader.

The price of a private box at 'The Largest Music Hall in the North of England' had risen to 1s 6d.²⁵ The *Shields Daily Gazette* reported that the architect-designed New Alhambra was built of wood and was 97 feet by 46 and 40 feet high, and the audience 'gave unmistakable signs of their approval of the programme by oft-repeated applause' on the opening night.²⁶ *The Era* praised 'the largest, best designed, and most admirably fitted up Music Hall' adjoining Commercial Road. The 'excellent company', including 'Joe Wilson (Tyneside bard and vocalist)', gave 'full evidence of their ability' to a 'large audience' and 'met with no small amount of applause'. John Tute inserted a notice in the same issue.

NEW ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL, SOUTH SHIELDS.
JOHN TUTE, Leader and Musical Director
 (Author and Composer), respectfully tenders his thanks to the numerous Proprietors who so kindly offered him Engagements.
 "The orchestra is well balanced, and performed their part of the programme to the satisfaction of the audience and the singers, which is saying a great deal for the skill and tact of Mr John Tute, the leader."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, September 21st, 1869.
 "The orchestra, which is very efficient, is under the leadership of Mr John Tute."—*Shields Daily News*, September 21st.
 "There is an efficient orchestra, under the able leadership of Mr John Tute."—*Shields Gazette*, September 22d.

27

Siddall booked a 'Great London Star' and advertised his 'GLORIOUS SUCCESS' and 'CROWDED HOUSES' in the *Chronicle*,²⁸ and his 'GREAT SUCCESS!! CROWDED HOUSES EVERY NIGHT!!!' in the *Shields Daily Gazette* on 1 October.²⁹ *The Era* noted the 'excellent audiences' for three weeks.³⁰ Edward Dean Davis, the 63-year-old former lessee of Newcastle Theatre Royal, had paid his debtors one third of what he owed,³¹ and 'the wonderful ventriloquist' joined the company late that month.³² In November the *Newcastle Chronicle* praised the company.

ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL, SOUTH SHIELDS.—There is an extraordinarily strong company at this hall at present. The Brothers Mortimer, clever impersonators of female character, give a powerful entertainment in themselves, and nightly receive hearty applause. Messrs. Harris and Kirk are good negroes, Harry Vane, comic, Joe Wilson, the established favourite, continue to please. The new faces are Mr. A. Young, Irish comic of some standing, Mr. R. Macmillan, a genuine humorous comic singer, and Mr. J. Mayor, a sweet tenor singer. There was a good house last night.

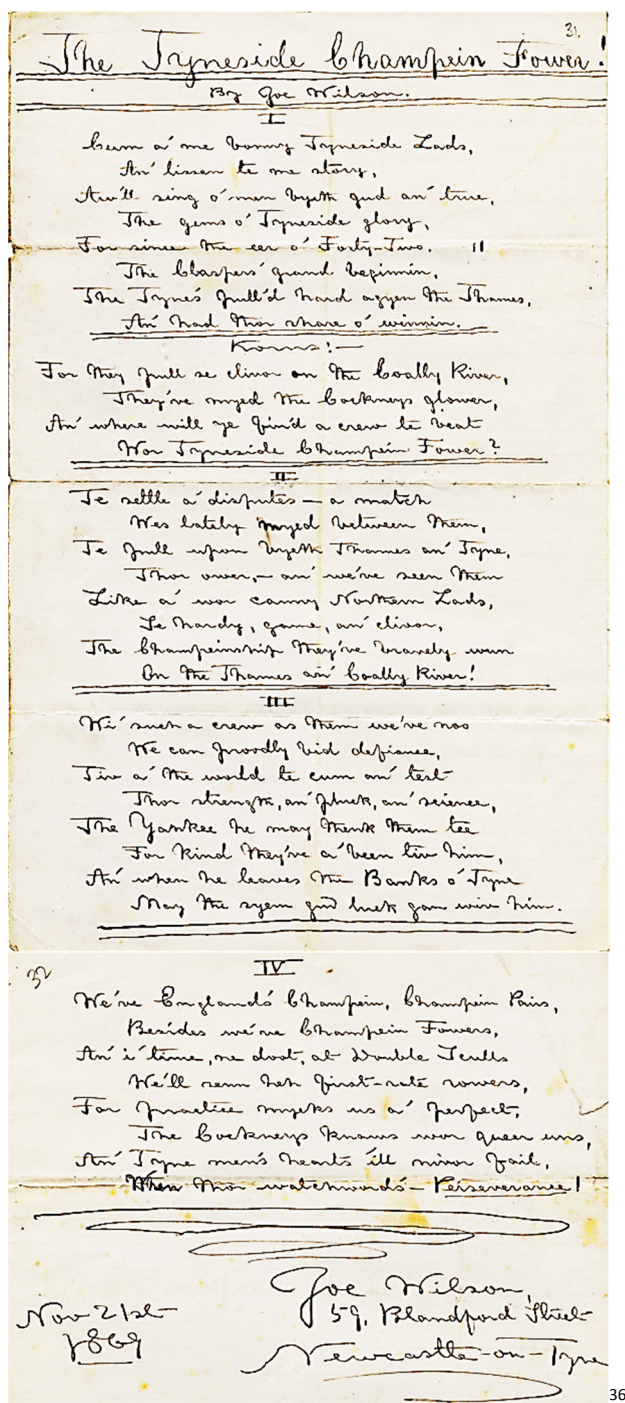
33

Siddall advertised in *The Era*.

SOUTH SHIELDS.—NEW ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL.
 (Proprietor, S. B. SIDDALL.)
WANTED, to Open December 6th, **LEADER** and Second Violin. Must be well up in Concert Business. Wanted, Immediately, a Competent Person, to get up a Spectacle for Christmas and Arrange Children. Scenic Artist preferred. Wanted, a Partner for the above Hall. Should like to treat with a party well acquainted with the business. Address, S. B. SIDDALL, Builder, as above.

34

That Sunday, at home in Newcastle, Wilson wrote a song about James Renforth, John Martin, Thomas Winship and James Taylor, who had beaten a Surbiton crew on the Thames and the Tyne.³⁵



36

He did not specify a tune and evidently did not publish these lyrics immediately.

Early in December *The Era* noted that Siddall's 'popular music director' and pianist had taken their farewell benefits,³⁷ and the *Shields Daily Gazette* reported that Siddall was bankrupt.

THE BANKRUPTCY AMENDMENT ACT, 1868.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that SAMUEL BROADBENT SIDDALL, of Alma Street, South Shields, in the County of Durham, Lessee of the Alhambra Music Hall, in South Shields aforesaid, has left in the office of the Chief Registrar of the Court of Bankruptcy, Quality Court, Chancery Lane, London, a list of his Debts and Liabilities, and a statement of his property and credits, as required by the "Bankruptcy Amendment Act, 1868."

Dated this fifth day of December, 1869.

BENJAMIN JOSEPH TYZACK,
Solicitor for the person registering the Deed.³⁸

Soon after Wilson perform in *East Lynne* in North Shields Theatre Royal as part of the 'Last Night of the Newcastle Company',³⁹ and on Christmas Eve he staged a pantomime at the Alhambra,⁴⁰ but it was mostly in 'standard' English.

ONE PENNY.

JOE WILSON'S
COMIC CHRISTMAS
PANTOMIME.

PILFERENI

THE :
BANDIT OF THE BALLAST HILLS,
AND THE
FAIR MAID OF THE MILL DAM,
A
COMIC CHRISTMAS SPECTACLE,
WRITTEN BY JOE WILSON,
FOR THE
NEW ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL,
SOUTH SHIELDS,
1869.
TO WHICH IS ADDED
JOE WILSON'S
GREAT SONG,
THE SYMEESE TWINS.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE:
PUBLISHED BY T. ALLAN, 62, HEAD OF DEAN STREET,
AND 16, COLLINGWOOD STREET;
ALSO BY
R. ALLAN, TYNE STREET, NORTH SHIELDS.

THE NEW
ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL,
MILL DAM, SOUTH SHIELDS,
THE LARGEST MUSIC HALL IN THE NORTH,
OPEN EVERY EVENING,
WITH A FIRST-CLASS COMPANY.
SOLE PROPRIETOR Mr. S. B. SIDDELL.

PILFERENI!

CHARACTERS:

| | |
|---|--|
| PILFERENI , the Bandit Chief. JIMMY , Bessie's Intended. Band of Robbers, &c. BESSIE , the Mill Dam Maid. | ROSEBUD , the Fairy Queen. SPRINGFLOWER , LILYWHITE , DEWDROP , Fairies, &c. |
|---|--|

Scene 1st.—The Ballast Hills. Night. BANDITS carousing.
 CHORUS—Tune—*The Upper Ten*.
 "We all belong, the Ballast Hills, the Ballast Hills, the Ballast Hills,
 We'll have a quart-tette as we're having our gills,
 And we'll make as much noise as a thousand!"
 1ST BANDIT—Hold! such noise annoys me, let us go to bed,
 I'm wearied with the quiet life we've led
 So long, without a single job to do;
 When our trade's bad, what's stealing coming to?
 A steel in a butcher's shop is more employed;
 Our chieftain feels it too, he's quite annoy'd;
 To think all travellers mean to shun this way,
 Because we force them little tolls to pay;
 They dread us, fear us, fear an unknown fate,
 Yet tax-collectors they can pay first-rate.

3

They grumble, but they part, then why should they
 Object to grumble here, and come this way?
 We treat them kindly, very, we only strip them,
 And if obstreperous, why, we only rip them—
 We're rips we know, then let's ripair to bed,
 And till Pilfereni comes, not stir a head!

CHORUS—Tune—*Turn a little handle*.
 "Snuff the little candle, then we'll go to bed,
 Lay ourselves upon the bank, and never stir a head,
 Take a peep, silence keep, snugly creep,
 All on a heap, go to sleep,
 And never dream of waking till the morning."

Slow Music. All sleep. PILFERENI enters dancing; sings—

TUNE—*Dandy Juke*.
 "I'm Pilfereni, the Bandit Chief,
 Nearly out of my head with grief,
 For a nice young girl I know;
 She's told me flat that she won't have me,
 I'm sharp'd by a fellow not to see,
 She won't have me for a beau!"

CHORUS—I'm Pilfereni, O, the Bandit Chief, hi! ho!
 Sweethearts I'll make your courtship brief,
 And steal her love, or I'm no thief!"

PILFERENI—The girl I love, and don't love me, will be my death,
 That song alone has nearly stole my breath,
 Keep still, my beating heart! be still, be quiet,
 For I am on good diet, and I cannot die yet!
 Ah no, I cannot, cannot die,—'tis not my trade,
 Though on many an eye I've beautiful colours made,
 Both black and blue are favourites with my fist,
 But I'm in a fog, the subject I have miss'd
 That turns my brain and fills my soul with fear,
 Oh, heal my bitter woes so hard to bear!
 Here am I Pilfereni, Bandit Chief,
 Like other mortals made a slave to grief;
 Chief of a noble band,—my home the hills,
 And I cannot bear the tils my bosom fills,
 These valiant heroes lying here at rest,
 Relying on their chief, (kicks 1st B.) get up you pest!
 Get up you good-for-nothing lazy ears,
 Curse you! will you not? I must try force!

PILFERENI beats BANDITS. All get up.

4

PILFERENI:—
 Is't right your chief mourns here all night alone?
 And hear you snore, your snores have tedious groan (cong's),
 My cough gets worse, it's scoff that makes it so,
 I'll rest me,—then a secret you shall know!

CHORUS OF BANDITS:—Tune—*Immensichoff*.
 "A nasty cough, a nasty cough,
 The Bandit Chief's got a nasty cough,
 A cough, a cough, a cough, a nasty cough,
 The Bandit Chief's got a nasty cough!"

PILFERENI:—
 My noble warriors, lend to me your ears,
 And hear the secret of your master's fears,
 I love, I worship, the fair Mill Dam Maid,
 I'm out of debt for I've addresses paid
 To her, and smitten by her favoured face,
 I've bought her hot potatoes in the Market Place,
 And penny pies, and peas a penny a plate,
 And yet she leaves me in no painful state,
 Her names Elizabeth, Bessie, Betsey, Bet, or Bess,
 Tho' great her name I love her none the less,
 She's sweet as gingerbread nuts at any fair,
 I love her, and I'll have her,—here I swear!
 Lend me your aid, attend to my commands,
 And as sure as the Old Cross now stands
 And will for years, she shall be mine. If force
 Must be resorted to, to her resort of course
 We'll go and take her while the course is clear,
 And make her queen of all the beauties here.
 All sing.

TUNE—*Good Bye, John*.
 "Come along one, come along all,
 Come along and carry off the chief's chickabiddy,
 For she will say no! and that won't do,
 For the Bandit, Pilfereni!"

Scene 2nd.—The Fairy Dell. FAIRIES sing.

TUNE—*The Diving Bell*.
 "Down in a Fairy dell, from mortals far away,
 Bright be each mystic spell:—happy, light, and gay,
 Down in a Fairy dell, from mortals far away,
 Happy little Fairies, pretty little Fairies,
 Pass their time away."

SPRINGFLOWER sings

TUNE—*Fairy Queen.*

"Give welcome to our Fairy Queen,
The queen of love and beauty,
To charm her ear with melody,
Delightful is our duty;
We dance and sing in our mystic ring,
So graceful, light, and airy,
For well we know our queen doth love
Each happy little fairy.

Chorus. And thus we dance, and thus we sing,
And gambol on the green,
And happy are we
In our palace of glee.
To welcome the Fairy Queen.

Ballet.

Chorus during the entry of the Queen.

TUNE—*Beautiful Nell.*

"Beautiful dell where the Fairies dwell,
Beautiful dell with such beautiful belles,
Beautiful dell where the Fairies dwell,
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful dell."

QUEEN—Good evening, sisters!—Pretty little elves,
I'm glad to see how you enjoy yourselves.
There's nought more cheering than a dance and song
In any comp'ny, and glad am I among
My joyous subjects:—such happy fays
Deserve encouragement and all queenly praise.
I only wish that we could see such mirth
In another sphere, I mean upon the earth.
For mortals still are mortals everywhere,
Let happiness or misery be their share.—
But, before commenting on what's right and wrong,
Let's have our little favourite, Dewdrop's song!

DEWDROP sings.

The song you've sung to me great pleasure yields.
And now I'll wish good luck to "canny" Shields!—
May Winterbottom's School be well attended;
And the road so dirty to the station mended;
May the new Town Council never disagree,
But act in harmony, as we'd like to see;
And if we ever have a New Town Hall,
Let it be raised without the Cross's tail!
But if the Cross some day must be pulled down,
With a Covered Market ornament the town!

May our pilots ever great approval gain,
And fair winds blow to bring ships o'er the main,
Increasing trade and commerce every day,
And once more place us in a thriving way!
May working men lose no more quarter-days,
Through Foggy morns and Red Star Line delays!
May our Tyneside champions, as in days of yore,
Compel the Cockneys to pull second oar!
And here's a toast to add to all I've said,
Success attend our lifeboats and brigade!
Now, since on things in general you've my opinion,
There's work for everyone in our dominion.
The Bandit Pilfereni's sworn to take away
Sweet Mill Dam Bessie from her home to-day;
But we must save her, and all savours well,
If we can draw the bean and ring the belle!
Good luck attend us, and ye Gods above
Smile on the Fairies in their work of love.
To help the helpless, poor, unlucky Bess,
We'll penetrate the hills' great wilderness!

CHORUS OF FAIRIES—TUNE—*Pretty Little Nell.*

"Pretty little Fairies, pretty little Fays,
Raise your feet and then retreat,
And all your voices raise,
Capture Pilfereni, and gladden all the days
Of the poor girl stole away!"

Dance and Tableaux.

Scene 3rd.—Street. BESSIE enters singing.

TUNE—*Pet of the Argyle.*

"I'm the pride of the Mill Dam and Union Lane,
In search of my sweetheart—he'll be late again:
I cannot conceive how my Jim will be late,
And leave a poor maiden alone here to wait."

BESSIE—How can he be so cruel? He once was kind.
Before he was always first, now he's behind
The time appointed with his Bessie here!
I'm low in spirits when he's on the beer.
He swore to take the pledge last time we met,
But Broadbent's lecture he will soon forget,
Tho' he's quite his equal to create a noise
With a lot of drunken men and dirty boys.
Can he not like a man enjoy a glass?
Not swallow'd like a beast—the tipping ass!
I've sought in Copeland's, Turnbull's, Wainwright's, too,
And found him not—whatever shall I do?

I've been to Parker's in the Market Place,
And Whale's, the Neptune, but his dirty cave
I cannot see,—or certainly I'd crave
He'd go to Finlay's, for a wash and shave!
I often wonder if he'll really marry me—
I wish he may, then merry I would be!
Bad as he is, he's better still than none,
Nonsense you'll say.—Perhaps so. I'll be gone.
But no!—Who comes? Footsteps at hand I hear,
Fierce-looking men—my fears are great to bear!

Bandits enter singing.

TUNE—*Slippery Joe.*

"This is the maid we have to take,
Pilfereni's wife to make.
To the Ballast Hills we'll go,
Whether she's willing or no,
Our time is brief, and the Bandit Chief
Is waiting to court his Bessie, we know!"

Struggle and dance off.

JIMMY enters, drunk.

JIMMY—Where's Bessie? This is where we had to meet,
And I cannot see her in the blessed street:
I'm only half-an-hour behind the time,
And that's not much with such a watch as mine.
Poor Bessie! I only treat her very bad,
And I'm a man, not fit to be her lad.
She's good and kind, obliging, always ready,
But I, do what will, I can't keep steady! (staggers.)
I wonder where she is! she always waits,
But Christmas waits are nearly out of date.
Can she have left me? No! she can't! I'll bet
Bet never puts her Jimmy in the jet.
If she forgives me I'll reform and be
A tipster to all tipplers on the spree!

SPRINGFLOWER and LILYWHITE enter. LILYWHITE sings:—

TUNE—*Come into my Cabin.*

"Your Bessie is taken away by
The Bandits who live on the hill,
Pilfereni, their chief, swears he'll have her,
Make haste, or he certainly will;
Get ready and try to rescue her,
And don't stand so stupid like there,
Come along, and I'll show you the way to
The den where he is, if you dare!"

JIMMY sings—

TUNE—*Ten Thousand Miles away.*

"Come on my lads, hi! ho!
To the Ballast Hills we'll go,
We'll stay no more on England's shore
If we don't win the day!
We're off to the Ballast Hills,
The Bandit Chief to kill,
And bring back the maid, the Mill Dam pride
So cruelly stole away!"

(All repeat and march off.)

Scene 4th.—Same as Scene 1st. BESSIE alone.

BESSIE—Unhappy Bessie! oh, unhappy I,
I cannot sing, and yet I cannot cry,
They say that Pilfereni's word is law,
Oh law, I wish that I was on the law!
He swears he'll have me, but I won't have him,
I cannot love him like Pig Alley Jim.
Oh, Jim, where are you? where, where are you now?
Perhaps boat-pulling, for he likes a row.
Would he were here, oh, hear your darling cry,
Give me your hand. A handsome girl am I,
Yet no one comes to take me from this place;
A weary watch I keep with a bad case.
Oh give me back my Mill Dam home to me,
And let me all the beauties of the river see!
Or in the Market Place let tripe and pies
Once more enchant me while I feast my eyes;
Or in the Alhambra Music Hall to be,
Surrounded with the happy faces there I see,
For there, my troubles vanish, and I have no care,
And care for nothing but enjoyment there.
Oh would I were a bird, no, loved I mean,
I could not be *abhorred*, the Mill Dam Queen.
I would that I could fly, but fly enough,
I'll smooth my temper while I'm with this rough!

Enter PILFERENI singing.

TUNE—*Soap, Starch, and Candles.*

"Will you be my darling? say yes! and I'll marry you,
I'll leave this hand of robbers, and converted I will be,
I'll turn teetotal preacher, and then to church I'll carry you,
If you won't go there, here a parson you shall see!"

PILFERENI—Say, Bessie, yes! and I'll take care of thee,
Your home shall be these hills, or Cookson's Quay,
Or any place you like, the Wellesley

Will do as well as we could wish't to be,
To make you love me I'll do anything
That mortal dare, I'll dance, or even sing!

BESSIE sings

TUNE—*Get away, black man.*

"Get away, you bad man, don't you come anigh me,
Hold your tongue and go away, or else you'll make me cry row,
You had better go away, better go away,
Whatever sets the fellow teasing me in such a way?"

PILFERENI sings.

TUNE—*London Lions!*

"Bring in the priest, my boys, here is the ring, ha! ha!
Bring in the priest, my boys, and married we will soon be."

PRIEST enters. SPRINGFLOWER, LILYWHITE, JIMMY, &c.,
follow. SPRINGFLOWER sings.

TUNE—*Discut Man.*

"I am the one to forbid the banus,
Loose her hand as there you stand,
I am the one to forbid the banus,
Where's the Pilfereni now?"

All repeat.

SPRINGFLOWER—To put an end to all this kind of strife,
I'll introduce you to a different life,
And henceforth Pilfereni's ups and downs
Shall be recorded in the list of Clowns;
Your noble *pal*, whose looks appeal me now,
As Pantaloon shall join you in the row;
And Bessie and her sweetheart, pets of mine,
Shall change to Harlequin and Columbine.
And now I think to-night my share I've done,
I leave it to you to make the rest of fun.

All sing.

TUNE—*He's gone to be a bobby.*

"Clown and Pantaloon so witty,
With the Fairies young and pretty,
And a pleasing ditty
At the Alhambra Music Hall.
And the Harlequin so sprightly,
And the Columbine so lightly,
Delighting every one
That patronize the Hall.

TRANSFORMATION.

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Linskill Street, North Shields.

The Allans had arranged for the early delivery of Wilson's songbooks.⁴¹

On 1 January 1870 the 'Aud Keel laddie' reported that he had been 'runnin doon te Jarra on Crismis Day' and

met maw frind Joe Wilson, an he told me hees panty-mime had been a greet suksess the neet ifore it the Alhamber Consort Hall thit he manidges see weel it Sooth Sheels. Aw wis reet glad te heerd, for aw beleeve a cannyor sowl dissint breeth nor Joe. Allan, the greet beuksellor o' Deen Street, aw see hez gettin it te sell, an aw unnorstand they're gannin fast. Aw hevint had time te reed it yit, or aw wad hae ye maw riflekshins on't. Aw heer it's a' singin, like an upore.⁴²

Next day Siddall advertised in *The Era* for a 'Good REPETITEUR' to rehearse the Alhambra company. 'To save time, please telegraph with the lowest terms'. A week later he bragged that the 'Grand Local Spectacle' by 'Joe Wilson, the Tyneside Poet', was a 'Great success', but he had 'Vacancies for Stars and first-class Artistes' in three weeks' time,⁴³ including a local singer.

Thomas Harrison was born in Gateshead in 1813. He married Margaret Smith, born in Walker in 1814, and Mary was born in North Shields around 1833. In 1837 they lived in Sunderland and Thomas had a vote. Rowland was born in King William Street, Gateshead, in June 1841, and was baptised at St Mary's Church. In 1851 Thomas, a 'Forgeman', lived in Tynemouth with Margaret, Mary and nine-year-old Rowland who was at school. In 1853 the Harrisons lived at Monkwearmouth Shore, but Jane was born in Shields. Early in 1861 Thomas died, and in spring his widow Margaret, a dressmaker, lived in Bolivar Place, Gateshead, with Rowland, Jane, and 27-year-old Thomas Donaldson, a lodger, plus 27-year-old John Shotton, born in Wallsend, his 24-year-old wife Jane, born in Ireland, and baby Samuel. Margaret Harrison died in Durham in 1864, but Rowland was a success at the Victoria Music Hall in Newcastle and then at the Oxford.⁴⁴ He married 18-year-old Elizabeth Stewart Wakefield,⁴⁵ and Margaret Wakefield Harrison was born in 1866, but soon died. That year the 'comic vocalist' performed in a marquee at Bywell Harvest Home and in 1867 'Mr Rowland Harrison' appeared 'in character' at a concert in aid of Ovingham Cricket Club.⁴⁶ Margaret ('Maggie') Harrison was born around 1869, but soon died. Ellen was born in Wandsworth, London, and survived. Early in 1870 Siddall let Wilson perform alongside Harrison in a benefit organised by Mr Winter, a North Shields bill-poster.

BEGS to announce to the Public that he has made arrangements with the Lessee of the Theatre Royal, to give Two AMATEUR CONCERTS on FRIDAY NIGHT, January 21st, 1870, for the BENEFIT of the WIDOWS & ORPHANS of the Crew Lost in the ST. BEDE, and on SATURDAY NIGHT, Jan. 22nd, for the BENEFIT of the only Survivor, James Dinning, who will be present on both occasions. The following Artists will appear—Mr JOE WILSON, the Tyneside Bard. Mr R. HARRISON, the Gateshead Poet and Comic Singer. Mr WALTER BAGNALL, of the Oxford Music Hall, Newcastle. MASTER FENTON, the Shooting Star.

BENNY DICKEN, A. LAÜDER, A. HEDLEY, & STEELE.
By the kind Permission of Mr J. B. SIDDALL, Proprietor of the Alhambra Music Hall, South Shields, his Two Daughters will appear—MISS JULIA SIDDALL, Serio-Comic and Dancer. MISS A. SIDDALL, Sentimental Vocalist, 7 years of Age. PROF. TOLMAQUE, The Eminent Prestidigitateur. Admission—Boxes, 2s; Pit, 1s; Gallery, 6d. Doors open at 6:30, to Commence at 7 o'Clock. Tickets to be had at Mr Wm. Winter's, Bill Poster, 24, Saville Street West, North Shields.

A week later Siddall needed a 'Good PICCOLO' and a 'Double Bass' in four days' time. 'Must be steady and well-up to Concert Business. Money sure'. The following Sunday he announced in *The Era* that 'JOE WILSON is no longer Stage Manager' and Wilson put a 'Notice' in the paper a week later.

JOE WILSON, the Tyneside Poet and Vocalist, is happy to inform his Friends that his next Engagement as Manager will be in a Concert Hall superior in every degree to the last, for which he is already Engaged by Mr J. L. Watson, Builder and Proprietor, Spennymoor, county of Durham. The above permanent building will Open October 11th. Address, 59, Blandford-street, Newcastle.

On 6 February Siddall announced in *The Era* that 'Mr Rowland Harrison, Tyne-side Poet', had 'made a great hit' at Royal Alhambra Music Hall in South Shields. He 'Received five and six calls nightly' and was 'Re-engaged'.⁴⁸ That day Isabella Wilson gave birth to a boy at 59 Blandford Street, Newcastle, and on 1 March the father described himself as a 'Vocalist'.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|---------------------|---------------|-----|---------------|----------------------------------|----------|----------------------|-------------------------------|---------------|
| 114 | 59 Blandford Street | Joseph Thomas | Boy | Joseph Wilson | Isabella Wilson formerly English | Vocalist | Joseph Wilson Father | 59 Blandford Street Newcastle | First John |
| | | | | | | | | | 1870 Register |

Wilson's songs were popular with amateurs. Mr J. H. Stubbs, a 'Tyneside Vocalist', sang Wilson's 'well-known song, "Geordie haud the Bairn"', for a 'large and fashionable audience' at a benefit for St. Anthony's Reading Room.⁴⁹

In March Wilson sang at Fred Don's benefit at the Mechanics' Institution in New Bridge Street, Newcastle.⁵⁰



51

The *Newcastle Guardian* reported that a 'lengthy but excellent programme' was 'enthusiastically applauded' by a large crowd.⁵² On 3 April Joseph Thomas Wilson was baptized at St. John's Church.⁵³ On the 9th 'An Aud Keel Laddie' noted that 'maw canny frind Joe Wilson is gannin' te hey a grand benefit consort nixt Thursday neet, an if aw kin possibly manidge it aw'll be there. Hees gannin te hey a' the lokil sillebritees there, an it 'ill be a rare consarn. Ivoryboddy shud gan'.

On the 23rd the *Guardian* noted that the Royal Music Hall in Jarrow had had a 'great week' and 'Rowland Harrison bids fair to rival his contemporary Joe Wilson in the rendering Tyneside songs'.⁵⁴ Harry Elton, the 'Popular Characteristic and Gentlemanly Comic Vocalist' at Grimsby Theatre Royal, put a notice in *The Era*. 'ROWLAND HARRISON, Tyneside Vocalist, please Send his Address'.⁵⁵

On Saturday the 30th Wilson was in Sunderland and wrote a sentimental song about leaving 'aud frinds' on Tyneside.

Farewell to the Tyne-side!
 Farewell to the one true friend
 Farewell! - and I'm forced to go on my
 But Oh, how I want to leave you
 For we kind of you have been to me
 Since the first we met,
 The first met we met -
 And the second you - can you forget,
 The first part of you've given us,
 What you ~~do~~ ^{are} not we find it by -
 Farewell! - you look at me
 How we might have been as one man
 But Oh, we'll not forget me! -
 Among the strangers you see here,
 Will you think of me?
 Can you think of me?
 And the happy ones we've spent with you,
 The time the angels in judgment
 They will find that I love the dear!

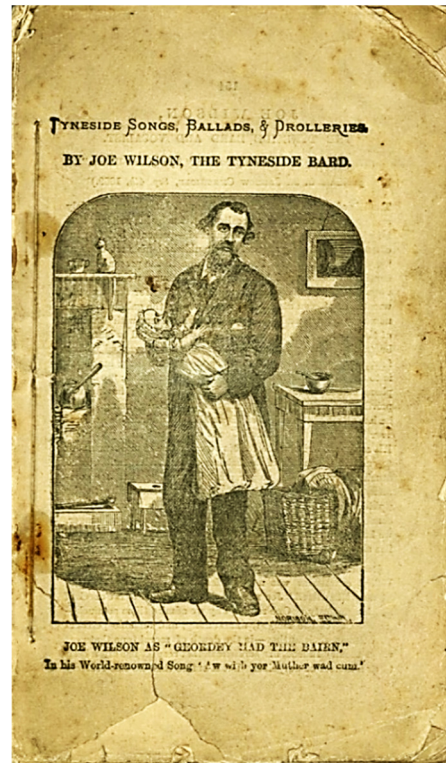
Farewell one coming and friends
 By the kind of you've been to me,
 The many times and we've been here
 You've filled me heart with pride,
 And my heart it feels,
 And my heart it feels,
 When we think what young Milton
 And we spent so oft beside you
 When away from the Tyne-side!
 April 30th 1840
 Joe Wilson
 London

56

He needed a steady income and his main cashable assets were his copyrights.

6. Manager, Mr JOE WILSON

By spring 1870 Mr Morison of Edinburgh had taken Joe Wilson's photograph and Howe Brothers of Gateshead printed songbook No. 16 with a sketch based on it. They claimed that *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum* was 'World-renowned', but acknowledged that it was better-known as *Geordey Had the Bairn*.



No. 16 included *Aw Like Young Geordey Weel*, which was about a keelman who won a medal for 'singin comic songs an' myekin fun' and could 'drink as many glasses as a decent body can'. *The Dancin Held at Gyetsid* described musicians with a broken flute and a three-string fiddle. *He's Gyen Te Be a Bobby* was about a policeman who 'could get into 'Concerts an' Theatres' free. *Lossin' the Licence!* noted that the licensee 'diddent treat the Bobbies weel!' The narrator of *Kiss Little Joe for Me!* was 'forced to be away' and *The Time That Me Fethur Wes Bad* was set to the tune of Edwin Waugh's *Come Whoam To Thi' Childer An' Me*.

Thor wes greef i' the hoose all aroond,
 An' the neybor's luckt in passin by,
 An' they'd whisper "hoo is he the day?"
 Then hing doon thor heeds wiv a sigh;
 An' they'd speak te me muther se kind,
 Tho' whatever they said myed her sad,
 An' she'd moan real heart-broke tiv hersel,
 A' the time that me fethur wes bad.

As me fethur lay ill iv he's bed,
 As helpless as helpless can be,
 Man, it myed me heart ache when he tried
 Te smile at wor Johnny an me,
 For he always wes fond ov he's bairns,
 An' aw mind Johnny said "get up, dad!"
 For the poor little fellow felt lost,
 A' the time that me fethur wes bad.

Then me fethur wad say "me gud lass,"
 Te me poor muther at he's bedside,
 "Lass, aw hevint been half kind te ye!"
 "Yis ye hev!" she wad sob as she cried:
 Then he'd call me te him, an' he'd say
 "Ye'll be kind te yor muther, me lad!"
 For he knew that his day wes draw'n nigh,
 Tho' we nivor thowt he wes se bad.

Then me muther wad sit up a' neet,
 An' she'd nivor lie doon throo the day,
 But wad spend ivry moment she cud
 I' the room where me poor fethur lay,
 Till the blow com at last, an' it tell
 On wor hearts,—when he lay still an' cad,
 An' tho eers pass, aw'm sad when aw think
 O' the days when me fethur wes bad.

Wilson also inspired amateur song writers.

James Anderson was born into a miner's family in Earsdon in 1825, but they moved to Camperdown and then to Bishop Auckland. After his father was killed in the Black Boy pit, James worked there to help to feed his family, so his education was 'very limited'. His mother remarried, but soon after came the strike of 1844 which lasted over 20 weeks. A few years later the family moved to Marley Hill where James married Margaret Heslop, whose parents lived in Brandling Village, Newcastle.⁴ Early in 1862, when Anderson was working in County Durham, he took part in the attempts to rescue the 204 men and boys trapped underground at Hartley colliery.⁵ He and his wife subsequently shifted to Walbottle Colliery and then Burradon, and in 1870

he won the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* song writing competition with *Aw Wish Pay Friday Wad Cum*, against 176 other entries,⁶ while Joe Wilson received only an 'honourable mention' for *Wor Geordey's Lokil Histr'y*.⁷

Wilson's No. 17 included *Mary Lister!* about a 'bonny' widow who had a beer house 'weel situated/ Te catch a' the tipplers that wander that way', but obeyed legal opening times. *Ettickitt!* exhorted every 'Laybror, Mickanic' to 'Dress canny like' but 'yor stayshun keep'. 'A fact'ry lass wad nivor seem / Curl-paypors iv her heed' and 'A lass withoot her styas / Shud keep i' doors, an' nivor show / The real size ov her waist'. Reportedly a friend told Wilson about a conversation with his sweetheart's father,⁸ and he used a tune also known as *The Corncrake* and *Better be wed than die an old maid* for *Be Kind Te Me Dowter!*⁹

One neet Jack Thomsin sat beside
His canny sweetheart's fethur,
"We'll hev a crack!" the aud man said,
"Since here we've met together;
Ye've gyen wi' Mary two eers noo,
An' what aw'm gan to menshun
Is—aw hope that yor gan wiv her
Wi' myest hon'rible intenshun."

Korus:—

"For oh, Johnny, a canny lass is she,
An' aw hope ye'll be kind to me dowter."

"She may be kind o' flighty, that's
A fault wi' a' yung lasses,
She may be kind a tawky on
Myest ivrything that passes,
But if she wes ony uther way
She waddent be a wummin,
An' gox! she's like her muther, an'
Her muther is a rum un!"

But oh, Johnny, &c.

"Aw hope she'll be as happy as
Her muther's been wi' me, lad,

Tho' sumtimes we fall oot a bit,
We varry seun agree, lad,
For to leeve a jolly as can oe,
Byeth her an' me's detarmin'd,
An' when we hev a row or two,
We nivor see ne harm in't!"

But oh, Johnny, &c.

"Ye'll treat wor Mary weel me lad,
An' always be kind tiv her,
Ye'll nivor rue yor bargain, no!
Aw's sartin that ye'll nivor,
She can de the hoose turns elivvor,
Just as elivvor as her muther,
An' for sewin, knittin, darnin, whey!
Thor issent such anuther!"

Then oh, Johnny, &c.

"We'll help ye ivery way we can
Te set the noose up decent,
The fethur-bed an' ite-day clock
'Ill not be a bad prisint;
An' when ye've bairus we'll help ye tea,
At borth, or deeth, or krisnin,
But noo aw'd better had me tung,
For fear sumbody's lissnin!"

But oh, Johnny, &c.

Wilson assumed that his audiences would agree that men should be dominant in the home, and he was now his own agent.

FOR CONCERTS, SOIREES, &c., Address:—

MR. JOE WILSON, 59, BLANDFORD ST., NEWCASTLE.

N.B.—New Tyneside Songs at Every Engagement.

10

Around this time John M. Dent saw Wilson's portrait in Mr France's shop window and wrote *To Joseph Wilson*.

Hail, youthful bard of coaly Tyne,
Child of the musing dream,
I have scann'd that thoughtful brow of thine,
And thus it prompts my theme.—

Thy mind was made for bolder flight,
Then mount on the eagle's wing,
Seek the skylark's daring height,
Thy deathless song to sing.

Be careful, gather right from wrong,
Search out the truth and tell it;
Expose all vice with withering tongue,
And let the world expel it.

Hold fast the bard's unfading crown,
Ne'er sell thy pen for lucre,
The poet's thoughts are not his own,
They live but for the future.

I would not play the critic's part,
Nor speak one word to wound thee,
My worst wish is—thou honest heart,
May fortune smile around thee.

Still cultivate the generous muse,
Nor from her side e'er sever,
Sweet flowers in thy path she strews,
Desert thee she will never.

11

In No. 18 the narrator of *Wor Fam'ley!* was pleased that one daughter was a talented singer and dancer, a son was almost out of his apprenticeship, another daughter would be 'the next' off his hands 'wiv her sewin masheen', a 12-year-old boy could 'rite he's awn nyem just as weel as a clerk' and the three youngest sons were at school. *Parsiveer! Or, Aud Tommy's Advice tiv his son Jack*, stressed that he had a 'gud trade' and a job in a workshop earning a £1 a week, but if he left home his lodgings would cost 3s, so he should ignore 'shopmates' who 'scoff at ye, an' jeer / Aboot bein tied at hyem'. He added that 'A glass o' beer may de ye gud, / But tyek ne mair for fear / It leads ye tiv excess', and 'thor's always wark for stiddy cheps'. *The Lass wi' the Cast in her Eye* had a sweetheart who liked to hear her talk the 'dyileckt se hyem-like', and besides, 'Her fethur keeps a keuk-shop', while *The Flash Young Waiter* was 'smart withoot the paddins'.¹²

The photograph Dent saw may well have been the one which showed an unidentified man on the left and an unidentified pianist on the right. In the centre Tom Wilson wore a dark suit and Joe Wilson was dressed in a flashy jacket.



13

Wilson now had a serious rival.

In April the *Newcastle Guardian* reported that Rowland Harrison was a 'great favourite' at the Royal Music Hall in Jarrow and 'bids fair to rival his contemporary Joe Wilson in the rendering of Tyneside songs'.¹⁴ In May the *Newcastle Courant* praised the London sculler Harry Kelley's 'honourable and straightforward conduct' for 20 years, and noted that 'Upwards of 70 gentlemen' including Cowen, Renforth, Clasper and Joe Wilson had an 'excellent repast' at the Northumberland Arms in Darn Crook.¹⁵ *The Era* reported that 'Can-can dancers' attracted 'enormous audiences' to the Wear in Sunderland, while 'the Tyneside and comic songs of Mr Rowland Harrison' were 'cleverly given, and, what is rare now, without coarseness or vulgarity'.¹⁶ The *Newcastle Guardian* noted that the Oxford had been 'patronised by thousands during the week' and Wilson, one of the 'eminent artistes', had a 'most enthusiastic reception'. 'To those who wish to spend a happy evening, we say, unreservedly, go to the Oxford, where by far the best entertainment in the North of England is to be found, and where refreshments of the highest character can be had the lowest possible price'. Though 'thousands have been attracted to the country after the "heat and toil" of the day', the Oxford was 'crowded with delighted and appreciative audiences' and Wilson and others had a 'most flattering reception'. In June the 'humorous effusions' of 'Mr Joe Wilson' received 'appreciation' at the Oxford; but next week's 'extraordinary attraction' would be Carrie Collier's Company of English Dancers from London.¹⁷ *The Era* noted that 'Mr Joe Wilson, of Tyneside celebrity', received an 'immense reception' at the Oxford in Middlesbrough, while 'Mr Roland Harrison', the 'Tyneside vocalist and pupil of Joe Wilson', was at Mr Wright's Victoria Concert Hall in West Hartlepool.¹⁸ The *Newcastle Courant* reported that the tents at Newcastle's Town Moor Races were 'doing a "roaring" trade'. The scullers Renforth and Taylor had 'two neat little booths' and Wilson had another, but 'drunken fellows swagged hither and thither, talking to themselves about horse racing and other matters about which they really knew nothing', then went to sleep near a 'drinking booth'.¹⁹ Wilson wrote a song 'for his Friend, Joe McDonall', who had wondered how it would be if everyone lived to 100. Wilson reused Waugh's tune, but his lyrics were mostly in 'standard' English. He argued that guaranteed longevity would alleviate parents' worries about their health and their children's survival, remove young people's anxieties about finding a spouse and might make retirement possible at 20, but since 'some people are never content' and would want to live for twice as long, 'we are best as we are' and people should ensure they had not 'wasted the years'.

To Live for a Whole Hundred Years!
 This is one which to my friends and me." 33

Strange ideas creep into our heads,
 Difficult we'd think to conceive,
 Yet now often they come to amuse,
 More often than we could believe,
 It's just a few evenings ago,
 A friend of mine laughing appears,
 Saying - "What a queer world this would be,
 If we all lived a whole hundred years,
 If we had, - and we know that we had,
 To live for a whole hundred years!"

People wouldn't care when they were ill,
 We'd never need doctoring them;
 For the children we'd never have fears,
 Being sure they'd grow women and men;
 And we'd welcome the dear little things
 Without any sadness or tears,
 For we'd know through all troubles they'd pull,
 And they'd live for a whole hundred years,
 If they had, - and we know that they had,
 To live for a whole hundred years!"

In courtship we'd never lose heart,
 For we'd know there was plenty of time
 To find one, if even didn't suit,
 And till ninety we'd be in our prime!
 But at twenty I'd freely propose,
 And be seconded safely with cheers,
 That no man should work after that,
 Let him rest all the rest of his years,
 And experience the whole joys of life,
 Till the end of the whole hundred years!"

34 IV
 But I only imagine what scenes,
 There would be with the time drawing nigh,
 How some would sit down to their prayers,
 While others heart-broken would cry;
 Then some meant to have a last spree,
 Would welcome their friends and their dears,
 And bid them good-bye in high glee,
 Never minding relations' hot tears,
 But happy and thankful they'd be,
 For the life of a whole hundred years!

But bless you! if such were the case,
 There's some people never content,
 They'd want to live fifty years more,
 And fifty years more to repent; -
 So I think we are best as we are,
 And when hope from such breast disappears
 Let reflections both peaceful and sweet,
 Make us know we've not wasted the years,
 We have lived, - just as if we had lived
 The whole of the long hundred years!

5, Blundell Street,
 Newcastle-on-Tyne,
 June 28th 1870.

Written by
 Joe Wilson
 For his friend
 Joe Macdonnell.

26
 19
 14
 10

Wilson evidently did not publish these lyrics immediately.

On 5 July Harry Clasper celebrated his 58th birthday, but a week later he died, probably of a stroke, at his Tunnel Inn at the mouth of the Ouseburn. Reportedly over 100,000 people lined the route to the Sandhill, where the cortège could not make its way through the crowd, so the coffin was taken by barge over part of the course where he had had many victories to be buried in St Mary's churchyard at Whickham.²¹ In No. 19 Wilson set *The Death O' Harry Clasper* to a tune Richard Leveridge had composed in 1719 for John Gay's song, *Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Ey'd Susan*, about a sailor parting from his wife.²²

Sad, sad's me heart, an' aw greet full sair,
 Beside wor hero's lowly bed,
 Te think aw'll see me and frind ne mair,
 The frind that forst Tyne famous myed;
 The forst an' last o' wor greet Tyneside men,
 Poor Harry Clasper, poor Harry Clasper,
 Gyen! for ivor gyen!

Sharp wes the blow, like the leetnin's dart,
 Deeth claim'd the vet'ran as its awn,
 An' fill'd wi' pain iv'ry beatin heart,
 For him we'd luv'd, for him we'd knawn;
 The forst boat-builder for wor Tyneside men,
 Poor Harry Clasper, poor Harry Clasper,
 Gyen! aye, deed an' gyen.

He's left the hyem that he luv'd se weel,
 The "Coaly Tyne" he's constant pride,
 The frinds that lang, lang he's loss 'ill feel,
 An' luv'd ones that he's left beside;

The forst brave Champein o' wor Tyneside men,
 Poor Harry Clasper, poor Harry Clasper,
 Gyen, aye, deed an' gyen.

Sair, sair he grev'd when Bob Chambers dee'd,
 The world's greet Champein he had myed,
 Wi' nyems combined, byeth o' Tyneside breed,
 An' honest upreet life they led,
 Two gems, examples for a' Tyneside men,
 Poor Harry Clasper, poor Harry Clasper,
 An' Bob Chambers gyen!

Fareweel aud frinds, ye've byeth run yor race,
 An' mem'ry whispers this te me,
 We'll fin'd ne Champeins te fill yor place,
 Tyneside affeckshuns clings te ye;
 The forst greet heroes amang Tyneside men,
 Poor Harry Clasper, poor Harry Clasper,
 An' Bob Chambers gyen!

Wilson was also aware of the seamier side of life in Newcastle. In *The Neybor Abuv* a woman tells him about an upstairs neighbour who entertained a soldier during the day, went to the play dressed in a black satin dress and wearing gloves, brought home a sailor who stayed almost all night, and next morning had breakfast in 'a new feather-powl bed'. When the two men

met and started to fight she threw them out. Wilson's audiences would know she was a prostitute, but he also celebrated domesticity and used Bobby Nunn's signature tune, *Newcassel is my Native Place*, for *Me Little Wife At Hyem!*

Be the fire sittin knittin,
Sittin knittin wi' gud will,
As the clock keeps on its tickin,
Thor's the click o' needles still.
An' the hands that work the needles
Myek us fix me eyes at them,
For the pictor ov industry
Is me little wife at hyem.
Is me little wife, &c.

Tho she's little,—she's a model
O' what wimmin owt te be,
An' aw bliss her when aw cuddle
The bit form that clings te me,
For the strength o' wor affeckshun,
Aw cud nivor fin'd a nyem,
She's as kind as she's gud-luckin,
Is me little wife at hyem.
Is me little wife, &c.

Tho we heh wor share o' trubbil,
The bit cumfort that we know,
Is we cannot hed myed dubbil,
When one's willin te beer'd a',
For when aw try te console her,
Whey, for me she'll de the syem,
An' aw'm thankful for the trissure
I' me little wife at hyem.
Wi' me little wife, &c.

Wor greet luv for one anuther,
Myeks us happy when wor sad,
Aw call me wife "me canny lass!"
An' she calls me "her lad!"
Just as if we still war kortin,
Aye'n man, its like the syem,
The hunnymeun 'ill heh ne end,
Wi' me little wife at hyem!
Wi' me little wife, &c.

23

Wilson was familiar with domestic financial crises and reused the tune of *Ten Thousand Miles Away*, also known as *The True Lover's Farewell to Ireland*, for *The Meun-Leet Flit!*²⁴

The neet wes dark, but the cairt wes there,
An' we'd got a frind te drive,
An' we teuk a bottle o' whiskey wis,
Te keep us all alive,—
Te keep us all alive, me lads,
For the times had been se bad,
We'd got ne rent for the lanlord then,
So a meun-leet flit we had.

Korus.

Iv a' the scenes aw know,
A meun-leet flit beats a',
It myeks ye wundor where ye are,
An' where yor gan te be;
That neet aw'll nivor forget,
When we had the meun-leet flit,
For away on the sly,
Withoot sayin gud-bye,
Wes the best thing we cud de.

The wife had gyen an' packt the things
An' oor or two before,
The bed wes at the window lang
Afore we reach'd the door;
But when we reach'd the door, me lads,
It seun com tumlin doon,
An' the tyeble wiv a broken leg

Wes next hoy'd oot the room.

The three-leg'd steul fell on Bill's heed,—
"Had on there, mate," he roard;
"Shut up, ye feul," says aw, "be still,"
When doon aw went quite floor'd,—
When doon aw went quite floor'd, me lad,
Wi' the bed powls on me nose;
"Cum show the leet," says Jack "a' reet,"
Wi' the poker on his toes.

The crock'ry-ware wes handed next,—
Says Bill "aw's awful dry"—
The clock com tumlin on he's fyce,
An' nearly blackt he's eye,
An' nearly blackt he's eye, me lads,
Its awn fyce strikin his,—
Says Jack "let's gan, the cairts's chock-full,
We've mair then wor awn wis!"

We pass'd a street or two quite safe,
An' then the horse wad stop;
The bed-powls, an' the draws as weel,
Com rowlin frae the top,
Com rowlin frae the top, me lads,—
An' hoo we a' got hyem
Aw divvent know, or dorsint think,—
But what a spree we'd then.

The use of the first person suggests that Wilson wrote this from personal experience and Thomas Allan recalled that nearly all of Wilson's songs had 'a foundation in fact'.

After a song once took shape with Joe, he seldom or never altered it; as the tree fell it lay. Once he brought a song, which he thought he might touch up. He took it away; when he brought it back, what had been a mere incident in the song — a woman lamenting amongst her troubles that her son had listed — had been worked into the central idea. ... But that was a rare case; Joe seldom could see where even a trivial alteration could be made.

Allan cited the example of *Jack's Listed I' The Ninety-Ite*.²⁵

The 98th Regiment of Foot had been formed in 1824 and suppressed Newcastle Chartists in 1837. The regiment spent most of the years 1846 to 1867 in India, but were back in England in 1870 and about to be posted to Ireland.²⁶ Wilson used the tune of *Doran's Ass*, also known as *Finnegan's Wake*, which was associated with 1850s lyrics that satirised Irishmen as drunkards and had been published by William Pond in New York in 1864.²⁷

"Oh, what's the metter wi' ye Meg Dawson?
 Oh what's the metter wi' ye the day?
 Ye luck as if ye war gan demented,
 Yor eyes thor stairin just that way!"
 "The metter wi' me,—if ye want te know then,
 Heh ye heard the news frae Mary White?
 She says wor Jack for a Sowljor's listed,—
 The head-strang feul's i' the Ninety-Ite."

"Wiv a lot o' lads that's se lang been famed
 For nowt that's gud, nor they nivor will;
 Industrious cheps that wad nivor work
 If they just cud raise a penny gill.
 He'll heh toun the shillin te sarve the Queen,
 Wi' ne idea o' gannin te fight;
 If he thowt thor wes ony chance o' war,
 He wad bid gud-bye te the Ninety-Ite."

"He nivor liked wark, an' since he wes britch'd
 He hessent cared hoo he got he's meat;
 Wiv he's elbows oot he wad trail the streets,
 An' the Peelers mark'd him on thor beat.

He wad argey owt for a pint o' beer,
 An' i' dominees he teuk delite
 I' playin a blank tiv a five or six,—
 They'll not stand that i' the Ninety-Ite."

"On Seturday neets what a swell he was,
 Wi' velvet cap an' black curdyroys;
 He wes famous for myekin ruffs keep still,
 Tho' the forst he'sel te myek a noise;
 He knew if he married he cuddent keep
 A wife, so he teuk one oot o' spite,
 Aye, an' he myed her muther an' her keep him,—
 A nice young chop for the Ninety-Ite."

"Aw's sartin we'll nivor can buy him off,
 For hoo can poor foaks like us did?
 What a pity a gud-like fyece an' heed
 Like his, shud carry ne brains wid;
 Blud's thicker then wetter—that's true eneuff—
 He's still wor awn, tho' a cawshun quite,
 But bad as he is, they may de him gud,
 An' myek him a man i' the Ninety-Ite."

Where Heh Ye Been, Lass? had the direction 'Sing the forst fower lines for the Korus', so Wilson evidently expected people who bought his songbooks to perform his lyrics,²⁸ and some of them had become part of everyday speech, even in courtrooms.

In August the *Newcastle Courant* reported that a dozen Gateshead people had been charged with 'allowing premises in their occupation to remain in a filthy state'. One woman pleaded 'that it was her neighbour's turn to do the cleansing', but they all had to pay costs, and the magistrates thought it a 'fair repetition' of *The Row upon the Stairs*.²⁹ The *Era* noted that Joe Wilson, the 'Tyneside vocalist', was at Mr J. Spence's Oxford Music Hall in Stockton.³⁰ Days later, after a long and painful illness, J.P. Robson died from 'Paralysis Cystisis' in Clayton Street West, Newcastle, aged 62.³¹ In September 'Mr Rowland Harrison The Humorous Tyneside Singer and Poet' was at South Shields Theatre Royal, where private boxes cost 2s, front boxes 1s 6d, side boxes 1s, pit seats 6d and gallery seats 3d.³² Late that month there was a 'large attendance' at a benefit for the widowed Isabella Robson in the Music Hall, Nelson Street, Newcastle,³³ and the *Guardian* reported that 'Mr Joe Wilson's songs, in the vernacular, "The time me fether wes bad," and the "Velocipeder"' (*Geordey's Villossipeed*) were 'cleverly gone through'. Wilson was 'enthusiastically welcomed' at the Oxford.

[T]he selections, new and old, from his 'repertoire' of Tyneside songs were all vociferously encored. Mr Wilson's popularity is entirely independent of the aid of finished vocalization; his native humour is sufficient to give his rendering of local ditties an immense hold on the public. A new song, describing the 'listing of a recruit for the 98th', seemed particularly to please the audience.³⁴

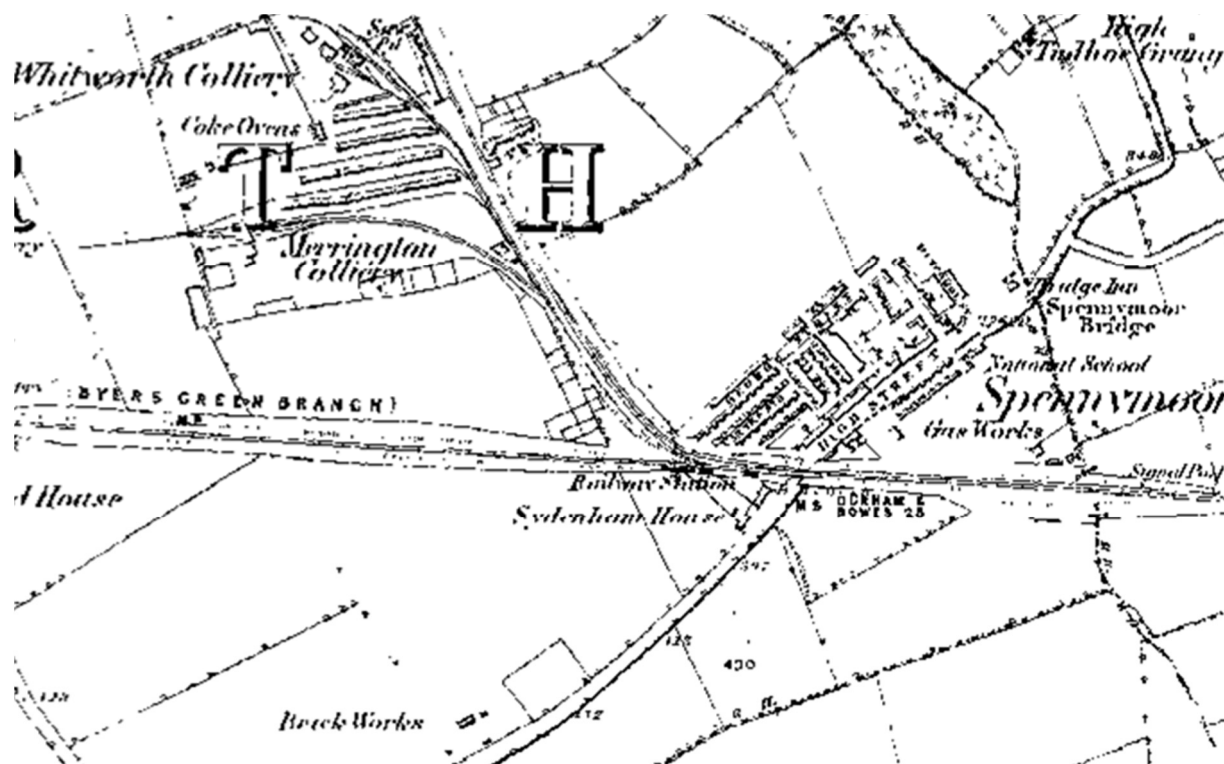
Wilson had been a star for five years and believed that his chances of making a living were better in County Durham.

In 1837 the Hartlepool Dock Company opened a railway line from Port Clarence on the Tees to Tow Law and from 1839 the Durham County Coal Company spent over £40,000 to establish a colliery at nearby Whitworth Park. Coal was shipped in 1841 and in 1842 the Hartlepool West Dock Company bought the business, sank a shaft at Page Bank, built coke ovens and two-room houses with a loft, which 'were more like piggeries than human habitations', for pitmen's families, and employed seven-year-olds from 5.00am to 6.00pm, so they saw the sun only on Sundays in winter.³⁵ Thomas Hair sketched the colliery in 1844.



36

In 1853 Weardale Iron and Coal Company began building an ironworks not far away,³⁷ and by 1856 Low Spenny Moor was 'a considerable village' and Spenny Moor was a 'considerable town'.³⁸ In 1857 the North Eastern Railway opened a branch from Bishop Auckland to the main line at Ferryhill,³⁹ with a station at Spenny Moor, though the service was 'wretchedly inadequate'. In 1858 Page Bank pit caught fire and ten men and boys died;⁴⁰ but by 1861 what was now called 'Spennymoor' had grown.



41

Tudhoe ironworks began making steel in 1864,⁴² and in 1866 the nearby colliery shipped coking-coal. A National School opened in Low Spennymoor in 1869, and when French and German industry was paralysed by war in 1870, Spennymoor pitmen regularly earned £1 or more a day, but 'decent folk' were reportedly 'ashamed to own that they lived there'.⁴³ In a decade north-east coal production had increased by 43%,⁴⁴ and while the population of England and Wales grew by around 13%, the north-east's increased at twice that rate. Many people moved from rural areas to towns, from one district to a more prosperous one and from one part of the coalfield to another.⁴⁵ County Durham was home to around 685,000 people, including 20,000 pitmen, foundry-men, other industrial workers and their families. Many lived in Whitworth parish and Whitworth and Tudhoe Townships, but tens of thousands lived within five miles and represented a potential audience for showbusiness entrepreneurs.

James Crosbie Hunter used to set up his booth on waste ground in Charles Street, Spennymoor, and Mr Collet's booth spent a long time on Johnnie's Row, though his 'orchestra' was a clarinettist and a drummer and the canvass roof was not impervious to snow.⁴⁶ In February 1870 Mr J.S. Westoby, the proprietor of the Oxford Music Hall in Spennymoor, advertised in *The Era* for 'TALENT of all Branches' from the 14th. 'Would be glad to hear from old friends'.⁴⁷ By October the Cambridge Music Hall and Theatre Royal stood among pitmen's cottages at the back of the market,⁴⁸ and early in November George Lindsay Watson, a witness at Joe Wilson's wedding, stressed the railway connection in *The Era*.

SPENNYMOOR (near FERRYHILL), County of DURHAM.
CAMBRIDGE MUSIC HALL and THEATRE ROYAL
(Proprietor, Mr G. L. WATSON; Manager, Mr JOE WILSON.)
WANTED, First-class TALENT in every Branch of
the Music Hall Profession: also Full Band, for the Opening,
November 28th, 1870, and future dates. The above New and Magnificent Building is licensed for Theatrical Performances, &c. Glad to hear from old Friends at all times. All letters (for the present) to be addressed, Mr JOE WILSON, 55, Blandford-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Every Artist engaged must write in one week previous to opening.

The Era reported that the 'Tyneside Bard' and his 'new local comic songs' were 'taking immensely' at Mr A. Boyd's Royal Music Hall in Bishop Auckland and mentioned New Bank Music Hall at Stanhope.

In Gateshead the Alexandra Theatre and Music Hall had opened at the corner of Oakwellgate and High Street in November 1870. In December *The Era* reported that the lessee, Mr E.J. Edwins, had engaged 'Mr Rowland Harrison (the new Tyneside comedian)', and he 'fairly brought down the house' with *The Wandering Minstrel* and *Onions*.⁴⁹ He 'made a great favourite of himself',⁵⁰ and was still there in January 1871.⁵¹ In February, after a female dancer impersonated a man and reportedly performed obscene manoeuvres, Chief Constable John Elliott judged the 'Can Can' to be 'immoral', the mayor banned the 'Parisian ballet', and the audience got their money back.⁵²

The Era reported that the 'first-class' company at the Cambridge in Spennymoor included Mr and Mrs Frank Harold, who were 'very well received, and nightly encored'. The couple announced in *The Era* that their agent in Wakefield had organised a tour which included revisiting Spennymoor.

MR. and MRS. FRANK HAROLD,
the Eminent Grotesque Duettists and Dancers, Concluded last Saturday one of the most successful Engagements on record at the Cambridge Music Hall, Spennymoor. Re-engaged for October 23d, with a Benefit under distinguished patronage. "Marbles," the theme of admiration; and Mrs. Harold's dancing, a subject for household conversation. They returned to the ALHAMBRA, WAKEFIELD, on the 6th instant, and met with a hearty reception. Engagements completed:—Pullan's, Bradford (Fourth); Mechanics', Hull; Museum, Birmingham; Alexandra, Rotherham (Second); East of England, Norwich (Second); London, Sheffield (Third); Victoria, Manchester (Fifth); Cambridge, Spennymoor (Second); Oxford, Newcastle (Third); Wear, Sunderland (Fourth); and Britannia, Glasgow. At Liberty March 20th, Twelve Nights; May 1st, July 24th, and January 15th, 1872, when they will take a trip to London, under the Agency of Mr C. Roberts.
Address, Wakefield.

53

The Harolds had bookings from London to Glasgow for most of 1871 and used Wilson's acrostic on their publicity material.

MR. & MRS.
FRANK HAROLD.

AN ACROSTIC,
(Presented by Mr. JOE WILSON, February 1st, 1871.)

Can't stop
Friday, Feb 1st

Black

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>Funny as ever, both happy and gay, Racy and richly they carry the sway; Admired by all, as first favorites they— Never fail in their efforts as Stars of the day, Keeping up the sensation they make every way</p> | <p>Happy-like Harolds, in dance and in song, As novelties rare they go bounding along, Round the whole stage to the prettiest of airs, Original business, the funniest of pairs; Lively and hearty, the people they please— Delighting the whole of the audience with ease</p> |
|---|--|

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

WHITEHAIT, GLASGOW.—Mr. and Mrs. F. Harold, who are decidedly clever duettists and dancers, have made a happy impression on the Whitehait audience.—*Scottish Standard*, August 21st, 1869.

OXFORD, NEWCASTLE.—The chief attraction during the present week has been Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harold, two of the best duettists—we should say—that have appeared upon these boards for some time. The "too solos" of Mrs. Harold are certainly a treat, and stamps her as one of the best dancers we have seen. The couple have been honoured with four or five encores during the week, and are really deserving of the applause that meets them nightly.—*Gateshead Tribune*, October 16th, 1869.

EAST OF ENGLAND, NORWICH.—The grotesque performances of Mr. and Mrs. Harold are excellent; and, of the lady's dancing, we may remark that it is of such a clever nature that her efforts—especially the pirouettes on her toes—are immensely applauded.—*Norwich Dispatch*, April 29th, 1869.

ROYAL WEAR, SUNDERLAND.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harold opened here on Monday, and have won golden opinions as comic duettists and dancers.—*Sunderland Times*, May 20th, 1870.

PULLAN'S MUSIC HALL, BRADFORD.—As duettists, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harold are very amusing, and their efforts to please all were so appreciated by the audience, that they were called before the curtain and received a most flattering ovation.—*Bradford Times*, June 21st, 1870.

PULLAN'S MUSIC HALL, BRADFORD.—Mr. and Mrs. Harold, are very clever duettists, and it is a pleasure to witness their performances.—*Bradford Times*, June 29th, 1870.

ALEXANDRA, ROTHERHAM.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harold, the highly successful and entertaining duettists and dancers, have made themselves immense favourites with the audience, and are nightly greeted with the loudest expressions of approbation.—*Rotherham Advertiser*, December 31st, 1870.

CAMBRIDGE, SPENNYMOOR.—The company at this

54

The Harolds may have been 'Racy', but Wilson insisted on respectability and discipline.

CAMBRIDGE MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE ROYAL, SPENNYMOOR (via Ferryhill), County of DURHAM.—(Proprietor, Mr G. L. WATSON; Manager, Mr JOE WILSON.)
WANTED, First-class TALENT, for this Successful Place of Amusement. Vacancies for good Dialogue Artists and Duettists. No "Can-Can" Performers need write. All parties engaged must write in one full week before Opening.

55

James Anderson had returned to Bishop Auckland and met Wilson. Anderson's reputation as a songwriter was reportedly 'second only in popularity' to that of the 'Tyneside bard'. Anderson's family moved to Throckley where workmates elected him as checkweighman and he won two second prizes in Chater's song competition.⁵⁶ Some performers had a second income.

There were around 77,000 innkeepers, publicans and hotel keepers in England and Wales, plus 16,000 beer sellers, and one on-licence for every 201 men women and children in a population of 22.7 million. Parliament had empowered magistrates to licence new beer houses,⁵⁷ but Newcastle JPs were 'determined to severely restrict' them.⁵⁸ In spring 1871 the Harrison family lived in Hopper Street, Gateshead. Rowland was a 29-year-old 'Publican', Elizabeth was 25, 'Nelly' (Ellen) was two, and Thomas,

born in Gateshead, was two months. Rowland's 19-year-old niece, Jane Walker, was a 'Barmaid', and 15-year-old Sarah Fenwick was a 'Domestic Servant', and both were born in Gateshead.

In Whitworth 46-year-old George Watson, born in Witton-le-Wear, lived at the Music Hall in Arthur Street with 40-year-old Jane, five children under 15, a 60-year-old female visitor and Sarah Richardson, an 11-year-old servant. Next door Joseph Wilson, a 29-year-old 'Tyneside Comedian', lived with 22-year-old Isabella, one-year-old Joseph Thomas and Joe's 57-year-old mother. Early in May the 'Tyneside bard' had a fortnight's engagement at the reopened Princess Concert Hall in Carlisle,⁵⁹ and stayed on as manager. In June the 'first class company' was 'well received' and Wilson was the star and he was still there late in July.⁶⁰ After 13 weeks and 'the largest benefit ever known in Carlisle', the 'Bard of the Tyne' advertised in *The Era* that he was 'at Liberty for a few early dates' with 'New Songs',⁶¹ but his 'great success' ended early in August.⁶²

The *Newcastle Guardian* noted that the 'old and always welcome friend Joe Wilson, who for so long has been enjoyed not only for his puns and genuine Tyneside Songs, but for the natural and finished manner which he renders his pleasing effusions', was at the Oxford.⁶³ *The Era* reported his 'warm reception';⁶⁴ but soon after he was 'excused in very appropriate language by Alfred Gorrings, the chairman, on account of a 'domestic bereavement'.⁶⁵ In Wilson's No. 20 *Wor Tyneside Tallint gyen!* lamented the deaths of Billy Purvis, Ned Corvan, Billy Thompson and J.P. Robson. *Mistress Thomsin's Lodger* had 'teun his hook', owing three months' rent and unpaid loans, and used 'jew' as a verb. *Marry the Lass!* exhorted a man to marry a pregnant woman and then her father would 'set up the house' for them, while a pregnant spinster in *What will the Neybors say?* was to 'be married on the sly'. In *We'll nivor invite them te Tea ony mair!* a couple were not prepared to turn up for 'Bowt spice loaf an' fancy kyecks'. The mother in *Benny 'ill not gan te Scheull!* was frustrated that her ten-year-old son could not read, but his father 'just laffs'. *He wes reckond gud-hearted* was about a man who would 'treat onybody – when on the spree', but went home to 'hammer the wife, an' the poor bairns', while *Let's hev a row, but dinnet sulk*, sided with a husband who spent his overtime pay on clothes rather than giving it to his wife.⁶⁶

The sculler James Renforth had died of unknown causes in Canada on the 23rd,⁶⁷ and the *Newcastle Guardian* reported it on the 26th.⁶⁸ Early in September Wilson sang his 'impressive little ballad' in 'a feeling manner at the Oxford, and *The Deeth O' Renforth!* 'secured the sympathies of his audience', but he later printed it without specifying a tune.⁶⁹

"Ye cruel Atlantic Cable,
What's myed ye bring such fearful news?
When Tyneside's hardly yeble
Such sudden grief te bide.
Hoo me heart its beats—iv'rybody greets,
As the whisper runs throo dowley streets,
'We've lost poor Jimmy Renforth,
The Champein o' Tyneside!'"

Hoo sad, hoo unexpected,
What diff'rent news we thowt te hear,
Till dismay'd an' affected,
Heart-broken mourners cried,
"Jimmy Renforth's gyen, wor greet Champein's gye
Iv a country strange,—away frae hyem,
We've lost poor Jimmy Renforth,
The Champein o' Tyneside?"

"Oh, Jim, what myed ye leave us?
What myed ye leave the canny toon?
A journey myed to grieve us,
Ye've gyen wi' the last tide,
An' the oar that fell, the last oar that fell
Frae yor helpless hand, just seem'd te tell
That Deeth wes the greet victor
I' races far an' wide!"

"Life lost withoot a warnin',
An' stopt yor short but grand koreer,
Then left us stricken, mournin',
Deprived o' wor greet pride;
Hoo me heart it beats,—iv'rybody greets,
As the whisper runs throo dowley streets,
'We've lost poor Jimmy Renforth,
The Champein o' Tyneside!'"

70

Renforth's body was brought back to Gateshead and on 10 September up to 100,000 mourners lined the route as his coffin was taken to St. Edmund's Cemetery.⁷¹ Thousands were probably engineers.

John Burnett, an Alnwick shoemaker, had an affair with Margaret Anderson in 1842 and she bore a son who was baptised John Burnett Anderson. His parents married soon after his birth,⁷² but his father died in 1846, aged 30. John attended the Duke of Northumberland's Charity School, but in 1854, after his mother died, the 12-year-old lived with his aunt Ann Vickers (born Burnett) in Newcastle's Gallowgate.⁷³ John worked as an errand boy,⁷⁴ but in 1856 he became an apprentice engineer, and by 1866 he was a prominent member of the Mechanics' Institution, a trade union activist and a campaigner for a Saturday half-holiday and parliamentary reform.⁷⁵ Thousands of Tyneside engineers and shipyard workers had a 59-hour, six-day week, but many had to work 75 or even 87 hours and 30 percent died of tuberculosis around the age of 30. They had won cuts in working hours and one Hartlepool workforce had won a nine-hour day, but shipyard owners imposed a wage cut. In 1866 Mr Rea, an engineer at the North Eastern Railway Works in Gateshead, chaired a delegate conference of engineers and argued for a strike for a nine-hour day, but lost the vote. Workplace delegates tried to negotiate with employers, but they threatened a lock-out, and Burnett took the precaution of moving to Sir William Armstrong's works at Elswick. Early in 1867 Burnett spoke against strikes and in favour of cooperative enterprise in Newcastle Town Hall, yet Gateshead NER managers conceded a ten-hour day rather than face a strike by the engineers. Burnett married Jean Wilson Hardy and by 1868 the regional membership of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers had trebled to 1,556 in eight years. In 1870 Tyneside engineers wanted their wages paid weekly and most employers had conceded by early in 1871. Wearside delegates met at the Golden Lion Hotel on 22 March and agreed to strike for a nine-hour day. Only a quarter were unionised, but they all came out and called for solidarity from Tyneside. Burnett, a 28-year-old 'Engineer Fitter', lived in Oak Street, Elswick, with 25-year-old Jean, two young children and Jean's mother. On 8 April Tyneside engineering delegates promised 'substantial support' to the Wearside strikers and on the 22nd they decided to strike for a nine-hour day themselves. On the 19th men from the major works formed the Acting Committee

of the Nine Hours' League at the Westgate Inn and Burnett was elected President. He wrote to the employers on 2 May, hoping to negotiate in 'a friendly and peaceable manner'. Some Wearside employers conceded a nine-hour day and the strikers returned victorious on the 5th. Next day Tyneside employers responded rudely to Burnett through their solicitors, who were associated with the Conservative Party, but Charles Mark Palmer and Robert Stephenson agreed to a nine-hour day if other employers did so. Their workers did not vote to strike and neither did the NER engineers. By the 12th one workforce was on strike and on 20th the Acting Committee rebutted the employers' propaganda and threatened to bring out 10,000. On the 22nd 7,500 men at 12 major firms handed in their notices and the *Newcastle Chronicle*, which had a circulation of around 30,000, backed them. The notices expired on the 27th and Armstrong locked-out non-strikers at Elswick. On 6 June strike pay was 1s 9d, but the Northumberland Miners' Association began donating £20 a week and around half the strikers were soon working elsewhere. The *Newcastle Journal* accused the Nine Hours League of being unrepresentative trouble-makers, but a mass meeting on the Town Moor on the 19th gave that the lie, and next day strike pay was 3s plus 6d for each child. ASE officials in London were almost entirely useless,⁷⁶ but one London concert hall put on a benefit.⁷⁷ By 11 July strike pay was 3s 8d plus 9d for each child and that rose to 6s per striker by the 22nd and 1s for each child by the 25th. On 3 August the employers offered a 57-hour week, but few men returned. The employers hired strike-breakers, but the League paid their fares home and some strikers assaulted 'blacklegs'. Joseph Cowen and other Newcastle councillors attacked the use of the police in a trade dispute.⁷⁸

Burnett was Joe Wilson's second cousin once removed,⁷⁹ and Wilson wrote a song that was popular at the Oxford. The former engineer Thomas Allan published it as a copyright halfpenny sheet and advertised that he sold Wilson's songbooks.

COPYRIGHT.] [ONE HALF-PENNY.

WE'LL SEUN HEH WARK TE DE I
OR, THE STRIKE O' '71.
WRITTEN BY
JOE WILSON,
 And sung by him at the "Oxford" Music Hall, Newcastle,
 received nightly with most tremendous applause.

TEUN—"NOWT TE DE."

"On Strike!" aw hear them awful words
 Repeated i' the street,
 "On striko! re wark!" aw hear agyen,
 Frae hundreds that aw meet,
 "Three lang munths gyen,—not sattled yit!
 Wor hard-up as can be,
 It cannot last, thoe'll be a change,
 We'll seun heh wark to de!"

KORUS.

Walkin round the Market,
 An' walkin doon the Kee,
 The only cheerin words aw hear's
 "We'll seun heh wark to de!"

Aw see the poor cheps out on strike
 Gan slowly throo the street,
 Tho' anxshus for the latest news,
 Frev iv'ry one they meet,
 They keep up one-anuther's hearts,
 As honest men shud be,
 Wi' hopes the day's not distant when
 They'll all heh wark to de!

"Mair forriners!" aw hear them say
 Then one 'ill shake his heed—
 "They may get plenty men as cheap,
 But is't them that they need?
 No, no! it's real mechanics that
 A maister likes to see,
 Nine coors to him's a better thing,
 Gud men his wark to de!"

"At hyem thoe's nowt but misery,
 Where happy days we've seen,
 When plenty wark an' plenty keep
 Myed a' things luck soeren,
 We'll heh them gud things back agyen,
 Seun settled wo shall be,
 Then forrin culls may tysk thoe hook
 Frae wark they cannot de!"

"We'll seun heh wark to de, me lads!
 God blias us a' wo will,
 'Tyneside 'ill yit victorious shine,
 Wi' men o' worth an' skill,
 An' happier days 'ill myek the past
 A dream o' what we see,
 Men gud an' true 'ill nivor rue,
 We'll seun heh wark to de!"

All JOE WILSON'S SONG BOOKS always on hand.
 CHEAP BOOKS—GREAT CHOICE! SCHOOL BOOKS—GREAT VARIETY!
 Published by THOS. ALLEN, Bookseller,
 62, DEAN STREET, & 16, COLLINGWOOD STREET, NEWCASTLE.

Allan's surname was mis-spelled, and his brother George evidently had nothing to do with this publication, or with another.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

THE GREET STRIKE; OR, THE NINE OORS MOVEMENT.

Noo, Tom, maw man, it's nine days noo
Since ye turned oot on strike,
So, efter this short tyst we've had,
Just let's see what it's like:
Then forst of awl, on Friday neet
No wages ye browt hycin;
But as wor teeth ar'n't oot on strike,
We'd awl te eat the eyem.

So awl last week we leaved upou
Pooer Tommy's new flaco seat;
An' what we pinched se sair te git,
Pooer thing, he'll gan without.
An' noo, this week, we'll finish up
The savins for yor hat;
An' maw new dress, an' Jinny's, too,
'Ill gan along wi that.

Ye're strikin' for the nine oors, Tom—
That aw'll say nowt agyen:
Nine oors may be eneuf te work,
But noo ye're workin' nyen.
It's reet an' fair, by kwiet means,
The nine oors for te win,
But strikin' for'd oot-hand at wause,
It's rang, lad, te begin.

Ye know, aw buy me shoes, me clacs,
Aul things aw yeww at hycin,
Just where aw get them cheepist at—
An' uthers dis the eyem:

An' if ye work but nine oors here,
When uthers work the ten,
How can yor maistors get a job,
An' pay thor nine oors' men?

It mun begin sum place, ye say,
That's true eneuf, aw see;
But this nine oors, ye spoke on't forst
Three weeks since, at yor toe.
Three weeks te tawk ower such a change!
Three weeks te tawk awl clear!
Three 'ears ye mite hev tawkt it ower,
An' apred it far an' near.

Last neet, aw bowt the "Hapny Xpress,"
The letter for te see
George Robert Stivisin sent hees men,
An' fair it seem'd te me:
It cleerly, fairly, kindly tell'd
Hoo he stud wiv his men,
An' they, like thowtful, carefil folk
Turn'd ti thor wark agyen.

Improvements cum but slowly roond,
Yit forsin dis but ill;
The world wants much te put it reet,
But time is workin' still:
An' time 'll bring yor nine oors fit,
Wi' mair that's gud an' true;
An' show te men an' maistors byeth
The world 'll haud the two.

PUBLISHED BY T. ALLAN, WHOLESALE BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND NEWSPAPER, 62, DEAN STREET,
AND 16, COLLINGWOOD STREET, NEWCASTLE.



80

On 1 September Armstrong's German workers struck for a nine-hour day and other foreigners had a lively reception.



81

Two 'Strikin' Songs', *The German's Groan, or, I'm Vatch'd on de Tyne*, and *The Captain's Compliment, or, The Bobbies Lament an' Intent*, appeared anonymously, but Thomas Coldwell put his name to *The Engineer's Strike*.⁸² Wilson was an 'immense favourite' at the Star Theatre of Varieties in Stockton, since he rendered his songs in a 'very efficient and pleasing manner',⁸³ and he was the 'great attraction' at a Sunderland concert in support of the strikers on 9 September. The house was a 'bumper' and the Durham Artillery Band played in between other performers. The event was to be repeated a week later.⁸⁴

The Times of London criticised the employers on the 11th and money came from major engineering centres in Britain by the 15th. Blacklegs returned to Rotterdam, Brussels and Hamburg, and Tyneside ship-owners placed large orders for new vessels with 'distant manufacturers'.⁸⁵ On the 18th Wilson sang a new song in Newcastle Town Hall to the tune of one of his early hits.

THE STRIKE!

A NEW SONG, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE

GREAT CONCERT IN THE NEW TOWN HALL,

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1871,

BY JOE WILSON.

AIR—"THE GALLOWGATE LAD."

Cum me canny Tynesiders an lissen
Tiv a sang that aw's sartin ye'll like,
An' aw'll whisper a word kind an' cheerin'
Te the monny poor fellows on strike.
Let them keep up thor hearts as they hev deun,
Thor's a day for the true an' the brave,
An' the time 'ill yit cum, when greet Maisters
'I'll find oot a Mechanic's ne slave!

Is Nine Oers an unreasonable movement?
Is't not plenty for labour te men?
Let them that condemn'd hev a try on't,
An' sec if they'll alter such plan;
An' if lang oors Industry increases,
Hch they fund it wi' them that they've tried?
Wi' thor capital hev they got labour
Like *that* frae the men they've defied?

But a day 'ill seun cum when they'll welcum
The aud hands they've se often imploy'd
Then the Forriners strength 'ill be shaken
Frae licensc that they've lang enjoy'd,
I' myekin thorsels thor awn maisters
An' workin' just when they'd a mind;
If the Maisters pretend to be blind tid,
Whey, its mair te thör shem, that they'll find.

But cheer up, thor's gud frinds that support us,
Aye, an' England depends on us a',
An' we'll prove that wor true te the movement,
An' Victory shall let the world know
That Tyneside 'ill nivor be konker'd,
Wi' Maisters that care nowt for them;
An' if Maisters is meant te be Maisters,
Let them find thor's Men meant te be Men!

PUBLISHED BY ALLAN, WHOLESALE BOOKSELLER, 62, DEAN STREET, AND
16, COLLINGWOOD STREET, NEWCASTLE.

86

Wilson evidently regarded the class division between 'Masters' and 'Men' as permanent. *The Era* reported that the 'Tyneside vocalist' appeared by 'kind permission of Messrs Bagnall and Blakey' and sang 'some of his latest compositions' for an 'immense audience' for the Nine Hours League.⁸⁷ He sang *The Deeth O' Renforth* at a memorial concert in Gateshead Town Hall,⁸⁸ and later wrote *The Champion ov all Champions*.⁸⁹ Copies of his strike lyrics circulated widely,⁹⁰ but they did not appear in his songbooks.⁹¹ On the 22nd he was 'enthusiastically greeted at the Lyceum Theatre in Sunderland and the 'Tyneside poet and vocalist' sang in support of the strikers and a crowded audience contributed a 'handsome sum' to the Nine Hours League.⁹²

Strike pay reached 12s on 3 October and the employers conceded a nine-hour day on the 9th. Only one sixth of strikers depended on strike pay and they all returned to work on the 12th. The NER engineers had raised £1,000,⁹³ and other trade unionists and the public had donated another £1,000. Burnett was unable to return to Armstrong's works but Cowen employed him at the *Chronicle*.⁹⁴ Burnett began writing a history of the strike but he did not mention Wilson's support,⁹⁵ and Wilson faced serious competition.

The Royal Wear Music Hall in Sunderland held 3,000 people, including 1,100 in the pit and 1,200 in the gallery.⁹⁶

Mr Harrison's occasional visits to the 'Wear' are much appreciated, as was proved by the hearty manner in which he was received on making his appearance last evening. He sang, in his own peculiar and pleasing manner, 'The Coal Cartman; or, I'm going down the Hill', in which he displayed a great deal of pathetic power; 'The Drum Major', and 'The Lass I met at Shields', in which his rich and peculiar humour found full vent; and 'The Death of Renforth', in the course of which the sympathies of the audience were frequently manifested. Mr Harrison was listened to with great pleasure, and was apparently looked upon as an old friend.⁹⁷

In December Mr Burns sang *The Gallowgate Lad* at a Penny Reading at Broomhill in Northumberland.⁹⁸ According to Thomas Allan, Joe Wilson was 'at the height of his popularity', but his 'life as a professional, singing all over the country, took him much from home'.⁹⁹ Isabella was pregnant and the couple wanted to settle down.

7. The Royal Adelaide Hotel

In 1871 Mr. W. Turnbull was the licensee of the Royal Adelaide Hotel, a beer-house at 14 Adelaide Place, New Bridge Street, Newcastle,¹ but the builder Thomas Wilson owned it,² and late that year he offered the tenancy to Joe Wilson. He was confident that friends and admirers would support a 'Free and Easy' entertainment, but lacked capital, so he tackled Thomas Allan and another leading teetotaler. 'Ye say ye wad like to see me de weel, an' now here's a chance that'll be the meykin on us, an' ye'll not help'. Eventually they offered to become joint guarantors and gave him a loan.³

The young furniture packer Ralph Wilkinson was a fan of Wilson's.

Many a time I have seen his genial face at the Victoria, Oxford, and Tyne Concert Halls, but ... I was never personally acquainted with him until he took the Adelaide Hotel. As the law required to put his full christian and surname over the door of these licensed premises, he was obliged to comply, although much against his will, for during the whole of his lifetime it was his delight to be called Joe; but ever ready to grasp the difficulty, he surmounted it by instructing the painter or sign-writer to describe his name thus, JOSEPH WILSON.

Wilkinson recalled that 'troops of friends assembled' at the Adelaide to meet 'the Burns of Tyneside'.⁴ John Taylor, a 20-year-old clerk at the Central Station was a 'regular caller,' and wrote local songs, but Wilson told him: 'Jack, ye can write a sang about as weel as me, but yor sangs divn't sing, an' mine dis'.⁵ Others agreed.

Mrs Chater ran the Newcastle Registry Office for Servants at 52 Clayton Street, where Chater's Commercial House offered free access to 'more than 1,000 Rare books in every department of literature'. John W. Chater, was a 'WHOLESALE STATIONER and Importer of Musical Instruments' at 89 Clayton Street, where he sold 'Nigger Bones' for 1s 3d and banjos and violins for 2s 6d. He was also a 'Publisher of Tyneside Songs' and when the veteran Newcastle songwriter Robert Emery died in spring Chater described him as 'the last of our local poets,' but he chose songwriters to award the 'Prize Medals' for the best 'local' songs.

Te get judges o' the sangs an' tuther things ritten I' wor awn tung, we stay'd at h'yem, an' we need ony menshun thor n'yems, an' ye'll say we've had the pick o' the toon: the Editor of the *Courant* (W. Fergusson), J.G. Forster, W. Mitcheson, Harry Shields, Joe Wilson, Joshua Bagnall, the Retiort Keelmin, an' wor awnsels – Thor's talent for ye!

John Henry Willing of Lower East Street, Middlesbro'-on-Tees, won the gold medal for *Me fethur's drunk ag'yen*. James Anderson of Throckley New Houses won second prize for *A Warm Fireside*, an idealised account of domestic bliss which warned about the dangers of drink, and the third prize went to David Cunningham of Preston, North Shields, for *Rodger Richborn*. Chater also included 'A Chronicle of the Strike' which celebrated the engineers' victory.⁶

Being a landlord may not have been as lucrative as Wilson hoped and in January 1872 *The Era* reported a warm reception at the Oxford for the 'popular favourite'. He 'sang some of his Tyneside songs with which his name is so closely identified' and the applause was 'most hearty'. A week later the Oxford was 'liberally patronised,' but Wilson and others were soon to 'conclude successful engagements'. It may have been at this point that Tom Wilson was mistaken for his twin once again.

When Joe wes once fulfillin' an engagemint at the Oxford, the waiter cum to me and ses, "Thor's a gentleman in yon box wants te speak to ye." Aw went up an' fund it wes me awd gaffer. He ses, "What are ye gan to hev?" I had a drink wiv him, then he wanted me to hev anuther. At this point the chairman announced thit on account iv a lady singer tyken bad, Joe Wilson wad tyke her place. Aw nivvor attem'ted to move. The gentleman ses to me, "Had ye not bettor be gannin' doon?" Ses aw, "Aw might as weel tell ye awm yor awd apprentice." Joe myde his appearance on the stage; ma frind lyked fra him to me. In marked astonishmint ses he, "Nivvor mind; gan doon an' tell him when he is deun to cum upstairs?" When Joe did cum he tyek ne mare notis ov me; aw was left in the cawld for a minite or too. Another swell cum in and spoke tiv me as if aw wes Joe. There was him an' me stannin' wi' wor backs tegither. The swell went awa with the impresshun that he'd been speaking te ma bruther.

7

In March Joe Wilson was one of the 'special attractions' at Newsome's Circus in a 'bespeak' for Nat Emmett, 'the talented and popular Clown'.⁸ On the 15th Isabella Wilson bore a son at the Royal Adelaide Hotel and he was baptized Thomas in All Saints Church on 17 April.⁹ The father's occupation was recorded as 'Printer' when the birth was registered a week later.

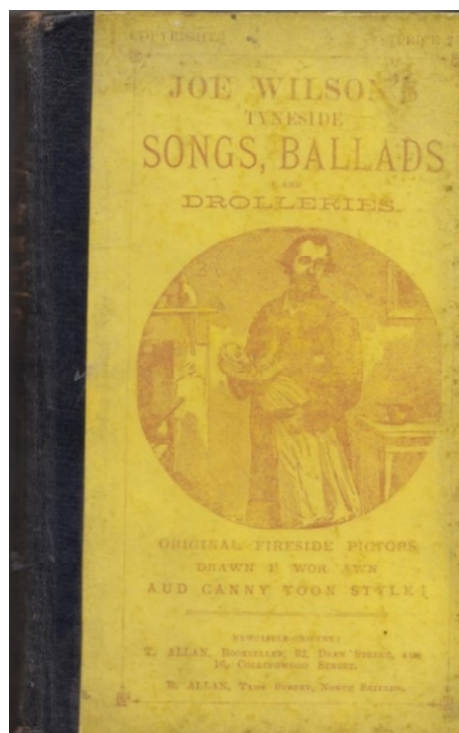
| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|---|--------|-----|------------------|---|---------|---|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 483 | Fifteenth March 1872 Royal Adelaide Hotel | Thomas | Boy | Joseph Wilson | Isabella Wilson formerly English | Printer | Joseph Wilson Father Royal Adelaide Hotel Newcastle | Twenty fourth April 1872 | Isaac Freeman Registrar |
|-----|---|--------|-----|------------------|---|---------|---|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|

Over 1,100 of the 5,000 infants who had recently survived birth in Newcastle Poor Law Union had soon died. A quarter of all the 4,000 or so deaths were from small-pox, and many were from measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, fever, diarrhoea, cholera and physical violence.¹⁰ Wilson was concerned about his boys being 'spared to grow up' and wrote a song at 28 Trafalgar Street, the home of Mr D.E. Edwards who worked for the Customs and Excise, just south of the Adelaide.¹¹ Wilson used the tune by the Irish-born composer William Balfe which had been published in London a decade earlier.¹²

For Banny Second-Born! 80
 -An' "Gentle Jenny Gray."
 Just two eers since a lad was born,
 To myse glad was Ireside
 He fill'd its mother an' mesel
 Wi' mout but honest pride.
 He thout on a' bairns i' the wuld
 Him bonniest an' the best,
 An' thout we cud love myse as much
 But now we've had the test.
 Kouns.
 For second-borns as big a jell
 He mun give him a turn
 He's com to share the first one's flur,
 For canny second-born!
 His bonny cheeks like velvet soft -
 Has press'd mi' gentle care
 The little fellow seem'd to know
 Times need to have his share
 -Bonusses an' the sweet words,
 Myse - everything we've tried
 He've kiss'd him when we've seen him smile
 An' kiss'd him when he's cried.
 The first one's just as proud as us,
 To see his bonny brate,
 An' if thur apair to grow up lads
 They'll fettle real first-rate
 But if like bannys lads they fizzle
 We'll hah to keep them down
 An' lay to myse them byeth as fast
 As any in the town.
 28 Trafalgar Street
 Newcastle
 By Joe Wilson

These lyrics were not published for some time.¹⁴

Late in April *The Era* noted that the Oxford was crowded when 'Mr Joe Wilson (the popular vocalist and author)' sang five songs 'at his turn'.¹⁵ Early in May the *Newcastle Guardian* reported that he sang *The Champion of Castle Garth Stairs* and noted that 'thousands of copies' had been sold.¹⁶ In mid-May, when the 'favourite Tyneside Vocalist and author' was still at the Oxford,¹⁷ Rowland Harrison performed with other singers and the Gateshead Police Band at a benefit in the Town Hall for Mr E.J. Edwins, a long-standing member of the Newcastle Theatre Royal company.¹⁸ In August *The Era* noted that Joe Wilson, 'the "Tyneside poet" and 'vocalist' had a 'cordial reception' at the reopening of the 'thoroughly cleaned and redecorated' Wear in Sunderland.¹⁹ Probably in late autumn Thomas Allan published the 20 numbers of Wilson's *Tyneside Songs, Ballads, and Drolleries* as a book with a cover like the cheap 'yellow-back' novels sold at W.H. Smith's station bookstalls. The introductory 'Note' had a proprietorial air about it and Allan covered the back with advertisements for the firm's other cheap publications.



NOTE.

A word of explanation is needed in presenting to the public for the first time, in a collected form, JOE WILSON'S TYNESIDE SONGS AND DROLLERIES.

It is upwards of Six Years since JOE WILSON issued to the public the first Eight Songs in the present Volume, in the form of a number, succeeding numbers following at various intervals. The Songs thus issued, instead of having a brief popularity, and then passing into comparative neglect, have, with the lapse of time, but increased in public favour, until at the present time JOE WILSON'S name is truly a Household name throughout the North, where his Songs are universally admired and widely sung.

That these Songs, which have become standards on Tyneside and throughout the North, should be wanted in a more enduring form than in loose numbers is a necessary consequence of their popularity: the present Volume, it is hoped, will—however inadequately—meet this general desire.

As already mentioned, this collection has been issued in single numbers—their publication extending over a period of six years; the arrangement of the Contents is therefore not such as it would have been had the complete Volume been issued at once. A Life and Character Portrait of the Author appears in page 153; these, in the Volume, would have been more correctly placed at the beginning. Other matters of arrangement might also be pointed out, only in a like manner to be explained by their original plan of publication.



The 'Tyneside Bard' insisted that 'Me constant aim's te please, instruct, amuse,' and included *The Difference O' Foaks When Thor Drunk*. Reportedly the book sold well.²¹

Harrison had performed in Stockton, Darlington, Glasgow and elsewhere, and No 21 of T. & G. Allan's songbook included *Geordy Black*, which he sang in costume.

Maw nyem is Geordy Black, aw'm gettin' varry awd,
Aw've hewed tons o' coals i' maw time;
An' when aw was yung, aw cud either put or hew—
Oot o' uther lads aw always tyuk the shine.
Aw'm gannin' doon the hill—aw cannot use the pick,
The maister hes pity on aud bones;
Aw'm noo on the bank; aw pass maw time away
Among the bits o' lads wi' pickin' oot the stones.

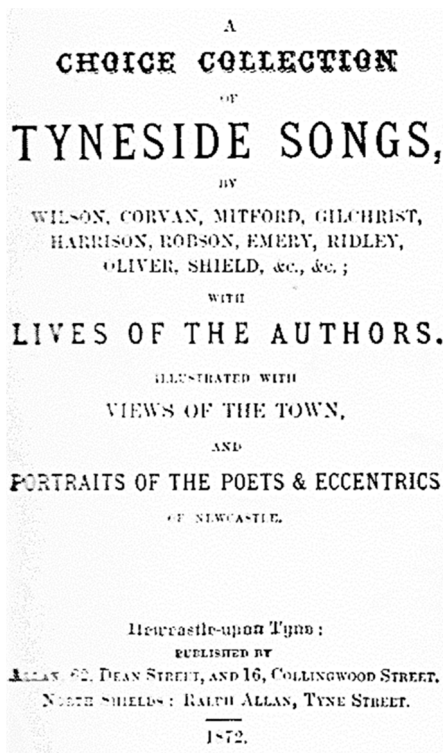
KORUS.

Maw nyem is Geordy Black,—in maw time aw've been
a crack,
Aw've worked byeth i' the Gyeuss an' i' the Betty;
An' the coals upon the Tyne oot o' uthers tyek the shine,
An' we lick them a' for iron doon at Hawks's.
When aw was a bairn, carried on my fethur's back,
He wad tyek me away te the pit;

An' gettin' i' the cage, an' gannin' doon below,
'Twas eneuf te myek a yungster tyek a fit.
Te sit an keep a door, 'midst darkness an' gloom,
Ay, monny an 'oor be mesel;
An' hear the awful shots that rummel'd throo the pit,
An' lumps o' roondy coal cum doon pell-mell.
Aw'll bid ye a' gud neet, it's nearly time te lowse;
Aw shure aw've tried te please ye ivery one.
Yung lads that's here the neet, mind de the thing that's
reet—
In this world that's the way te get on.
But here's success te trade, byeth on the Wear an' Tyne!
Aw dinnet like te see places slack;
For if wor pit lies idle, ne coal cums te day,
It grieves the heart o' poor Geordy Black.

Harrison's *Onions* appeared the Allans' No 23 with a note. 'Little idea can be formed of the merit of this amusing song without hearing the author deliver it, in the exact costume and onion appendages, with a correct imitation of broken English, peculiar to these itinerant sons of Brittany, now so familiar in our streets.'²²

Thomas Fordyce's press was above T. & G. Allan's Dean Street shop and Wilson had reportedly 'worked at "case" for a few months,' setting type,²³ while the bookbinder William Dawson 'carefully supervised and partially edited' a songbook for the Allans.²⁴



THE first half of the present volume has been before the public for some years as a collection of Tyneside songs. To make it more complete, the latter half is now added, and several features, new in local collections, have been introduced. In many of the songs, particularly those of an earlier date, there are allusions to events and persons, without a knowledge of which the interest of the songs is weakened or lost. These allusions, well known at the time the songs were written, have now grown strange to a great many. To remedy this, notes explanatory are given where necessary.

In previous collections, little has been told about the writers of the songs—the local bards

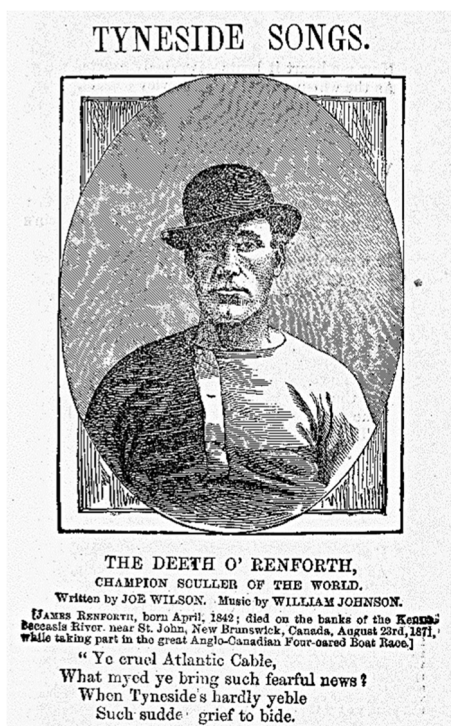
—“who swept the rustic lyre,
Their native hills adorning.”

That it should have been so is unfortunate, as, now, the task of supplying the omission is one of difficulty. Like their songs, the singers were, with few exceptions, of humble life—following their lowly occupations of painters, shoemakers, printers, &c. They were but little known beyond the immediate circle of their relatives and acquaintances, and it is from these, now few in numbers, and difficult to trace, that the information in the brief notices now given is obtained. That the information to be gathered, in several instances, has been so scanty, is to be regretted; but, at least, a little has been obtained, which will be interesting to those who take an interest in Tyneside songs.

With some it is a common saying, that the new Tyneside songs are not so good as the old. This opinion often arises through a fair allowance not being made for the altered circumstances under which local songs are now written. The older writers, as Gilchrist, Oliver, Mitford, &c., wrote for their own amusement, and sung their songs at social meetings amongst their friends; now Tyneside songs are generally launched into popularity from the stage of the concert hall, music, and dressing in character, being used to add to their effect. Corvan, and, after him, Ridley, followed this course, and made the writing and singing of Tyneside songs their means of livelihood. Joe Wilson and Rowland Harrison are now pursuing a similar course, excepting that Joe never dresses in character, but invariably sings his songs in his ordinary dress. Songs, thus aided by suitable music and comic dresses, although popular on the stage, when divested of such accessories, are not always successful at private gatherings. That they should be so is generally a secondary consideration with the author, he writing them for his own purpose, and by that rule they should be judged. Each class is excellent in its way; and of Tyneside song it may be said, they have suffered less from concert hall innovations than the ordinary comic songs of the day.

Publisher's Note, October, 1872.

The first section included five 16-page and seven 14-page penny numbers, plus two unpaginated one-page biographies of Ned Corvan and George Ridley. There was no page 181, but then came Wilson's *The Deeth o' Renforth*.



How me heart it beats—ivrybody greets,
As the whisper runs throo dowlie streets,
‘We’ve lost poor Jimmy Renforth,
The Champein o’ Tyneside!’

Hoo sad, hoo unexpected,
What different news we thowt to hear,
Till dismay’d an’ affected,
Heart-broken mourners cried,
“Jimmy Renforth’s gyen, wor greet Champein’s
gyen, /
Iv a country strange,—away frae hyem,
We’ve lost brave, honest Renforth,
The Champein o’ Tyneside!”

“Oh, Jim, what myed ye leave us?
What myed ye leave the canny toon?
A journey myed to grieve us,
Ye’ve gyen with the last tide,
An’ the oar that fell, the last oar that fell
Frae yor helpless hand, just seem’d to tell
That Deeth wes the greet victor
I’ races far an’ wide!”

“Life lost without a warnin’,
An’ stopt yor short but grand career,
Then left us stricken, mournin’,
Deprived o’ wor greet pride;
Hoo me heart it beats,—ivrybody greets,
As the whisper runs throo dowlie streets,
‘We’ve lost poor Jimmy Renforth,
The Champein o’ Tyneside!’

[A collection of Tyneside Songs, without Joe Wilson’s name, would be indeed the play of “Hamlet” with the character omitted; yet we can do nothing more in this volume (which is almost exclusively a collection of the “Old Tyneside Songs”) than record his name, and give the reader a specimen of the genius of this most popular Tyneside Bard. Joe Wilson’s songs are so numerous that they form a volume in themselves: to this volume, recently published, and the numerous cheaper issues, in numbers and parts, we beg to direct the reader’s attention.]

An addition to Wilson’s 1867 autobiography claimed that he ‘has been the most successful of Tyneside song writers’ and his name was a household word not only throughout the north of England, but ‘in distant lands, wherever Northcountrymen are settled there his songs are prized’, since their ‘truthfulness to Tyneside life’ succeeded in ‘vividly recalling the old home far away’. The book included Wilson’s *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum*, *The Time that me Fethur wes bed*, *Dinnet clash the Door Be kind te me Dowter* and Harrison’s *Geordy Black* and *Onions*, and defined the latter’s ‘leading characteristic’ as ‘broad humour’.

The facial expression, attitudes, and alternations of voice impart such reality in the character he portrays, that his performance may, with truth, be said to be inimitable. The secret of his entertainment being so apparently well studied may arise from the fact that while all the songs he sings are original, the music of them have been composed by himself.

Although having retired from the profession to a certain extent, for the purpose of attending to his business as proprietor of the ‘Geordy Black,’ Riddell Street, Gateshead, he still continues to accept engagements for limited periods.²⁵

Harrison no longer depended on an income from professional engagements.

Joe Wilson's *Budgit No 1* has not been traced, but *No 2* appeared late in 1872.²⁶ It began with a song about Renforth, set to the tune by Henry Clay Work,²⁷ which celebrated the Union army's enlistment of black men in the Civil War.²⁸

ONE PENNY.

No. 2.

JOE WILSON'S BUDJIT

OV TYNESIDE DROLLERIES, SANGS, AN' FUNNY STORIES.

CONTENTS.

BILLY SHYFELLA'S LUV STORY:
A reglar cawshun.

JACK HARDY'S KOORTSHIP AN'
MARRIDGE: A Recitation.

AN ORNIMINT TE THE FORCE:
A Scene frae the New
License Act.

LYIN' BAD I' BED: Mrs. Clash
an' Mrs. Gossip's Ideas
aboot Iv'rything.

YE KNAW! YE SEE!



CONTENTS.

THE LADS UPON THE WEAR:
A Sang for Sunderland.

HOW CHARLEY PRINCE SHOT
THE BULL:

CHAP. I.—The Temptayshun.

CHAP. II.—The Trajidy.

THE TRAV'LLIN' PORTRAIT
TYEKER: A Pome.

THE DOCTOR'S SHOP.

IN MEMORIUM—RENFORTH.

Air—"Babylon's a Felling."

I.

I' the bloom o' life he left us,
Wi' thowts o' nowt but vict'ry,
He cross'd the greet Atlantic wiv his crew,
Niver dreamin o' misfortin,
Till Deeth's dreed visitation
Struck helpless the grand fellow that we knew.

KORUS.

Gyen frae the hyem we know he liked so weel,
Gyen frae the frinds that held him ivor dear,
We've lost poor Jimmy Renforth,
The Champein ov all Champeins,
The hero of all rivers, far an' near.

II:

Wiv a crew byeth brave an' manly,
The frinds that he had fancied,
He started on a journey myed te pain,
An' bring sorrow, sad an' weary,
Te hearts that least expected
They'd hear a Bard gie vent i' mournful strain.

III.

Then Gud Fortun fair deserted
The crew without their leader,
An' Bad Luck i' thor futsteps follow'd still,
Tho' as noble an' true-hearted
As him that lay so lifeless,
They cuddent make thor way tho' they'd the will.

Published by ALLAN, Wholesale Bookseller, Dean Street and Collingwood Street, Newcastle; also, R. ALLAN, North Shields.

Then came a prose tale.

BILLY SHYFELLA'S LUV STORY.

They tell'd us te forget her,
 'Twas easier said than deun :
 For if ye've thowt owt ov a lass,
 Ye'll not forget her'seun.

She wes the bonniest lass aw ivor saw—aw mean the lass aw fell i' luv with. If aw wes writin a' the hard words i' the Reedimmedeas, aw cudden myek ye believe what she wes like withoot ye saw her, an' seein's deceivin! She had one o' them bonny-luckin fyeces an' reed rosy cheeks that ye'll nivor forget if yor owt like me; an' her form wes fit for the finest chair thit wes nivor paid for! She was a pictor! an' mony a time aw've wished aw had her framed; an' tho' she's myed maw poor frame ake wi' nowt but luv, that luv 'ill stick like glue to the pictor that's always i' me heart an' mind. Aw's tawkin sad noo, an' so aw is. Aw cared mair for that lass then ivor Harry Wardle cared for the best tarrer that ivor went doon Puddin Chare.

But lissen te me story.

Aw met her forst i' Collinwood Street, one bonny day; aw called a bonny day becas ivrything luckt se bonny that day te me.

Sint Nicklis Church te me luckt bonnier than ivor; an' Gregson's jewlor's shop glissint brighter than it ivor did before! But a' the dyminds an' watch fyeces there had ne chance wi' the fyeece o' that lass, maw luv!

Her eye's fair 'clipsed the dyminds iv his rings!

Aw luckt at her fairly mesmerised. She luckt back—but not at me. No! it was te see what time it was!

Aw envied that luck. Aw diddent "wish aw wes a bord," but aw wished aw wes a clock.

She passed us, an' aw went te wark, or else aw wad followed her; but me dinner-oor wes nearly up, an' aw dornet loss half-a-day, for aw'd lost three quarters that week alredy.

That neet, before aw left the shop, aw wshed mesel at the tap, an' dried mesel on a pocket hankercher aw had worn three weeks, an' combed me hair oot wi' me tin can lid.

An' what for?

For fear aw shud meet that lass!

But aw diddent;—not that neet.

Aw gat hyem, an' started te clean mesel ower agyen.

"What are ye puttin yor Sunday's claes on the neet for?" me muther says.

This wes a staggerer! Aw diddent know what te say; for aw'd nivor offered te put them on throo the week before, exceptin on a Setterday neet, when aw knew they war at hyem. So aw mummiled sumthing i' that feulish way that neither ov us knew what aw wes sayin.

"Ye had mair need tyek them off, an' tyek care o' them, for ye cannet tell hoo seun ye'll get anuther suit," says me muther; "an ye know hoo dear ivrything is!"

Wiv a sigh eneuf te knock doon Roger Tichborne, aw tuik them off, an' then teuk mesel off te bed. Aw wes ower vext te gan oot then.

"What's the metter wi' ye the neet, Bill? ye nivor gan te bed this seun: an' thor's whole threepennorth o' tripe for Geordy, an' ye an' me, at supper time!"

Aw tell'd me muther aw wes sleepy; an' that wes one o' the biggest lees aw ivor tell'd i' me life.

"Are ye bad?" she says.

"No, muther!" says aw; tho' aw knew aw wes, an' that wes bad i' luv; for aw knew that aw wes in luv—me forst luv—an' at forst sight—wi' that bonny lass aw had seen i' the mornin; aw had nivor felt such a funny sensayshun afore.

Aw rowled frae side te side i' bed; shut me eyes, an' tried te myek mesel believe aw wes asleep; but aw cudden, for aw knew aw wassent.

Next mornin, aw teuk mair pains wi' mesel te gan te wark then aw'd ivor deun; an' at dinner-time aw met that lass agyen.

She luckt bonnier than ivor.

Aw cudden help but stop an' stare at her—mind ye, stop an' stare at her!

She gov us a luck that myel us blush like a greet bairn an' aw warned mony a time she's thowt aw wes as daft as pig's weshins.

That neet aw nivor offered te cum oot.

"What are kickin me for?" growls wor Geordy, as we lay i' bed tegither; for aw's a vary quiet sleeper, an' he teuk badly wi' me bein se restless, for he wassent used wid. Aw pretended te be asleep; but aw cudden tyek him in: for, a few minutes efter, when me fut just acksidemly touched him, aw nivor knew till he gov us such a kick that sent us sprawlin on the floor, i' the dark. An aw dorsent shoot: aw wes frightened me, muther wad hear ng; so aw serammiled inte bed agyen the best way aw cud, shakin like a piece o' tishey paper, an' just as useless.

"What de ye mean be gan on this way?" says Geordy; this is the seekind neet ye've gyen on that way. If ye cannet sleep yorsel, ye heh ne call te hinder me; besides, aw'll not let onybody kick me for nowt!"

Aw tried te quiet him wi' the kindest words aw cud fin'd on me trimlin tung: for Geordy's a canny fellow, only kind o' het-tempered like.

"Geordy," says aw, "aw's in luv!"

"Yor i' what?" says he.

"Aw's i' luv?" says aw.

So aw tell'd him awl about as tyekin such a fancy te that bonny lass; an' when aw'd tell'd him, aw felt as leet as if sumbody had lifted a cart-load o' white leed off me stomick.

Geordy wes a lang time i' gein us an ansor, but at last he says—

"Is she a gud-luckin lass?"

"Yis!" says aw; an' aw claspt me hands the syem way as aw de when aw say me prayers.

"Aw'll gan wi' ye an' hev a luck at her the morrow dinner-time," says he, "an' aw'll tell ye what aw think on her, for aw reckin mesel a bit ov a judge!"

He went wiv us the next day, an' aw expect aw stared at her i the syem stupid way aw had before. She gov us a kind ov a smile. A bonny smile! Still aw cudden help but think it wes one i' pity for me shyness an' me ignorance.

"What de ye think on her?" says aw te Geordy, efter she passed us.

"She's a fine donor!" he says.

The story continued on the next page alongside a 'Resitayshun' about the advantages of marrying an older woman, and an advertisement for the Allans' playing cards 'For the Winter nights and New Year Parties' at home, since public betting was illegal, especially in licensed premises. The cards cost 3s 6d, so the Allans were evidently focussing on better-off workers and members of the petit-bourgeoisie.

"Aw think she is!" says aw: an' aw felt at that moment just the syem as if she really thowt o' me, an' knew for a sartinty what aw thowt ov her.

That neet, aw drest mesel an' went oot. Mony a time aw walked round the Market, Grainger Street, or any uther street where aw thowt aw might see her.

At last aw did!

'Twas i' Grainger Street!

She wes biv hersel!

She saw us!

Aw followed her along one street—then anuther—an' then anuther; sumtimes close tiv her, an' sumtimes a hundrid yards behind. But whenivor aw got nigh hand her, me heart always failed us. Aw wes ower shy; aw stud baim-boozled; aw wondered what te de; an' when aw had the corridge te luck round us,—she wes gyen!

An' mony a day an' neet went on like this.

At last, one neet, aw myed up me mind te speak, for ivry smile she'd gien us throo the day had myed us like her mair than ivor; an' aw begun te think aw had a chance. So that neet, wi' mair confidence i' mesel than iver aw thowt aw wad hev, efter aw'd nearly spoilt the luckin-glass wi' luckin in't se lang, aw bent me way to where aw wes myest likely te meet her.

At last she com!

If aw haddent been i' luv before, aw wad hev been then.

She nodded te me! She nodded te me!

Aw started! an' stud! an' started agyen!

Aw followed her, an' got close tiv her.

Aw tutcht her airm! her airm!

She torned round.

Aw wes gan te speak;—aw tried; but me heart or sumthing else stuck i' me throat. The wetter started i' me eyes, an' there aw stud.

Aw cudden speak.

Me airm on hers—an' still aw cudden speak.

Aw let go, an' thowt aw wes gan te faint; aw stud like a greet thickhead, iv a cad swet, when aw saw her gan slawly away.

Hoo aw got hyem aw divvent knaw; hoo aw kickt i' bed that neet aw divvent knaw; hoo aw got up aw divvent knaw; an' hoo aw did me wark the maister only knaws.

But he gov us the bag!

The next Sunday neet, mad wi' luv an' desperashun, determined te knaw me fate, aw rushed up the Moor Edge.

It wes awful dark. Blind as aw am at any time, the darkness wes ower much for me. Aw stared into ivry lass's fyce aw met; knocked one ower; an' tumbled agyen anuther; got me eye blackt wi' one o' thor lads that aw nivor saw; an' staggered a' ways but the reet one.

At last a lamp-post stoit us, an' there aw stud.

Stud, wi' me blinkin eye luckin for the cause o' me affecshun an' refleckshun.

What wes that aw saw be the refleckshun o' the lamp?

It wes her, me lass!

But thor wis a lad wiv her!

Aw saw them pass. Ideas like lectnin nearly nearly struck us daft. But thor wes no mistyek: aw had seen her linkin past us wiv a lad. Aw had lost her throo me narvisness,

What wes aw te de?

Aw wad see whe it wes that had sharpt us!

Aw rushed doon the crood o' happier foaks then me, an' stuck mesel agyen the forst lamp-post that they'd pass.

They com near us;—they nodded!

Byeth o' them!

They nodded!—nodded te me!

"What are ye dein here, Billy?" says a weel-known voice.

Aw luckt up at the lad, an' me brains (if aw hev any) wes obscured wiv a feelin o' madness that aw dornet gie vent te, when his eyes met mine.

It wes wor Geordy!

Me awn bruther had sharpt us!

Aw cannot say ony mair, for aw's heartbroke; but

A man might as weel dee

As be as shy as me.

JACK HARDY'S KOORTSHIP AND MARRIDGE!

A RESITAYSHUN.

Jack Hardy was as fine a lad

As ivor ye cud see,

The reglor pictor ov his dad,

His muther once tell'd me,

As cute a lad, as sharp a lad,

As ye'll meet iv a day,

A lad that teuk care ov his brass,

An' threw nyen on't away.

At the age o' fower-an-twenty

He gat wark i' the toon,—

As i' this he was forced te tyek,

He teuk a little room,

Frev a canny quiet widow, an'

Her dowter, just ite-teen,

Ab' wes settled like a landlady,

Wi' greet comfort,—a' soreen.

Noo the dowter kind a fancied

That here might be a chance

For a gud-man real gud-luckin;

She tried each winnin glance

That she thowt was fascinatlin,

But not one o' them wad de,

For Jack had diff'rent noshuns

As te whe his wife shud be.

Throo the day, Jack always thinkin,

Throo the neet, iv ivry dream,

Thor wes only one idea,

An' strange as it may seem,

Jack hessel had quite porswayded,

An' wi' quite a settled mind,

Iv a' the wimmin he had seen

The widow wes myest kind.

He nivor dreamt her dowter luv'd!

Or thowt ov him at a';

'Twad been all the eyem thing if he

For cutely, ye mun knaw, (had,

He'd reckund up the furnitor,

Se neat, se gud, se trim,

An' thowt a hoose se weel set up

Wes just the thing for him!

Tho' cawshusly, he kem begun

Te koort the widow there, (away

An' smoked, an' joked, an' tawk'd

Iv her late man's ensy chair,

He fairly wun her hooze an' luv,

An' married seem war they;

Tho' young enuff te be her son,

They'd mony a happy day.

"Revenge is sweet!" sumbody says,

An' so the dowter thowt,

For tho' Jack nivor knew her luv,

She thowt he dot, or evnt,

An' a' his dinners that shis kenck't

She teuk gud care te spoil;

Wi' fire nently always out,

The pot wad nivor boil.

Things went on this way days an' weeks

Till Jack's mate, Harry Hills,

Proposed te be his son-in-law,

One neet across thor gills.

The dowter got him—noo her lot's

Te wait upon a man,

That always pledges her his luv

When he puts his claws i' pawn.

He likes his beer, dis Harry Hills,

He's unkil knaws that tee,

For Harry's coat he often gets

Te help te raise a spree;

While lucky Jack sticks tiv his wife,

A happy couple,—they

Set a pattern te the young uns,

Workin hard frae day te day!

For the Winter Nights and New Year Parties provide a Pack of PLAYING CARDS. De La Rue's Celebrated Playing Cards are always to be had at Allan's, from 9d. to 3s. 6d. per Pack.

N.B.—The SHILLING PACK is good, strong, and very serviceable.

ALLAN, Bookseller, Dean Street and Collingwood Street.

Parliament now required public houses in provincial towns to close at midnight on weekdays and restricted opening to between 12.30pm to 3.00pm and 6.00pm to 11.00pm on Sundays. Beer houses could open an hour earlier on weekdays, but borough councils could ban the sale of alcohol altogether. The Act imposed a fine of 10s for public drunkenness, £1 for a second offence within 12 months and £2 for a third offence. Four years earlier members of the 'pseudo-masonic' Independent Order of the Good Templars had arrived in Britain from the USA,³⁰ and Newcastle Good Templars and other teetotal organisations were actively involved in the borough elections on 2 November 1872, when the Conservatives made most gains.³¹

Wilson probably had to deal with policemen cadging whiskey and falsely arresting sober customers for being drunk to intimidate both them and the licensee. The dialogue suggested that Newcastle police were not particularly bright or virtuous and since such corrupt conduct could lead to promotion Wilson expected readers to be as disgusted as he was. On the same

page he 'reported' married women's attitudes to borrowing a dress for a funeral and to their husbands' and other men's deaths, yet 'Mrs Clash' and 'Mrs Gossip' were up to date in terms of the Act to amend electoral law, which required a secret ballot that gave voters anonymity from Conservative, Liberal or Radical landlords and employers.

AN ORNAMINT TÈ THE FORCE!

A SCENE FRAE THE NEW LICENSE ACT.

He diddnt cum iv a cab or a 'bus to the toon.
 No! he c'm iv a cairt.
 An his reed hair, that had nearly been wesh'd oot, shone like a turmit i' the rays
 o' the risin' sun.
 But he was narvis, an' onybody cud see biv his 'intelligent ignorant fyece he was
 gan to meet his fate.
 An' what was his fate?
 To join the force!
 Aye, to join the force, that brilliant specimen o' the yewman race had put his-
 sel intiv a carrier's cairt to rithe the toon.
 He rithe'd it!
 The forst day on his beat, hoo did he feel?
 Wbe knows?
 He luekt at a' the foaks that pass'd him, an' wundord tiv hissel who he cud
 tyek had on.
 He measurd ivrybody wiv his eyes frae heed to fut.
 He scow'd at the bairns, but nyen wad give him provokashun.
 It's true sumbody lafft to see him iv a suit myed for sumbody else.
 An' then he scow'd agyen.
 But that wassent a caso!
 Next day thar was a fligit i' the street.
 He hesitated! he went! when it was deun.
 But "Pracktis myeks Perfect," as Richard the Thord says i' the play ov Hamlet.
 He got on! He turn'd bowld!
 He turn'd impittent!
 He turn'd owt!
 He nivor had much feelin; noo, he had nyen!
 An' that myed him an Ornamint to the Force.
 Hoo he enjoy'd hissel i' mony a hoose lang efter closin time,
 What whiskies he got. Hot!
 Bur not at his expense.
 Aw shud think not!
 He shook hands wiv hissel, an' blist the day he join'd the Force.
 But a change com ower a' an' stoppt the sport, an' lower'd his.
 'Twas the New License Act!
 Noo thar was a chance for cases,—
 But ne whisky!
 One mornin, when a lanlord that he knew was openin oot,
 He spok like this:—
 "It's a fine mornin, mister!"
 "Aye!" says the lanlord.
 "It's vary cad!"
 "Yis!" says the lanlord.
 "A drop o' sumthin short waddent de onybody harm!"
 "No!" says the lanlord.
 "Is thar ony chance this mornin?"
 "Not for yet!" says the lanlord.
 "Aw wad nivor menshund!"
 "Hoo can we trust the Force?" says the lanlord.
 "But ye know me!"
 "Aye, ower much!" says the lanlord.
 What was the feelin o' wor hero efter this aw divvent knaw.
 His beat beat him.
 He luekt around, an' wonder'd on whe he cud heh revenge.
 At last, to his astonishment, he saw a man!
 The man stagger'd
 "Yor drunk!" says wor hero.
 "No aw'm not!" says the man.
 "Yis ye are!"
 "No aw'm not!"
 "Ye'll heh to cum w' me, then!" says wor noble Nabs.
 "But aw's not gan!" says the man.
 He teuk him!
 An' noo he's promoted;
 An' walks the streets w' braid about his coat
 For deeds o' bravery!

LYIN' BAD I' BED!

MRS. CLASH AN' MRS. GOSSIP'S IDEAS ABOUT
IV'RYTHING.

Aw cannot tell hoo lang aw lay, but aw waken'd week an'
 feeble te me senses. if aw hev ony, an' aw heard, at forst not
 clivor, but still aw heard sum voices tawkin iv a kind o'
 half-whisper that myed us keep me eyes shut te myek them
 imadgin aw wes still asleep.

Aw knew thar voices nicely, they belang'd te Mrs Clash
 an' Mrs Gossip.

"It's a pity he's se bad!" says Mrs Clash, "aw doot it's a
 bad job for him; he's been bad a lang time noo!"

"Sarves him reet!" says Mrs Gossip, "he owt te tyek
 care ov hissel when he's weel. Aw cannot tell hoo foaks can
 lie se lang i' bed when thar bad! Aw wes nivor bad except
 when aw wes laid up, an' then aw wes always up i' three
 days!"

"Ye've been a strang wummin!" says Mrs Clash, "for
 mony a time aw've been bad an' gein np; an' maw poor man
 said it wad hev been a gud job iv aw had gyen, espeshly
 when he wes iv a pashun. Aw mind when wor little Jackey
 dee'd, aw went an' borrow'd a black dress ov Mrs Languose,
 an' she had the cheek te ax us for'd afore a fortnet wes
 ower." "Mrs Clash," says she, "it's high time ye were gein
 that dress back!"

"Aw'll heh me len oot!" says aw, "an' aw'll keep't as lang
 as aw like! an' she actwilly had the cheek te say that aw
 was impittent."

"God forbid!" says Mrs Gossip, "onybody that lens owt
 tiv onybody owt te run the risk!"

"Yis!" says Mrs Clash, "what a nawful thing it is hoo
 the world gans on, when we owt te leeve i' peace an' quiet-
 ness an' agree a' tegither! that wes what me poor gud-man
 used te say!"

"What a queer thing men shud gan off i' that way!" says
 Mrs Gossip, "when wor still alive, an' then they heh the
 narve te say that it's us that kills them; but the female
 porshun of the popilashun wes always the sufferers i' this
 inyweman world!"

"It's a pity that poor sowl i' bed 'ill not dee!" says Mrs
 Clash, "for aw cud borrow a goon ov Mrs Dumps for the
 fewnril, an' it wad de te gan te Mrs Smasher's tea pairty
 when the club bricks up!"

"What a gud thing them clubs is!" says Mrs Gossip.
 "Mrs Short got fower pund oot o' one when her man
 dee'd!"

"Aw suppose Jack Lang's been on the fuddle ivor since
 the Leckshun!" says Mrs Clash; "it's a nawful job this vote
 be ballot!"

"What de ye call vote be ballast?" says Mrs Gossip;
 "aw always thowt the ballast wes where the lasses dances i'
 the Pantomime!"

"The vote be ballot," says Mrs Clash, "is this—thor's
 two dandy-like cheps com into the hoose an' teuk Jack oot
 an' myed him drunk, an' the next mornin when he wes bad
 they teuk him away iv a cab te put his nyem iv a box, te
 say whe he voted for; an' he says he wes that much knockt

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 WAGES CALCULATOR—cheap, handy, and correct. By this useful Calcu-
 lator you can tell at a glance what your wages come to. Every Workman should
 have one. ALLAN, Bookseller, Dean Street and Collingwood Street.

about an' deev'd wi' cheps shootin at byeth sides, 'Whe are ye gan te vote for?' that he'll vote ne mair for nobody!"

"Aw suppose Jack's gan te get married!" says Mrs Gossip; "it's mebbies for the best, for he was always a heed-strang feul, an' he wants te knaw what it is te be kept doon a bit!"

"Aw wunder if that poor sowl i' bed ivor says his prayers?" says Mrs Clash.

"It'll be a bad job if he dissent!" says Mrs Gossip, "for foaks shud always start te pray when they turn bad!"

"Stor the fire, Mrs Gossip!" says Mrs Clash, "it's cad here, an' it dissent matter hoo many coals we use when we hevint te pay for them. Coals is an awful price noo, an' meat's a shillin a pund!"

"Meat's meat noo!" says Mrs Gossip.

"It's a blissin it is!" says Mrs Clash; "aw got two pund last week nearly a' byens!"

"Thor's a bonny coffin aw saw i' Newgate Street aw think wad be his size!" says Mrs Gossip. "They've a grand show of coffins yonder for them that wants te use them!"

"May the day be lang distant when we'll need them!" says Mrs Clash. "Is thor ony whisky left i' the bottle?"

"Aye, thor's still a few glasses!" says Mrs Gossip. "Foaks always need a drop te cheer thor hearts under dowley sor-kumstances!"

"What de ye think o' them? Gud Tipplers, wi' thor publick hooses wi' ne drink!" says Mrs Clash. "They nran hch sum interest sumway, ye knaw, for teetotelors need profit just as weel as onybody else!"

"Yor reet!" says Mrs Gossip, "it's ivrybody te thor trade, bliss ye! Wor Timothy was a striker, but prechin paid him better! A gud tung myeks mony a man!"

"Wassent it a shyem for Bob Mack te steal the cat he myed a prissent te wor Fred!" says Mrs Clash. "It was a gud ratter; but just for a little bit spite he stoled, efter Fred behavin se weel tiv him!"

"It was the hight of base ingratitude, as the pote says!" says Mrs Gossip, "an' he'll nivor knaw ne gud on't."

"He nivor did!" says Mrs Clash, "for the cat got used te wor hoose, an' it waddent stop wi' him; so ye see that pay-shuns an' vartue's always rewarded!"

"It was villiny defeated!" says Mrs Gossip, "an' vartue triumphant!"

"Aw suppose Roger's gan te get the state!" says Mrs Clash, "he's an ill-used man, whether he's the man or not!"

"Aye, ivrybody should heh thor awn!" says Mrs Gossip, "an' what belongs te him shud be his, whether it belongs tiv him or not!"

"Yor reet there!" says Mrs Clash. "Let's hev another drop o' medsin!"

"This is better medsin than the lad i' bed gets!" says Mrs Gossip, smackin her lips an' wipein them wiv her apron. "He mun heh been a wonderful man that invented whiskey!"

"What de ye think 'about the boat races?" says Mrs Clash. "That Lally mun be a cawshun!"

"But Bagnall's a cawshuner!" says Mrs Gossip.

"That Jimmy Taylor's a queer un!" says Mrs Clash.

"He's ower mony for Kelley!" says Mrs Gossip.

"What a nawful job that Barber's strike wes!" says Mrs Clash; "but strikes nivor did ne gud; it cost wor Tommy thrippence te get his hair cut. Aw've broke a baysin ower his heed, an' nivor chairged him nowt for'd!"

"Aw wunder what they'll chairge for a decent heerse?" says Mrs Gossip; "things 'ill heh te be got up forst-rate, for he's i' three clubs!"

"Let's hev another drop o' whiskey, an' wish he may rest i' peace!" says Mrs Clash.

"Man was made te mourn!" says Mrs Gossip, "an' wum-min tee. Here's yor vary gud hilt, Mrs Clash!"

"Heh ye been readin i' the papers about them queer carryins on the Shakers hes!" says Mrs Clash, "it's sumthink disgustin upon my word!"

"What de ye call Shakers?" says Mrs Gossip, "for aw's ne scholar!"

"Them foaks that calls thorsels relidjis!" says Mrs Clash; "but they hev a queer way ov showin't: they dance, kiss, cuddle, squeeze, an' de owt they like the time thor sayin thor prayers!"

"May the devil tyek them but not tyek us!" says Mrs Gossip; "thor warse than the Mormons!"

"An' they're bad enuff!" says Mrs Clash. "Te think ov mau wi' twenty wives or mair at the syem time; thor not winnin, hinny. Is thor a drop whiskey left, Mrs Gossip?"

"Aw believe thor is, Mrs Clash, but what wi' the price o' provishuns an' the New License Act, it tyeks foaks a' thor time te get a drop i' cumfort noo!"

"May he hev a quiet end!" says Mrs Clash, "for aw divvent like te see foaks suffer; may we forget his falts for all we had such a lot; but we a' heh them, mistress; an' may he seun be i' hivvin!"

"Awmen!" says Mrs Gossip, as she finished the last drop, "awmen!"

Aw fell asleep.

SONGS OF COALY TYNE.

"There's native haiks in yon town,
For wit and humour seldom bet;
And they sang sae sweet in yon town,
Good faith, I think I hear them yet."

JUST PUBLISHED,

Allan's Illustrated Edition of

TYNESIDE SONGS,

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ALLAN, Dean Street and Collingwood Street.

On the following page Wilson set some lyrics to the same tune as a contemporary slip song.³³ The Ouseburn surgery was not far from his pub and the doctors charged what they liked and took home £12 a week. They also retained ten percent of their employees' earnings, allegedly to prevent them spending it on drink, and sought to convert them to nonconformity and teetotalism. Wilson's two-act 'tragedy' suggested that butchers routinely sold beef from mad beasts and lampooned a volunteer rifleman for being unable to shoot, but Wilson's advertisement underlined the fact that he needed engagements.

THE DOCTOR'S SHOP.

(A DOSE O' YEWSEBURN MEDSIN.)

TEUN—"The Sewin Masheen."

Jack Whatyemaycally wanted a job,
A jolly young chep is he,
So wiv a heart byeth bilthe an' leet,
He set off doon the Kee;
Till at last he got to the Yewseburn,
Says he, "Here aw'll myek a stop,
For aw think thor might be a chance o' wark"—
So he entered the Doctor's Shop.

KORUS.

Where Co-operation's the word,
Equality nivor to stop;
But still thor's a maister te ivry man
That works i' the Doctor's Shop.

So they sent Jack to the Chairman, an'
The Chairman says, "Are ye
A yung man that attends wor church?—
If yor not, ye owt to be!
If yor sober, an' stiddy, an' good, an'
Nivor ne mair tyek a drop,
But say yor prayers, an' pay wor shares,
Thor's a job i' the Doctor's Shop!"

Says the Chairman, "If yor ivor bad,
Aw'll cum an' fack ye;
An' not chairge mair then sults mesel,
Ye may rely on me.

Tho' me salary's twelve quid a week,
Aw issent a bit like a fop;
So, John, ye may start wiv a varry gud heart—
Work for me i' the Doctor's Shop!"

Jack started; but the ten-per-cent
They kept off ivry wack
He caddent fancy; so he went
The Chairman grand to seek.
Says Jack, "Ye can gies what's no avn,
For here aw's not gan to stop!"
Says the Chairman, "If ye want owt o' me,
Call next week at the Doctor's Shop!"

But before he went, the Chairman said,
"If aw giv ye five-pound note,
Ye'd be sure to gan an' spend it, for
'Twad seem gan doon yor throat!"
Says Jack, "For a fellow like ye,
De ye think aw'll drink ginger pop?
No! No! The gud meksin aw tyek clean likk,
A' ye've got i' yor Doctor's Shop!"

Jack called next week, wif no success,
Says he, "As maw nyem's John,
If ye mean to put it to me,
Aw'll put *Latet may on*!"
Says the Chairman, "Don't preach to me!"
Says Jack, wiv a skip an' a hop,
"Thor's not one that needs so much preachin to
I' the whole o' yor Doctor's Shop!"

JOE WILSON,

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HOO CHARLEY PRINCE SHOT THE BULL.

CHAPTER I.

"THE TEMPTAYSHUN."

"Charley," says Bags the Butcher, one neet, te that world-renoon'd rifleman, Charley Prince, "aw wad like to hev a bit crack wif ye on varry important bissness!"

Charley drew nigher hand Bags, wiv a luck 'o' wisdum that was varry seldum seen on his broad, gud-tempered fyce, except when he went to church on the Sundays, an' that wes only when the priest set his eyes at him, if he thowt Charley wes gan te sleep.

"Charley," says Bags, "aw've sumthing varry portickilor te say te ye!"

Charley ansored wiv a nod, as much as te say, "A' reet! gan on, aw's lisuin!"

"Charley," says Bags agyen, "the questin aw want te ax ye is this—*De ye think ye can shut a mad bull?*"

"Whe are ye pickin yor fun out on?" wes the ansor o' the noble Prince, an' Charley fairly reedined agyen.

"Aw's pickin ne fun at a'," says Bags. "Aw've bowt one frae Jimmy the Farmer, an' aw's fritened te gan into the byer te fell'd; an' aw thowt as ye war a volunteer, wiv a gun, an' a gud shot, ye might gan in an' shut it."

"Me!" cries the rifleman, turnin as pale as a pillow-slip, an' staggerin as if he had committed sewyside.

"Aye, ye!" says Bags; as serious as Samson when he killed a lion. "Aw'll be glad to see ye. What ye ye fittin on?"
Aw'll pay ye for'd; an' yor sartinly not a sowlger if yor fritened te shut a bull!"

"But it's mad!" says Prince.

"The better reason it shud be shot!" says the butcher. "So get yor gun, an' aw'll fin'd powther an' shot. Aw know the lanlord o' the 'Broken Gas Pipe' hes sum."

"Whe, ye sartinly divvent expect us te gan into the byer tid?" says Charley; an' the blud o' the Princes seemed te be sinkin intiv his Wellintin beuts.

"Aw'll tell ye what we can do, then," says Bags, as if an idea had struck him an' pleased him: "we can gan up i' the hayloft, an' ye can hit him throo the trap-door where the lether is; an' ye'll be as safe as Albert the Greet was i' the cairt o' hay! Besides, aw's not portickilor tiv a bob or two; an' aw'll myek ye a prissint o' the heed on't, an' it's big eneuft te myek potted-heed te sarve a ridgement o' hungry porter-pokemen!"

"Whe, yor surely not gan te sell the karkus for yewman fud? Yor not gan te sell a mad bull for foaks te eat?" says Charley, as if he wes gan te heli the bile iv his stomick.

"Ye greet cull!" says Bags, wiv a luck o' butcher's contempt; "hoo are ye te know hoo mony mad bulls ye've eatin? So say the words: will ye gan or not? Thor's ne danger, an' if thor is, aw'll tyek all upon mesel!"

"Aw'll gan the neet!" says Charley; "it's settled!" an when he said this, he luekt as if he only wished it was.

But he had gien his word; an' the word ov a rifleman wes nivor knawn te be broken.

On the next page was a 'Pome' was about a man who sold portraits to 'silly feuls' at fairs and hoppings. Photography promised a prosperous future, and Wilson argued that it was 'puff, an' cheek, and impittence / That makes mony a bisniss man'. Allan squeezed in an advertisement for binding numbers and parts that people had bought separately.

[1872.

JOE WILSON'S BUDJIT.

7

CHAPTER II.

"THE TRADJIDY."

It's neet; an' Bags, wi' Charley Prince carryin a gun iv his trimlin hand, myek thor way slawly to the scene ov ack-shun, where Jimmy the Farmer's waitin for his celebrated visitors.

"Is that ye, Jimmy?" says Bags, when he saw a leet about the size ov a fardin candle glimmerin a few yards off.

"Yis; aw've browt a lanteren, for fear o' the hay tyekin fire!" says Jimmy iv a whisper that myed Charley's blud creep intiv his veins like bugs intiv a blanket.

Wi' the bravery ov a Noodle at the Ridin Skeul Drill he followed Bags an' Jimmy intiv a back-yard that led the way te the loft.

But a growl frae the byer stopt him till a growl frae Bags myed him gan on.

At last they got upstairs amang the hay.

"All amang the hay!"

"Charley," says Bags te that Prince ov Warriors, "gan beside the hole yonder, where tae lether gans doon, an' Jimmy 'ill had the leet, an' the retley ye see its heed, fire!"

"But if it cums up the steps!" says Prince; an' he shivered as if the croon ov his heed was fallin on tiv his shoolders.

"Hoo can the bull cum up the steps, ye feul?" says Jimmy, when a blair com frae the byer like one of Airmstrang's breech-loaders.

"Get amang the hay, Charley," says Bags, "an' yor quite safo: *it's been furd te biv experience!* But mind, whatever ye de, hit it i' the heed or the throat, an' fowks 'ill think aw've killed it mesel!"

Charley moved slawly amang the hay, till he got te the openin, but the noise o' the hoofs an' chains below, an' grunts an' growls, wassent owt o' the kind he wanted te raise his corridge, for his heart was gettin that law it might heh ritched where the bull was.

"Fire noo, man!" cries Bags, as he clickt the leet frae Jimmy. "Fire noo! it's heed's this way, an' ye've a grand chance!"

"The Lord heh marcy on yor sowl!" moans Charley, as he shut his eyes an' fired at the unfortnit King o' the Bulls.

Bang!

A roar! a yell! a what!

The whole buildin wes shakin as if it had got what it did-dent like.

"Marcy on us!" cries Charley, "what for becas was aw browt here te shed the blud ov an innicent fellow creeter?"

"Let's gan doon," says Bags; "aw can easy stickt—aw heh me knives wis. Cum on, lads! it's a gud job it wes such a gud shot; but aw always said Charley wes a clinker!"

Wiv a bit porswayden he followed Bags an' Jimmy, for the nyem o' bein clivor raised his head abuv the hay.

Bags luckt roond an' examined the pairt nearest tiv him that belanged te the victim o' Charley Prince.

He luckt at the strugglin beast.

"Yor a gud shot, Charley; ye've myed a hole i. one side ov its heed!" says Bags an' Jimmy i' one breeth nearly oot o' breeth.

A growl frae the uther end myed them a luck up i' frite.

"What's that!" says Bags, an' the lantern iv his hand an the teeth iv his heed played a teun he did-dent fancy.

He got nearer.

"What!" he cries i rage, "ye've hit it close agyen the tail an' spoilt a roond o' beef!"

"I the abdomen?" falters Charley, using harder words than he wes used with.

He staggered back.

The gun fell frae his hands.

He shot ne mair!

MORAL.

*The man that shuts a bull
Mun be a heedstrang cull.*

THE TRAV'LIN PORTRAIT TYEKER!

A POME.

Aw thowt aw cud paint a pictor,
Aw did upon me word,
So aw bowt a penny box o' paints,
Just what aw cud afford,
An' then aw wundor'd what aw'd try,
A mau, a beast, or bird.

Aw mind aw luckt i' mony a shop,
Transparent slates aw saw,
An' wish'd that aw cud buy a one,
For then aw'd lairn te draw;
But money often myeks a man,
An' that ov korse ye'll know.

Aw had te myek mesel content
Wi' nowt but what aw had;
Aw struggled hard an' did me best,
Like mony a poor lad,
An' wor fowks had the narve te say
It wassent te call bad.

Aw thowt aw wad tyek a portrait,
So aw got me bruther Ned
Te sit befor us mony a neet
When we shud been i' bed,
Aw thowt them wes the happiest oors
Two young uns ivor led.

Aw myed his nose a' kinds o' shapes,
His eyes aw myed them squint,
His cheek, throo maw artistic skill,
Had mony a dimple in't,
An' wiv a bright rose-pink aw goh
Them such a bonny flut.

But not a sowl alive cud see
A hit o' likeness there,
Tho' sum te please us myed us think
'Twas really vary fair,
For they wad say 'twas just like Ned,
Se'reed about the hair!

But still aw thowt aw'd deun se weel,
Aw'd hev a try agyen,
For if a gud job's once begun,
Te let it once alyon,
Wad ruin ibe best o' clivor skemes,
An' best o' clivor men.

So on went aw,—an' on went Time,
Wi' nowt else i' me heed,
But tyekin fowks's likenesses,
Till aw stud hard i' need
O' what aw cudden de without,
That's Life's supporter, Breed!

Iv a booth at fair or hoppin',
Wi' black paper aw wad myek
Sum floggor for the silly feuls,
Se daft such like te tyek,—
But feuls mun often help us, lads,
Or where's wor daily kyeck?

At last a felly-graff mawber,
Like lectnin i' the skies,
Com dazlzn one day te me seet,
An' fill'd us wi' surprise;
De luck aw got one oot on tick:
The man that ticks is wise!

But Fortun always wi' the brave
'Ill not a comrade be—
Aw cudden tyek a pictor wid,
One ivor fit te see;
Aw laid me heed upon me hand,
An' wish'd that aw cud dee.

At last a thowt flew throo me brain,
An' myed us once mair stir,—
Ideas hoo tq lairn the trade
Had not struck me befor,—
Aw'd try an' get a job te stand
At sum fotty-graffer's door!

Aw did; an' noo ye'll see me nyem's
Upon a decent van,
At races, ony place where sport
Brings money is me plan;
It's puff, an' cheek, an' impittence
Myeks mony a bisniss man.

Frae sixpence up te its-teen-pence,
Aw'll tyek ye weel on glass,
An' cairds, six bob a duzzin,
That nobody can surpass,
Aw'll myek gud-lucking ony fyeece,
Man, wummin, lad, or lass!

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Wilson used a tune associated with *The Railway Guard*, a song about a train journey from Euston Station which had appeared as sheet music in London,³⁵ and lampooned workers who repeatedly checked they had been understood. 'A Sang for Sunderland' audiences re-used, *Rip Teerin' Jimmie*, a tune from one of his songs about Tyneside,³⁶ but it has not been traced.

YE KNAW! YE SEE!

TEUN—"THE RAILWAY GUARD."

I.
Wheniv'er ye hear a story tell'd
On owt, or on nowt at a',
De ye niver mind the diff'rent styles?
Thor's sum 'ill say ye knaw!
An' sum 'ill say ye understand!
An' sum 'ill say ye see!
At the end ov' every sentence,
So just listen, lads, to me.

KORUS.

For ye knaw, an' ye see, an' ye understand,
An' ye understand, ye knaw,
Ye'll snail 'f' story-tellin' thor's a lot o' funny ways,
But aw's sure this quite licks a'.

II.

For instance, aw'll tyeek a chep that once
Tell'd me his pedigree,
As a specimen o' the way foaks tell
A story, *de ye see?*
Says he, "Then forst, ye'll understand,
Me muther's nyem wes (iee,
An' me fethur's nyem Bob Broon, ye knaw,
Byeib diff'rent quite, *de ye see?*"

III.

"Me muther's nyem wes niver changed,
Tho' not her fait, ye knaw,
Me fethur left the toon, ye see,
Afore dayleet aw saw;
It wassent reek, ye understand,
But aw warn'd he diddnt knaw that
Aw wes cammin, *de ye see?*"

IV.

What puzzles me mvest, ye'll understand,
Is the habit foaks hee, *de ye see?*
I sayin' ye knaw an' ye understand,
An' ye see, an' *de ye not see?*
The subject may be grand, ye knaw,
Or may be nowt at a',
But still foaks say, ye understand,
Ye see, besides ye knaw!

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A SANG FOR SUNDERLAND!

THE LADS UPON THE WEAR!

TEUN—"AW'LL SING YE A TYNESIDE SANG."

I.

I' Sunderland let's sing
What shud myek the whole noose ring,
It's a sang that's sartin a' the lads to cheer,
For it gladdens iv'ry toon
When thor natives gain renoun,
An' thor's hundreds that's deun that upon the Wear.

KORUS.

An' oh, me lads, it myeks me heart as glad
To sing ye a sang to please ye here,
Then give a hearty cheer
For the lads upon the Wear,
Aye, a hearty cheer for them upon the Wear!

II.

What a greet success they've myed
I' myest iv'ry kind o' trade,
Ne shipbuilders i' the world they'll ivor fear,
An' greet launches keep thor pride
Always on the brightest side,
An' the sailors a' declare as on the Wear!

III.

They've a toon that's often praised,
An' byeth Pier an' Park they've raised,
An' examples set the uthors far an' near;
When the Nine Oars Strike begun,
It was gain'd and fairly won,
Forst and foremost, be the lads upon the Wear!

IV.

Then iv nearly iv'ry sport,
Whey, ye'll seldom find them short,
An' sum day thor'll be a champion sculler here;
Let this always be yor boast,
An' yor pleasure when ye toast,
"May success attend the lads upon the Wear!"

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The Allans evidently had Valentine's Day cards on sale before Christmas.

Ralph Wilkinson recalled that Wilson stuck the lyrics of *What gud can sweerin' de?* on one of the Adelaide Hotel windows so that passers-by could read it, since he 'strongly objected to that obnoxious habit in his house'. He remained a prolific songwriter. 'Wherever he got an engagement, he always had a new song or two to sing at it. One night, at his "Free and Easy", he rehearsed two that he had composed for the following week at the Oxford Music Hall.' One of them was *Mally didn't cum*,³⁸ a song about a young man being stood up by a young woman who had agreed to meet him at Grey's Monument,³⁹ and he set *Where is Geordy gyeen?* to Michael Arne's late 18th century tune, *Homeward Bound*, but the manuscript has been damaged.

Where is Geordy gyeen? 76
Written and sung by Joe Wilson, and received
with thousands of applause.
Air - "Homeward Bound."
Oh where! oh where is our Geordy gyeen?
He'll not gae to work, or he'll not stop at hysen,
An' we seen little on him since New Year's day,
If he'll not gae to work he'll get me gay.
CHORUS
Oh where is Geordy gyeen oh where?
Oh where is Geordy gyeen?
Twas the Nine Bars Movement did the trick,
For it suits our lad very fine to strike,
If Geordy had his own way, our know
He wad gae on strike for me work at a!
When the Strike was on he was better of then,
Then he was before or he'll be agyen,
For he got his beer an' enjoyed his smoke,
When the Strike was settled - his heart was broke.
At last, rather than work - wi' passion he,
He know'd down the first Belgein he met,
An' man, two sons and was for the lad,
When they sent him for six weeks to quad.
It's true he was often in jail before,
But his mates got him released out with a war,
It's true what our say - an' de what we like,
He'll never be set till there's another Strike!

Wilson claimed that some engineers were sorry that the strike had ended because they got 'more money for deein' nowt',⁴¹ but while the song was 'received with thunders of applause',⁴² the lyrics seem not to have been published for some time.

Wilson had 'stood up for moderation in drink', as 'measured by local standards',⁴³ but according to Thomas Allan, Wilson's friends insisted on treating him.

The difficulty of saying no, and saying it in time, increased; while the trials of a landlord from his half-drunken customers were at times more than he could bear. As unfit for rough, personal struggles as he well could be, once overhearing a rude remark applied to his wife who assisted him in the business, he 'let flee' with the cry, 'Tyek that;' and speaking further about it, said: 'Man, had he been twice the size it wad hae been the syem, aw wes that nerved.'⁴⁴

When a 'friend' – probably Allan - asked him how he was getting on, "'Badly,'" was the reply; "if aw drink wiv iv'rybody that asks us, aw's a drunken beast; if aw dinnet, aw's a surly beast, - aw'll heh te be oot on't'",⁴⁵ but he needed an income.

The new edition of Wilson's songbook had a yellow cover and an addition to an abbreviated version of the original 'Note'.

In issuing this revised and improved Edition of Joe Wilson's Songs, we may announce that the present Volume, instead of being as it originally was—a complete collection—must now be regarded rather as Volume One. This announcement is rendered necessary by the continuous writing of the Author, who, since the publication of the present Volume (four years ago), has written nearly 100 New Songs, many of them rivalling, in popularity, the best of his previous efforts. As will readily be seen, this exercise of the unabated powers of the Author opens to the view of his numerous admirers the pleasant prospect of the appearance (at no distant period) of a second Volume of his Tyneside Songs and Drolleries.

The book omitted Wilson's contact information,⁴⁶ and the Allans reportedly had an option on 'all subsequent productions'.⁴⁷

The *Northern Express* had been founded in Darlington in April 1855. In June, after the government repealed the stamp tax, it cut its price from twopence to a penny, moved to Newcastle and became the *Northern Daily Express*. It supported 'the improvement of the dwellings of the humbler classes of society', but did not cover party politics. By 1872 the editor, William Hayward, a former New Connexion Methodist preacher, was hostile to trade unions and gambling.⁴⁸ Wilson considered becoming a journalist and borrowed Pitman's *Phonographic Teacher*, but he could not learn shorthand and gave up.⁴⁹

By December he had written a pantomime called *The Willingham Ghost; or, The Haunted Mills* for the Royal Music Hall in Jarrow. *The Era* praised the 'Newcastle Bard' for the 'really splendid' 'Transformation Scene representing the Birth of Venus' and the 'Harlequinade'.⁵⁰ Chater's *Keelmin's Comic Annueal for 1873* included *Geordy Black* with 'Words and Music by Rowland Harrison. [Copyright version], 'Ye Fancy Yorsel Clivvor, But Ye'r Not and Nowt Like a Hoose O' Yor Awn, plus Wilson's *Ye Know! Ye See!*, which Chater claimed had been 'Written Specially' for his publication.⁵¹

Ralph Wilkinson recalled that one night at the Adelaide, 'when Joe stepped on the platform to give his usual song, a chorus of voices from the audience called for their favourite. "Noo," said he, "Aa'am about tired o' singin me awn sangs; Aa'll sing something different, and in his sweet tenor voice he rendered "When the Christmas log is burning"'.⁵² Years later a Newcastle man recalled that Wilson was 'the life and soul and admiration of every company he entered'. In Orchard Street, early one New Year's morning, he had heard 'a gentle, thin tenor voice'

singing Eliza Cook's famous song, 'When the Christmas log is burning;' but the title had been altered by the singer to that of 'When we welcome the New Year's morning', and as the vocalist finished each verse, the merry company within, with fine effect, took up the chorus

As we welcome the New,
As we welcome the New,
As we welcome the New Year's Morning,
We love and bless
The hands we press,
As we welcome the New Year's Morning.

The song was sung for 'several years afterwards' in 'many parts of Newcastle'.⁵³

Earlier that year William Lawson had written a brief biography of Wilson for the 'Miscellanea' section of his *Tyneside Celebrities* and acknowledged that he had 'a great reputé as the author of many popular local songs' which 'gained for themselves a warm place in the estimation and affection of many Tynesiders' and were 'not likely soon, if ever, to be removed'.

[H]e delights his numerous old admirers, while winning for himself additional friends, by writing, singing and publishing some new song further illustrative of the manners and customs of Tyneside, and fitted to give the author a yet warmer 'place i' the hearts o' Tyneside people'. A complete edition of his songs has been published by Mr Thomas Allan, of Dean Street.⁵⁴

By early 1873 Mr Turnbull was back at the Adelaide.⁵⁵ According to Thomas Allan, Wilson repaid the loans, joined 'one of the Good Templar bodies',⁵⁶ and was 'zealous in the cause of total abstinence'.⁵⁷

8. Cum print us a funeral caird, Mister Printer

In January 1873 Joe Wilson completed an engagement at the Oxford in Newcastle and moved on to the Royal Music Hall in Jarrow where Rowland Harrison, 'a clever representative of Tyneside character and dialect', met an 'enthusiastic reception' and business was good.¹ Harrison was now a 'beer-retailer' at the Rolling Mills Arms in Hopper Street, Gateshead,² where John Taylor painted a portrait of local entertainers, and a grainy photograph appeared in a newspaper years later.



William Wheeler, a blind singer, is on the left, next to Joe Wilson with a baby on his knee, who was probably Edwin Harrison, then come Billy Thompson, Ned Corvan, Harrison, George Ridley, Billy Purvis and Elizabeth Harrison. Four of the performers had died and Wilson looked thoughtful. Reportedly the late J.P. Robson was also in the painting.³

In March the *Morpeth Herald* noted that Harrison had an engagement but a machine that claimed to generate ghosts got top billing.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF THE
ETHESCOPE.
6 NIGHTS LONGER.
Monday Night,
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.
Tuesday Night,
Re-engagement of
MR. ROWLAND HARRISON,
The Great Tyneside Comedian.⁴

Harrison took part in a 'complimentary benefit' at the Alexandra Music Hall in Gateshead for James Hedelley, whose admirers gave him 'a valuable silver watch, gold chain' and 'appendages'.⁵ Soon after the *Shields Daily Gazette* reported a death.

MELANCHOLY END OF A BLIND VOCALIST.—
The *habitués* of the Tyneside concert halls will regret to hear of the death of W. Wheeler, the blind vocalist, of Newcastle. His imitations of the varied brass band instruments will be long remembered by all who knew him, but not more so than with his kindheartedness. Ever ready in manifesting his kind disposition, the last public attempt he made was to assist at a benefit concert at Jarrow for a professional friend. That same night he was found at North Shields labouring under mental aberration, and conveyed to Morpeth Asylum, where, after a few days' suffering, he succumbed to his sad affliction. His remains were interred on Wednesday, in the presence of Joe Wilson, Rowland Harrison, and a few others of his professional acquaintances.⁶

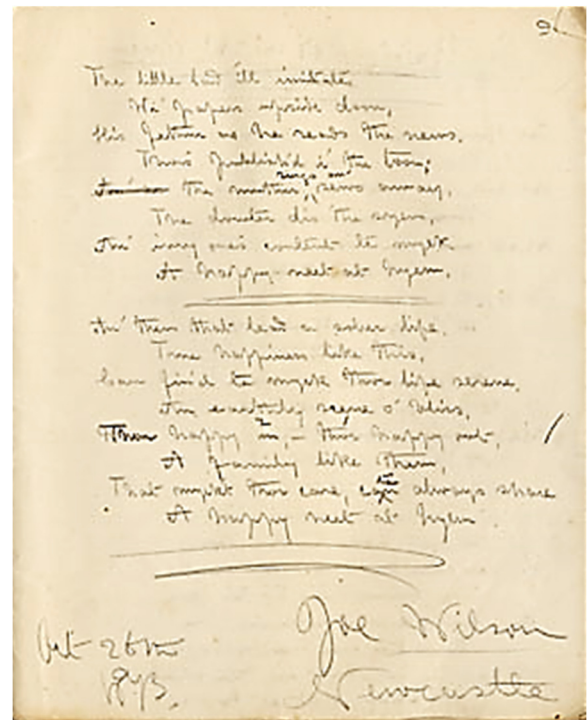
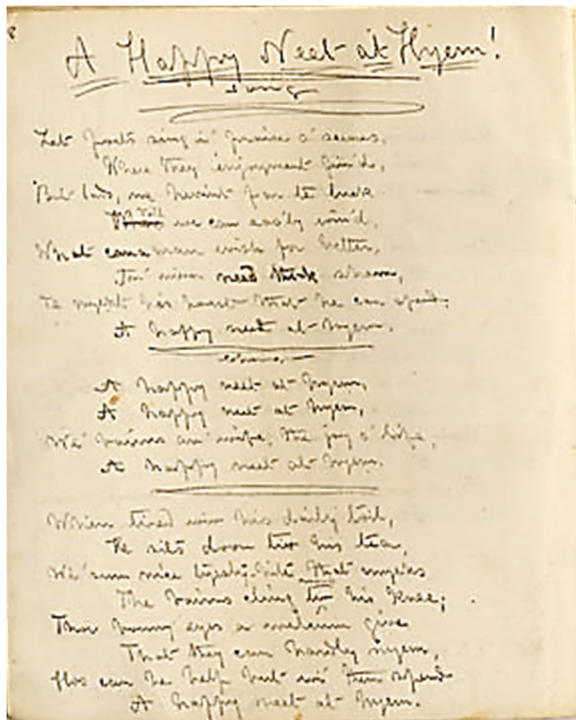
In May *The Era* noted that 'Roland Harrison of Gateshead-on-Tyne (Tyneside comedian)' sang for over 800 people in the New Co-operative Hall in Birtley. In June 'Mr Rowland Harrison, a local Tyneside vocalist', appeared with 'Mr Joe Wilson, the local bard', at the Wear in Sunderland and they seemed to be 'special favourites'. The famous George Leybourne made his first appearance at George Ware's Victoria Music Hall in Newcastle, but Harrison was the 'leading attraction' at the Victoria in September and his 'humorous Tyneside songs never fail to draw forth the warmest approval'.⁷

Early in October T. & G. Allan advertised in the *Morpeth Herald* that the price of two-volume *Allan's Illustrated Edition of Tyneside Songs* had been cut from 4s to 2s 4d and single volumes from 2s to 1s 8d, though the Parts were still 6d. Wilson's songbook had been cut from 2s 6d to 2s 2d, or 2s 6d post-free, but Parts were still 6d.⁸

Wilson wrote in pencil in a quarto booklet. A story about a New Year celebration is almost illegible, then came a book title.

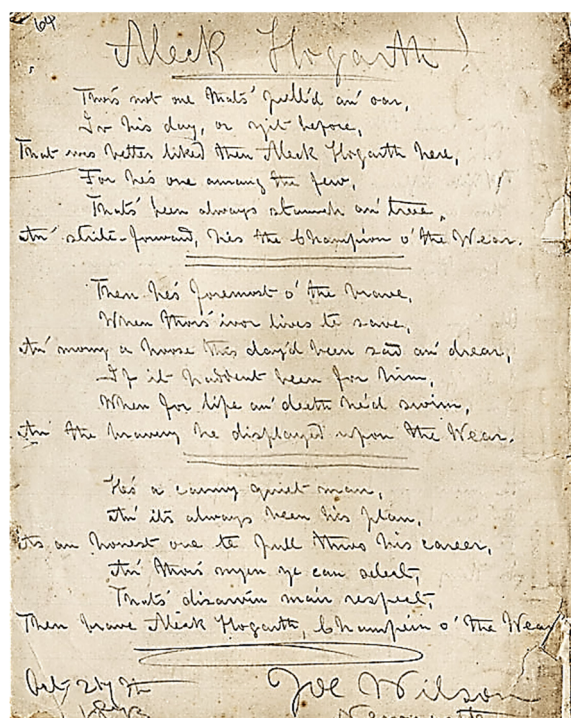
Temperance Songs
And Recitations
By Joe Wilson

Wilson wrote *TOM BROON* in Trafalgar Street on Sunday 26 October,⁹ and later called it a 'READING OR RECITATION', while *A Happy Neet at Hyem!* was later set to the tune of Bobby's Nunn's *Newcastle is my Native Place*.¹⁰ The blurred pencil has been enhanced to make the words less illegible.

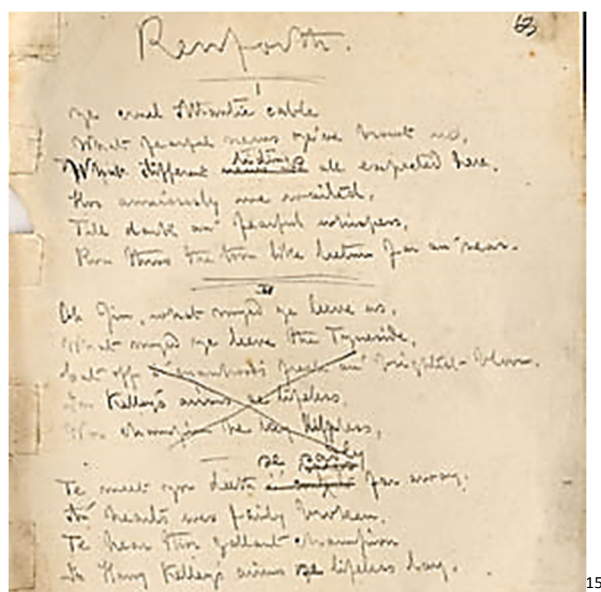


Evidently this 'earthly scene of bliss' was only available to men 'that lead a sober life', but the 'muthor sings an' sews away', as does the 'dowter', and their work never seems to end.¹¹

On Monday Wilson wrote a song about the Sunderland sculler Alexander Hogarth who had won at the Thames Regatta.¹²

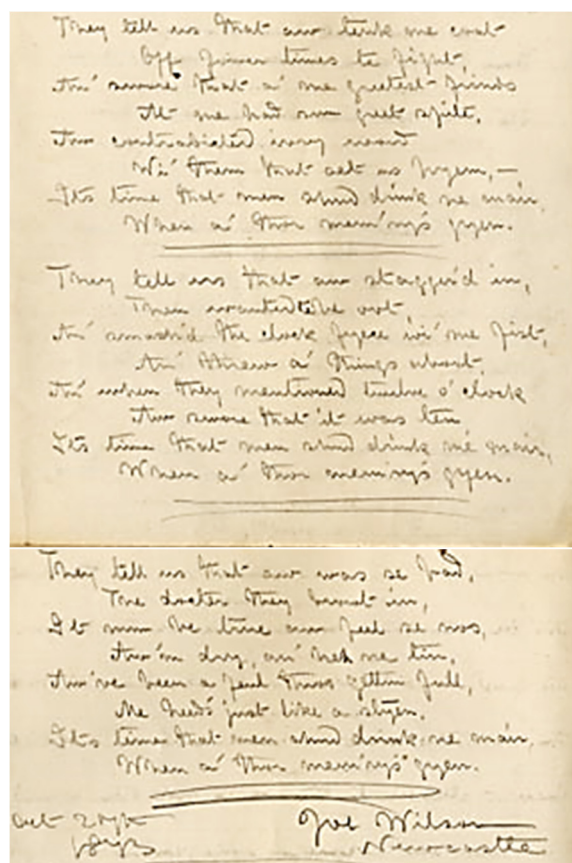
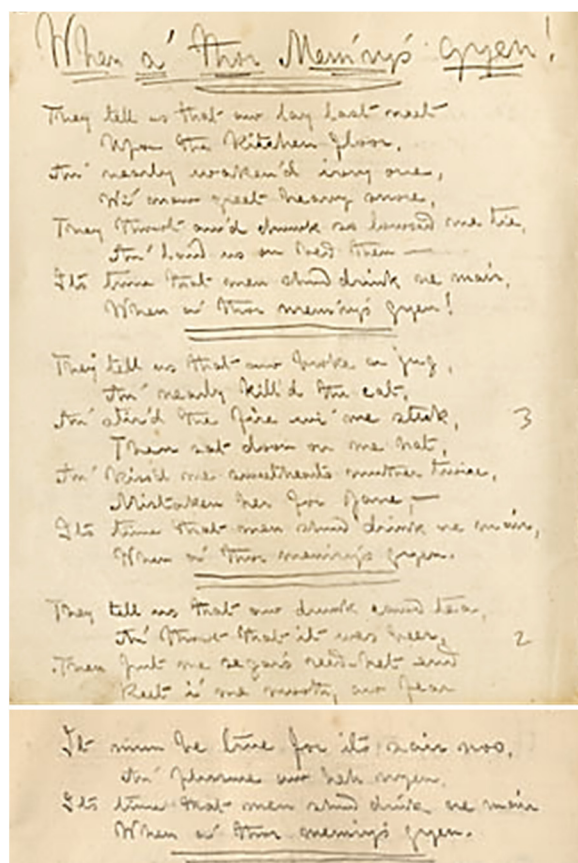


This was later set to the tune of *Aw'll sing ye a Tyneside song*.¹⁴ Wilson began another song about Renforth at the back of the notebook, but crossed part of it out.



15

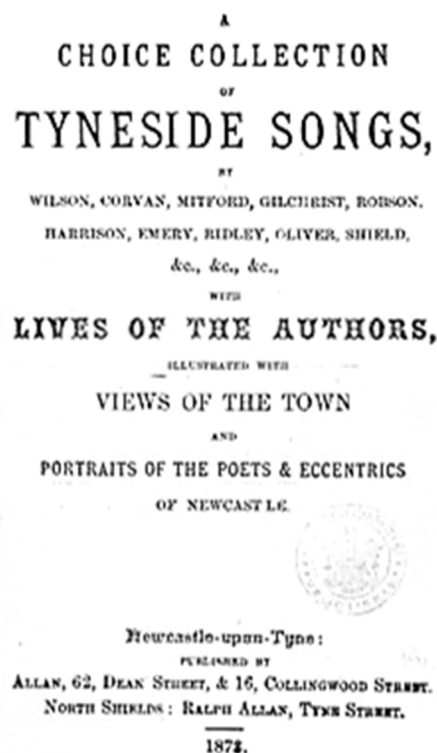
In Gateshead, 13 years earlier, Wilson's grandmother got drunk and was found dead at the bottom of the stairs next morning.¹⁶ *Kill'd throo a fall doon Stairs!* was evidently based on this event,¹⁷ and was later described as a 'READING OR RECITATION'.¹⁸ *When a' thor Mem'ry's qyen!* was about a man waking up with the shakes and having to rely on what 'They tell us'.



This song was later set to the tune associated with *Little Dick*, whose lyrics were in a phonetic Lancashire ‘dialect’ and about parents who were anxious that their schoolboy son might die and leave them unprovided for in old age.¹⁹ Wilson’s verses two and three were later reversed and a note stated that it ‘can also be used as a Recitation’.²⁰

On Sunday 23 November Wilson drafted *I' the Gloom*,²¹ which was later set to the tune associated with the *New National Song* or *The Baltic Fleet*, which had originated during the Crimean War.²² On the 29th he wrote *Think o' the Little Ones at Hyem*²³ which was later set to *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*.²⁴ On Sunday 9 December Wilson wrote *Try!*,²⁵ which was later set to the tune associated with *Kill or Cure*.²⁶ It was an appeal to stop drinking, as was *Cum Hyem wi' Me!*²⁷ which was later set to the tune of the US Civil War song *When Johnny comes marching home*.²⁸

Late that year Wilson was first on the title-page of the Allans' new songbook and Harrison was sixth, but the rest were dead.



The first section of the 1872 edition had been adjusted to make room for notes, biographies and Wilson's sentimental acrostics including those on George Ridley, John Sessford (Balmbray's former pianist), J.P. Robson, Robert Emery, Bobby Nunn, Billy Purvis, Blind Willy Purvis, Ned Corvan and 'Wor Bairns', Joe and Tom.²⁹ The Allans also made room for Wilson's *Drunken Dolly's Deeth*, set to what had been known as *Cader Idris*, which John Parry, a Welsh harper, composed in 1804. Charles Matthews used it in the mid-1820s for *Jenny Jones*,³⁰ which was the name Wilson knew it by.

Cum print us a funeral caird, Mister Printer,
 An' put a bit verse on te let the foaks see
 That aud Drunken Dolly i' jails kickt the bucket,
 An' not before time's the opinion o' me!
 They tell ye the falts o' the deed te forget, man,
 But sum heh so mony ye cannot de that,
 For when leevin she nivor did gud te nobody,
 An' noo she's gyen deed like a venomous rat.
 She starved all her bairns for the sake o' the bottle,
 The hoose wes as filthy as ony cud be,
 She pawn'd the bairns' claes just afore they wor barried,
 An' spent a' the mune y i' sum drunken spree.
 Her man might cum hyem, but the bite ov a dinner
 She gov him, wad just fill a bairn three weeks aud,
 An' he haddent a suit but wes dorty an' raggy
 An' a' that she did always went te the bad.

She borrow'd me shawl once te gan tiv a chrisnin,
 But popt it forst thing on the varry next day,
 Then she myed the job warse wi' sellin the ticket,
 An' Mary Smith's goon went the varry syem way;
 She pickt Mary's pocket ov all her man's wages
 An' left them without owt te pull the week throo,
 An' blackt Mary's eye when she tell'd her aboot it—
 Hoo can ye expect us te greet for her noo?
 She nivor wes owt iv her life but a bad un,
 She'd barter her sowl for a gallon o' beer;
 Her only delight—myekin neybor's unhappy,
 A plague an' a pest te myest ivryone here.
 So divvent put owt on the caird, Mister Printer,
 Te myek foaks believe that we fin'd ony grief,
 Say its a blissin she haddent a fethur an' muther,
 But nobody left te fin'd owt but relief!

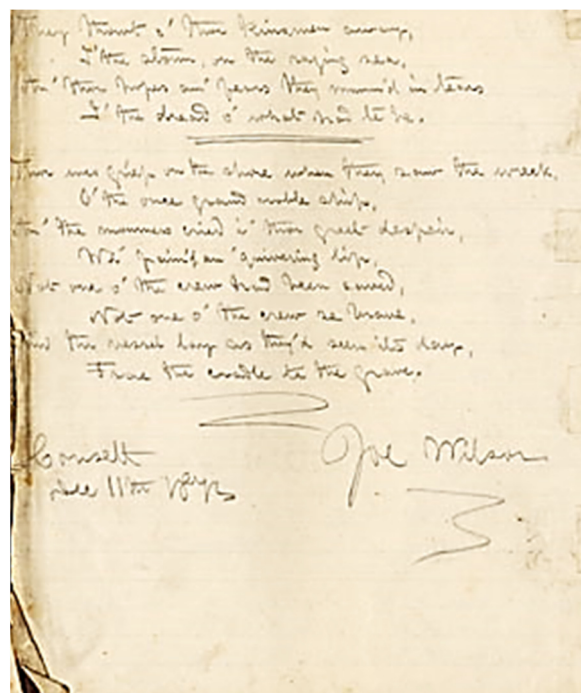
31

Wilson claimed that this vicious temperance propaganda was 'Written on hearing the comments of her Neighbours'. Volume II of the Allans' songbook included six 32-page numbers, and Wilson's and Harrison's songs appeared as in 1872, but Wilson lacked engagements.

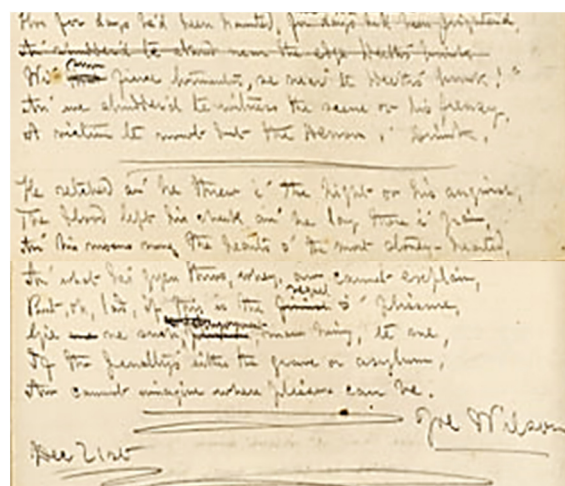
In 1840 four men, three of whom were Quakers, had invested £10,000 in two blast furnaces at Consett and additional capital financed rolling mills. In 1841 the Consett Iron Company merged with the Redesdale Iron Company to form the Derwent Iron Company and subsequently iron ore was brought from Cleveland.³² By 1871 the district's population was around 6,000, and early in December 1872 Wilson was engaged at the Music Hall. Edward Fielding explained why in *The Era*.

WANTED, TALENT, for December 15th and 22^d. All Artists must write in a week before opening, or names will not appear on bills. Will Paddy Clark (Irish Comic, &c.) state why he did not appear on Monday. N.B. Expecting such would be the case, Mr Joe Wilson was engaged to fill the gap.³³

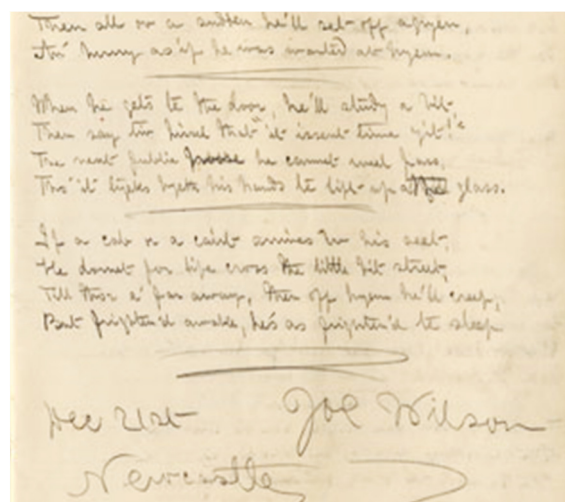
Wilson wrote two new songs in Consett. One is illegible and the other is at the back of his notebook. It was about Stuart Henry Bell's elaborate backdrop for the Wear in Sunderland, which described the life of a ship from launch to wreck. Wilson specified no tune, so this too may well have been a recitation.



On Sunday 21 December Wilson wrote a song about delirium tremens.

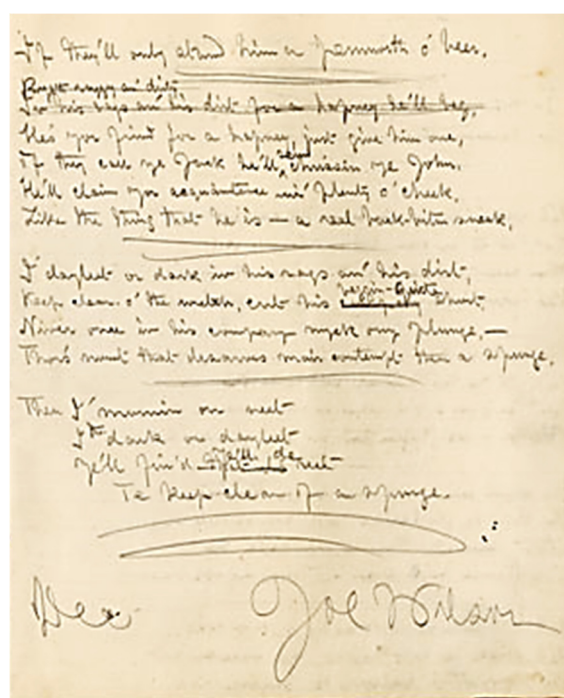
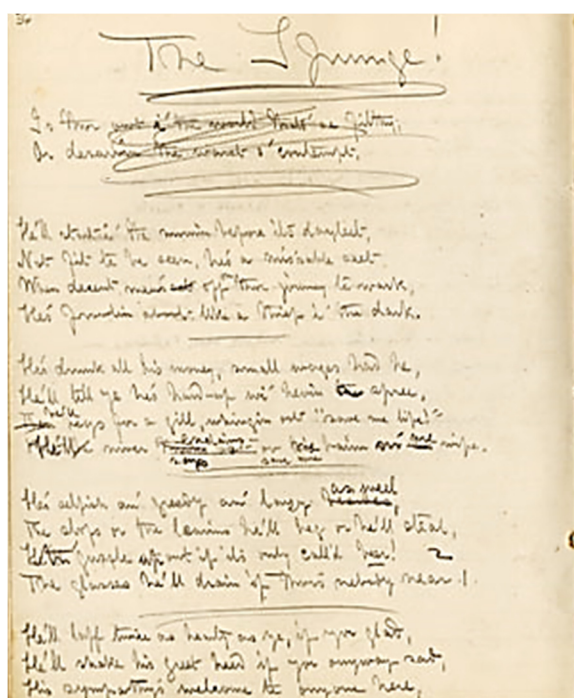


Wilson evidently believed that alcoholism was caused by moral weakness and not the social arrangements that drove people to drink. These lyrics were later set to the tune of *Erin go Bragh (Ireland Forever)*,³⁵ about an Edinburgh policeman who got into trouble for mistaking a Highlander for an Irishman,³⁶ and that Sunday Wilson also wrote another song about a drunk.

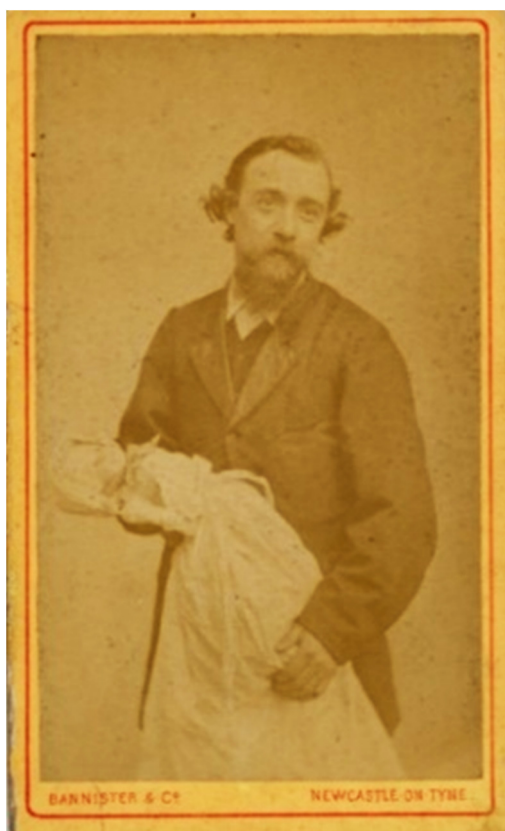


These lyrics were later set to the tune of *Turn a Little Handle*,³⁸ whose lyrics were about a woman injured by a sewing machine.³⁹

Wilson began another song with a moralistic outburst, but crossed that out and praised 'decent men' who earned enough to support their families and drank with moderation.



This was later called *The Life of a Sponge* and set to the tune associated with *Cappy*, written by William Midford about a dog escaping from a Newcastle dog-killer,⁴¹ and published in 1816.⁴² Possibly around this time Wilson had his photograph taken.



He was just 32 but looked considerably older.

The extension of Grainger Street had encouraged rail passengers to walk from the Central Station to Grey's Monument.⁴⁴ James Watson, a veteran Chartist who had gone to prison for selling unstamped publications years earlier, had a bookbinder's shop at 26 Blakett Street,⁴⁵ and the Allan brothers bought it.⁴⁶ It was had three-stories high and included a 'dwelling house', but Thomas employed workmen to build two houses in Jesmond, supervised the construction and insisted on white bricks.⁴⁷

Late that year 'Mrs. E.' had her leg broken near the Monument and Wilson's *Charity!* blamed the parish authorities.

A poor auld wife, iv a lonely room,
Sits biv hersel i' the darknin gloom;
I' the grate thors just the faintest spark
Te frighten away the dreary dark.
There she sits till she totters te bed,
An' monny a day this life she's led;
Withoot a frind te cum near te speak,
She's starvin on fifteen-pence a week.
The parish allows her half-a-croon!
Half-a-croon i' this florishin toon!
Fifteen-pence she pays for the rent,
Hoo is the fifteen left te be spent?

Wi' prayer she welcums the mornin's leet;
Welcums the leet, tho' it brings ne meat;
Welcums the leet o' the mornin gray.
Te sit biv hersel the lang weary day:
Tho' wishin her awn poor life away,
She clings tid still while she hes te stay;
For, oh, she knows that she dissent diserte
Te finish her days like this—te starve!
An' ninety eers, if she leeves te see,
In a few short munths her age 'ill be;
Withoot a frind i' the world te say—
“Canny and wife, hoo are ye the day?”

Can ye compare this case te yorsel?
An' bring te mind what aw cannet tell,
Yor daily wants that ye daily seek,
Supplied on the fifteen-pence a week.
Is this not eneuff te myek ye fear
Yorsel an' bairns when yor end draws near?
Hopeless, helpless, she's not te complain,
But pine away in hunger an' pain.
Wad she iver dream that she'd leeve te see
An' poverty feel hard as it can be?
Thor's nowt te nourish, or nowt that cheers,
Her poor awd sowl i' declinin eers.

Wimmen o' charity! Men o' sense!
Hoo can she spend her fifteen-pence?
Can she afford te buy a bit coal
Te warm her hands, an' her heart console?
Hoo can she get what she stands i' need
Wi' hardly eneuff te buy her breed?
Oot o' the poor-rates heavy they seek,
She's starvin on fifteen-pence a week.
The parish allows her half-a-croon!
Half-a-croon i' this florishin toon!
Fifteen-pence she pays for the rent,
Hoo is the fifteen left te be spent?

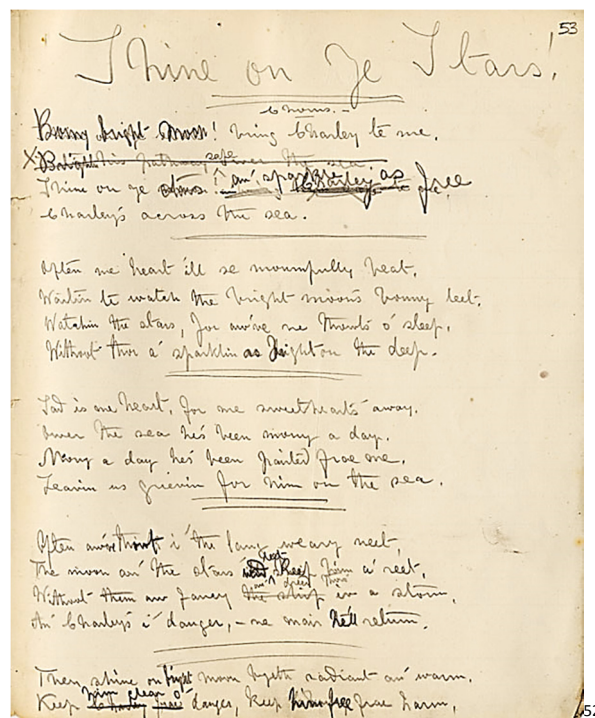
48

Wilson was about to supervise a pantomime that would open in Jarrow on 24 December.

An entirely New Grand Comical pantomime Alonzo the Brave And the Fair Emma Jane, Or The Good Fairy And the Wicked Demon of Kibblesworth, By J.B. Bagnall, Esq With New Scenes, New Characters, New Songs and Hits of the Times by Mr. JOE WILSON, BARD OF THE TYNE, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR MR HOLMES, OF THE ROYAL MUSIC HALL JARROW. The music and comedy, ballet and stage effects etc., the whole being under the personal Superintendence of Mr Joe Wilson Author of the “Willington Ghost”.⁴⁹

On the 28th Wilson wrote *Little Johnny*!⁵⁰ It was sentimental celebration of parenthood which later became *Little Johnny Robinson* and was set to *Castles in the Air*.

Early in 1874 Joe Wilson got a ‘magic lantern’. Stuart Henry Bell allowed him to photograph his backdrop of ‘The life of a ship from the cradle to the grave’ at the Wear in Sunderland in order to make glass slides and Wilson added portraits, views, and temperance propaganda.⁵¹ On 20 January he redrafted *The Life ov a Ship* as *Shine on ye Stars!*



This later became known *Charley's Across the Sea* and was set to *Even Me*,⁵³ possibly the 1860 hymn tune.⁵⁴

Wilson's first magic lantern show was on 6 February at the British Workman, later known as Nursery Cottage, in Scotswood Road, Newcastle.⁵⁵ It had opened in 1873,⁵⁶ and was photographed 20 years later after refurbishment.

The Flower o' Tyne-side! 45

~~When the flower o' Tyne-side!~~

Now sweetheart as sweet as a young lass as yett see;
 This kind as she's young and beautiful to me,
 This young an' lovely, just right for me pride,
 This a flower that blooms on the Banks o' Tyne-side.

Her father an' mother all miss her that day,
 When found o' me trine an' will love her away;
 When the man care an' keepin they'll sadly confide
 The sweet flower that blooms on the Banks o' Tyne-side

So'll not separate them, but live a house near,
 This love couple a house below red-pink an' fear -

to the prison an' two men beside them will side,
 Then they'll not miss as much as sweet flower o' Tyne-side.

It's a pity at work, an' will soon be complete,
 An' I'll not be a house furnished with a sheet,
 The which time a house, an' that for me pride,
 I'd be queen o' them a', an' the flower o' Tyne-side.

At my rate shall I get a house for me,
 Her time pasted with an' comfort an' will be,
 So'll I have me mistress an' have an' an' pride,
 An' I'll be the flower on the Banks o' Tyne-side,

John Wilson

61

These lyrics were later set to *She's Black*,⁶² which was probably associated with the US integrationist song *She is Black*.⁶³

Voting ended on the 17th. The Liberals won 1,281,159 votes and the Conservatives 1,091,708, in a population of around 22,000,000, but took 53 percent of the seats, though Joseph Cowen junior became a Newcastle MP.⁶⁴ In Manchester Friedrich Engels noted that 'the big industrial districts, where the workers are now absolutely in the majority' gave the Conservatives victory because skilled workers had benefitted economically from British imperialism and wanted it to continue.⁶⁵

On the 26th Wilson wrote a song that sympathised with widows who kept beer houses and allowed after-time drinking to make a living, but had to keep policemen sweet by giving them free beer. His tune was probably *Maria Jones*, which had been published in Buffalo, New York State.⁶⁶

When the Police com in!

~~When the Police com in!~~

Three eyes bendin', Tom, an' Mary,
 Three jolly chaps, one maid,
 Left on the corner at William's Lovers,
 At beer-house bang the street,
 He's mung a girl they had then fill,
 An' time flew like the beer,
 They didn't know how much had pass,
 Tell chasin time was over.

The house was closed, an' still they stop,
 An' waitin' for the maid,
 An' the maid didn't much object
 If they was quiet story,
 Up come they a' said that they want,
 An' sit down on a paper,
 They smelt themselves as happy as
 If they had been in heaven.

But all at once a double knock
 Knocked every one about wop,
 Larn apollo what they'd just got in,
 Larn drinkin' from last wop,
 "Run like apollo!" says William's Lovers,
 An' an' the door to the door,
 Just keeps as quiet as a mouse,
 The way up to the door!

After you down to the cellar,
 An' Tom i' the kitchen maid,
 An' Mary into the back-yard,
 An' quietly he did,
 An' an' the maid a' wop,
 An' the maid very dim
 An' the maid very dim
 An' the maid very dim

The Paddy then began to chaff,
 An' the maid very dim
 An' the maid very dim
 An' the maid very dim
 An' the maid very dim
 An' the maid very dim
 An' the maid very dim
 An' the maid very dim

Next day Wilson wrote another song.

The Neel-School!

Mr. Speaks a young lad that's got a school an' an' an' an',
 The Neel-School an' a school an' a school,
 He's got a school an' a school an' a school,
 An' an' the school an' a school an' a school,
 He's got a school an' a school an' a school,
 An' an' the school an' a school an' a school,
 He's got a school an' a school an' a school,
 An' an' the school an' a school an' a school,

CHORUS.
 An' an' the school an' a school an' a school,
 He's got a school an' a school an' a school,
 An' an' the school an' a school an' a school,
 He's got a school an' a school an' a school,

The school an' the school an' the school,
 The school an' the school an' the school,
 The school an' the school an' the school,
 The school an' the school an' the school,
 The school an' the school an' the school,
 The school an' the school an' the school,
 The school an' the school an' the school,
 The school an' the school an' the school,

CHORUS.
 The school an' the school an' the school,
 The school an' the school an' the school,
 The school an' the school an' the school,
 The school an' the school an' the school,

Lazy Jack - "But ye'll w' me This is the end,
 That's my own dear as them that's me seldom,
 Ye say me attention here as me your friend,
 When me within the house ye ye'll not have a second,
 Ye'll think o' the chance ye'll be thrown away,
 Ye'll want to know for how ye say,
 At many a time ye'll me this day
 That ye broke up me little bit second."

Feb 24th
 Joe Wilson
 Newcastle

67

These lyrics were later set to a tune associated with *The Lancashire Lass*,⁶⁸ which George Leybourne had made famous.⁶⁹
 On the 27th Wilson wrote his last song in the first part of his notebook, whose contents are as follows.

| | | | |
|-------|---|---------------------------|---|
| 1-2 | [Illegible prose story about a New Year family celebration] | | |
| 2 | Temperance Songs and Recitations By Joe Wilson | | |
| 3-7 | TOM BROON. A Recitation | Oct 26 th 1873 | Joe Wilson Trafalgar Street |
| 8-9 | A Happy Neet at Hyem! | Oct 26 th 1873 | Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| 10-11 | The Sober real Injoyment feel! | Oct 27 th 1873 | Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| 12-14 | When a thor Mem'ry's Gyen! | Oct 27 th 1873 | Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| 14-19 | Kill'd throo a fall doon Stairs! RECITATION. | Oct 27 th 1873 | Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| 20-21 | Think o' the Little Ones at Hyem! | Oct 29 th 1873 | Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| 22-23 | Try! | Nov 9 th 1873 | Joe Wilson Sunderland |
| 24-25 | Cum Hyem wi' Me! | Nov 9 th 1873 | Joe Wilson |
| 26-27 | Drunken Dolly's Deeth! | Nov 10 th 1873 | Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| | Written on hearing the comments of her Neighbours | | |
| 28-30 | <Which> De ye call that mean? Chorus 'Cum hyem wi' me!' | Nov 10 th 1873 | Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| 31-32 | I' the Gloom | Nov 23 rd 1873 | Joe Wilson |
| 33-34 | Horrors. | Dec 21 st 1873 | Joe Wilson |
| 34-35 | Narvis Johnny! | Dec 21 st 1873 | Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| 36-37 | The Spunge! [two first lines crossed out] | Dec | Joe Wilson |
| 38-39 | Little Johnny! | Dec 28 th 1873 | Joe Wilson Heh Ne Mair! |
| 40-42 | The Glorious Vote be Ballot | Feb 12 th 1874 | Joe Wilson Hoo secret is the Ballot Box |
| 43-44 | Maw Sweetheart The Flower O' Tyneside | Feb 12 th 1874 | Joe Wilson |
| 44-47 | When the Pollis com in! | Feb 26 th 1874 | Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| 47-49 | Bashful Ned! | Feb 26 th 1874 | Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| 50-51 | The Neet Scheul! | Feb 27 th 1874 | Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| 52 | The Vorsatile Musician! | | |

Then came an incomplete list of the contents of a songbook.

- No. 2 Contents of Temperance Songs
- 1 Drink ne mair!
 - 2 Lasy Jack
 - 3 Ye mun think that might be ye.
 - 4 A Drunken Man.
 - 5 Buy us a gill o' beer.
 - 6 What a feul aw've been.
 - 7 What a helpless fellow am aw
 - 8 Deeth i' the Street
 - 9 Forst-futtin
 - 10 De withoot it for once
 - 11 Clivor men
 - 12 Last Neet aw fell oot wi' me mate.
 - 13 The Difference.
 - 14 The Painted Nose.
 - 15 A vary hard bed.
 - 16 The Brocken leg.
 - 17 Thoos getting se tipsy last neet.
 - 18 A Drunken Wife
 - 19 Ne Claes
 - 20 [Blank]

After 39 blank pages the lyrics resumed.

| | | | |
|-----------|-------------------|--------------------------|----------------------|
| ['52']-54 | Shine on ye Stars | Feb 7 th 1874 | Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| 55 | Subjects | | |

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------|
| I' the gloom | >< 22 |
| What a poor helpless fellow am I | >< 23 |
| Furst-futtin last eer | >< 24 |
| Drunken Dolly's deeth | >< 25 |
| Cum hyem wi' me | >< 26 |
| Think o' the little ones at hyem | >< 27 |
| Missin the Train | >< 28 |
| De ye call that mean? | >< 29 |
| Nowt but Intoxication | >< 30 |
| Buy us a gill o' Beer | >< |
| In the Barrow | >< |
| Child dead in the street | >< |

Talk tiv a drunken man
 If ivor ye want te fight
 Talk tiv a drunken man
 If ye want to hear black's white
 He'll say his wife' the best i' the toon
 An' the very next moment knock her doon

56

Subjects

| | |
|--|-------|
| "What's the next case" says the Magistrate | >< 1 |
| A Happy Neet at Hyem | >< 2 |
| Injoyment when Teetotal | >< 3 |
| Fallin oot wi' me mate | >< 4 |
| Overpaid [?] Bill driving when tight | 5 |
| Save me life – both ways | 6 |
| Let 'em laff but they knows it's the best | 7 |
| Tret wi' respect when yor sober | >< 8 |
| It's the best thing he cud de | 9 |
| He's teetotal noo! | 10 |
| Killed wi' the Drink | 11 |
| Starvation throo the same | 12 |
| Intended Double Suicide | 13 |
| What a feul aw've been | >< 14 |
| Horrors, in different shapes | >< 15 |
| Sufferings do | >< 16 |
| Killed wi' fallin doon stairs | >< 17 |
| When a' thor mem'ry's gyen | >< 18 |
| Ye nivor think that might be ye | >< 19 |
| Thor's ne fear o' that wi' me | 20 |
| De withoot it for once | >< 21 |
| Try | >< 22 |

| | | |
|-------|--|---|
| 57 | The Life ov a Ship! | Jan 20th 1874 Joe Wilson |
| 58 | [Blank] | |
| 59-60 | Vile Intoxication | Consett Dec 11 th 1873 Joe Wilson Take my Advice Maw canny bairns Keep frae the drink |
| 61-62 | The Life ov a Ship! | Consett Dec 11 th 1873 Joe Wilson |
| 63 | Renforth. [Alterations and second verse crossed out] | |
| 64 | Aleck Hogarth! | Oct 27 th 1873 Joe Wilson Newcastle |

The >< next to numbers 1 to 30 were added in another hand and probably referred to the order planned for a songbook.
 Wilson evidently found life on the road increasingly demanding and wrote *Perfesshunel Lodgers!*

**Man, aw'm nearly gan oot o' me heed,
 For aw lodge wi' such queer lodgers,
 They kick up such a clatter,
 That aw wunder what's the matter,
 An' aw think them a real queer breed,
 Thor perfesshunel cheps they say,
 A lot o' Music Hall performers,
 They may be varry cliver,
 But aw'd like te know wha'tiver
 Myeks them carry on iv such a way.**

Korus.

**An' oh, my! aw often try
 Te get a bit rest, but when thor nigh
 Aw'm sure aw nivor will,
 For they kick up such a clatter,
 That aw wunder what's the matter,
 For they cannet or they winnet keep still!**
**I' the mornin the fiddler starts
 Te give us a dose ov his scrapin,**
 ...

Then the sentimentil singer
 Just about the time for dinner
 Myeks us a' fit te brick wor hearts,
 Then the comic one's turn begins,
 An' he nearly the whole street raises,
 What wi' him an' wi' the nigger,
 They byeth cut a bonny figgor,
 An' the clog dancer joins i' the din,

Then the chep that play's on the flute,
 Calls in te see the fiddler,
 They play some grand duet
 That aw nivor can forget
 For they byeth leave the teun clean oot,
 Then a lass tyeks her turn te squall,

An' screams as if for murder
 It may be varry bonny,
 Or it may be varry funny,
 But aw think its best at the Hail.

Then the lanlady runs up stairs,
 An' kicks up a row wi' the sarvint,
 Thor always in het wetter,
 Pitter, patter, clitter, clatter,
 That aw cannnet mind me awn affairs,
 But that's not the warst ov a',
 For at neets thor's ne rest for us
 Frae twelve te three o'clock,
 Why, its knock, an' knock, an' knock,
 Thor the queerest foaks aw knaw. 70

The tune of *The Yellow Girl that wink'd at me* has not been traced, but the references to a 'nigger' and to a repeated 'knocking' in the small hours suggests that Wilson believed that racism and lewdness would help him get engagements.

In March Allan published No 1 of *Joe Wilson's Temperance Songs, Readings, and Recitations*. The *Newcastle Express* noted that 'the well-known local poet' wrote with 'great correctness' and *Think o' the Little Ones at Hyem!* had a 'genuine touch of feeling'. (This review was republished in the *Falkirk Herald*.)⁷¹ The *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* argued that a 'cheaper or more wholesome pennyworth of verse was never on sale'. Each of the 20 songs was 'worth, at the very least, twopence'. They had 'a genuine ring to them' and the songbook 'will sell by the thousands'.⁷²

On the 22nd *The Era* reported 'an attractive array of artists' at Mr F. Wright's New Gaiety Theatre in West Hartlepool, but placed 'the Tyneside bard' second among the 'principal members' after a trapeze act.⁷³ That day Wilson wrote to Thomas Allan.

4. Gaiety Theatre,
 West Hartlepool

Dear Sir,

I was very pleased to see such a good notice in the "Chronicle", and hope his prophecy will be fulfilled. I am getting on very well, but the Party that sells the Refreshments in the Theatre wants no less than 3d to the 1/- with the Books, which I do not intend to give, or I will make nothing. So I will keep them and try them at some other place. I go

to Darlington on Easter Monday, and I cannot tell exactly when I will get home. With kind regards to George and Yourself I am,

Yours truly,
 Joe Wilson

March 22nd
 W H

Has the Express given any Notice, if so, you might send it.

Allan evidently gave the author a 25 percent discount on copyrighted songbooks of his own material.

In April *The Era* reported that Howe Brothers were suing the amateur poet John M. Dent.

Mr Forster stated that in the latter part of 1870, the defendant asked plaintiff to give an estimate for printing 2,000 copies of "Random Rhymings," by John M. Dent, and the estimate amounted to £20. The defendant said that 2,000 copies at 6d each would produce £50, and that would leave a profit of £30. The proofs were sent to the defendant, who ordered 500 copies to be printed at once and sent to his shop; and that was done, and the remaining 1,500 copies were afterwards delivered. Applications were made to defendant for payment, and he paid 13s. and 19s. 6d; and this action was brought to recover the balance of the £20. The plaintiffs received instructions as to the printing of Dent's poems only from the defendant; and they had nothing to do with Dent, who, the defendant told the plaintiff, was not worth three pence. They had nothing to do with any one except Dingwall, who, perhaps, was anxious to get the poems issued, as three or four referred to Dingwall and members of his family. —Mr Parvis, on the part of the defendant, said that his client had no responsibility as to the printing of the poems. All liability was upon Mr Dent, the author of the poems. —The defendant was examined.

and said that Mr Dent made the arrangement with the plaintiffs for the printing of his poems. The poems were read by Mr Wm. Howe, who told Mr Dent that they "beat Joe Wilson." The bargain as to printing was between Mr Dent and the plaintiffs. He told plaintiffs that "Jack (Dent) was a slippery card," and he had better get a security for payment for the printing; but Mr Howe said he saw no necessity for a guarantee as the poems were sure to take. He admitted receiving 500 copies of the poems, but did not receive the remaining 1,500. —Mr J. Dingwall, son of the defendant, said that three parcels were brought to his father's shop by some boys, who did not tell him what the parcels contained, or who they were from. The parcels were put down on the flags outside of the shop, and they were taken to Mr Dent's, and he was told they contained Dent's poems. —The Deputy-Recorder held that there was no legal proof of the delivery of the 1,500 copies of the poems. —Several jurymen expressed their opinion that there was sufficient proof of delivery, and, after a short consultation, they returned a verdict for the plaintiffs for the full amount claimed.

75

Evidently even an amateur could expect to make 150 percent profit on a small book of poems.

Wilson was at the Wear in Sunderland where he sang *Aleck Hogarth* and 'other local songs with all the earnest simplicity and sly humour' that was 'one of the striking characteristics of the rendering of his own Tyneside melodies'. One night 'he was four times re-called' and 'obliged to plead the length of his programme as an excuse for not again complying with the demands of his enthusiastic admirers'.⁷⁶ Then 'the Tyneside bard and vocalist' was the main attraction at Mr J. Ineson's Oxford Music Hall in Middlesbrough and was 'greeted with a storm of applause'.⁷⁷ Days later he topped the bill at the Wear in Sunderland, which held 4,000 people and claimed to be the largest music hall in Europe. Private boxes cost 2s and were 'strictly select'. Ordinary boxes cost 1s, the pit 6d and the gallery 3d, but after 8.40pm the prices for all except the gallery were halved.⁷⁸

Soon after Wilson performed in Brotton, an ironstone-mining village 15 miles east of Middlesbrough.

CLEVELAND HALL AND THEATRE OF VARIETIES.—(Proprietor, Mr Charles Sinclair.)—This Hall continues to be well patronised, and we cannot wonder at this when the spirited Proprietor introduces such artists as Brothers Ennos and *La Petite Flora* (trapezists), Joe Wilson (Tyneside vocalist), Mr and Mrs Zip Dwight (Negro comedians), Harry Wilton (comic), Arthur Porria and Miss Nixon (duettists), Miss Melville, and Mr Linnet.

79

Then the 'popular Tyneside vocalist' was back at the Wear and had to give four encores once again.⁸⁰

Probably around this time Wilson had his photograph taken with his pianist, whose name has not been traced.



81

Wilson looked older than on his previous photograph and he needed new material.

The London chimney sweep James Sadler had beaten the Tyne sculler Robert Bagnall to become the world champion,⁸² and Wilson used a tune associated with *Paddy will you now*, whose lyrics were about an Irish woman in London who was determined to have sex and got drunk, and which had been published in Newcastle in the 1850s.⁸³ In Wilson's lyrics a wife was concerned that her husband had lost a bet on 'Bob' Bagnall.

66

It's a real bad job ye backt young
Bob!

An' - "Paddy will ye nowt."

"Noo what for because did ye not back Laddie?
Ye say for the cutest in the town,
But like a feul ye've backt young Bob,
An' ye've gien an' lost a whole half-crown."

CHORUS.

"It's a real bad job ye backt young Bob,
What for because did ye backt young Bob!"
(Repeat.)

"Ye said he'd the style or and Bob Chambers,
An' dinver intend to run him down,
But noo de ye expect your foakes to leave,
When ye gam an' loss a whole half-crown?"

"Ye said he wad turn out another Renforth,
Ye got me to pledge me best black gown,
To gien ye a lift an' was I awid me shift,
But ye've gien an' lost a whole half-crown!"

"Ye know that eers before ye married us,
Ye booted another lass down the town,
Noo noo will she get what you own this week,
When ye've gien an' lost the whole half-crown?"

"An' advise ye noo to bet me main, lad,
Withoot ye put me money down,
Or else ye mun throw the stakes yonsel,
An' mine me main loss a whole half-crown!"

Newcastle Joe Wilson

84

The usual fine for fathering a child out of wedlock was 2s 6d a week.

The Allans asked Thomas Fordyce to print 'a few of the later numbers' of Wilson's songbooks and the author set the type.⁸⁵ No 21 included *We'll seun heh wark to do* from 1871. In *That Factory Lass* a man was in love with a woman who worked 'among lots o' lasses' and considered her to be the most beautiful in spite of her 'Wellington nose and reed hair'. While he was away on militia exercises she grew from 'leet-myed' to 'stout', and when he returned he dithered about proposing, but promised he would tell 'Joe'. In *Martha Gray* a man congratulated himself on meeting a 'stoot Pervishun Dealer' and intended to 'pop' the 'co-operative question'. A father-to-be in *Aw wunder what Jinny 'ill hev'* hoped that if it was a son he would have 'a real gud trade, / A cobbler or a tailor', but decided to 'send him for a sailor' to save him from hanging. If it was a daughter she might be yeble to clean the hoose, / But if she turn'd oot lazy, / She'd myek us oftin crack her jaws, / An' send her muther crazy'.⁸⁶

In May *The Era* listed Joe Wilson, the 'Tyneside vocalist', as one of the five acts at the Oxford in Newcastle.⁸⁷ Tuberculosis had killed his father when he was 32. Joe was 32 and had contracted tuberculosis.

9. I would like to see my children reared

It was probably in summer 1874 that Wilson wrote *Snooks's Dinah* and used the tune associated with *Martha, the Milkman's Daughter*, a recent US piece by G.W. Hunt about a 'blue-eyed, fair-haired girl'. Wilson's lyrics stressed Dinah's blackness and described her in terms of her husband, as though she were a possession.

Bill Snooks's married a darkey wife,
Aw divvent knaw where he fund her,
But ower the sea she's com wi' him,
An' filled us a' wi' wonder,
Such eyes an' cheeks, such nose an' mooth,
Aw nivor clapt me eyes on,
But fancy's ivrything they say,
For all it's se surprisin.

KORUS.

Frae the heed te the fut,
She's as black as ony sut,
Thor may be fair an' finer,
But for a Blackeymoor, aw's sure
Thor's nyen like Snooks's Dinah !

She's a Nigger,—ne half-bred Quadroon,
Thor's ne disputin her breed.
Ne Mullatto or ne Octoroon
Can show a heed like her heed,
It's a curly, wooley, toosey pow,
Ne turmit aw've seen bigger,
Frae the shoolders te the waist square-built,
She's a heavy-wite black Nigger !

Bill says when they got married he
Wes heavy on the spree then,
The job wes deun—he cuddent help't
So what was he te de then ?
He got te bed—but oh next morn,
He thowt the imp o' evil

Had been his pairtner a' the neet,
His bed-mate wes the deevil !

"Oh marcy, divvent tyek us yit !
Aw's not prepared te leave here,"
Bill cried, an' rung his hands i' grief,
Says she, ye need'nt grieve here,
For aw's yor lawful wedded wife,
Yor choice o' luv an' passhun !
"Me wife !" cries Bill, "yor Bellsebub !
Lord help us, yor a cawshun !"

But efter that, he got used wid,
An' Dinah liked her gud-man,
They really got te 'gree forst-rate,
As married cupples shud, man,
An' when Bill cums hyem frae the pit,
She likes te see him black, as
She thinks he's then mair like hersel,
Till he says, "cum wesh me back, lass !"

But lately Dinah's been confined,
Wi' such a little geezer,
A little fellow,—black an' tan,
Drest up i' white te please her,
Bill lafft te see them byeth i' bed,
Luckt at one an' then the tuther,
An' wundorin whe on orth it's like,
He kiss'd it for its muther !

The husband in *He wants to be a Mormon* tried to convince his wife that he should have other wives, but she stumped him by asking how he would feel if she had more husbands,¹

Some of Wilson's later songs were grisly. The last public execution in Newcastle had taken place in 1844 after a man murdered his wife in Blandford Street.² In 1850 a man convicted of murdering his wife while drunk was hanged on the wall of the Gaol overlooking Carlol Street as around 15,000 people looked on. George Vass had spent three years at school and attended Sunday School and could read the Bible, knew the Lord's Prayer and wrote his name 'pretty well'. In 1863 he admitted raping and hitting a woman in Stowell Street and denied that meant to kill her, but was found guilty of murder. The *Newcastle Courant* noted that his execution would take place on his twentieth birthday and was intended to be a public spectacle. On the day there were disturbances in the crowd and several people were injured; but after the execution workmen removed the drop from public view, reinstated the wall, took down the barricades and the district had 'resumed its wonted quiet aspect' by noon. At 2.00pm Vass's body was buried inside the Goal.³ In 1868 the last person to be publicly executed in Britain was Michael Barrett, an Irish republican,⁴ but in 1874 Wilson claimed he had heard 'sumbody' complaining that an execution was to take place 'in private' in Newcastle Goal and wrote a recitation he called *Murder Throo Drink: The Gallows*.

THEY'VE teun him off te the Station noo.
Sumbody said that they always knew
'Twad end like this ; for the fearful strife
Wad only end i' the loss ov a life,
An' that wad be i' the life ov the wife.

"Murder !" wes whispered in iv'ry breath.
A poor aud wummin wes kicked te deeth—
Aye, kicked te deeth wiv her man's greet feet
In hob-nail beuts, that he wore i' the street.
An' sumbody said that it sarved her reet.

Sumbody always hes sumthing te say.
Aw heard they'd been drinkin mony a day—
Aye, mony a day an' mony a year,
Till the wummin had lost a' sense o' fear,
An' niver thowt that her end wes near.

But ivery life mun cum tiv an end,
The seuner wi' drinkin, ye may depend ;

The seuner wi' drink, for it's murder's mate,
For it fills the breest wi' passion an' hate,
That the hangman niver hes lang te wait.

The prisoner sits iv his gloomy cell,
An' hears for heesel the funeral bell.
But sumbody says that they owt te see
The murderer hung on the gallows tree ;
It's a shem that it shud se private be.

Oh, but sumbody here shud stop an' think
Ov the evil deun throo the evil drink.
For it's murder here, an' it's murder there,
It's murder throo drink myest iverywhere,
An' the gallows is varry seldom bare.

Keep clear o' the drink for yor lives, aw say ;
Keep't oot o' yor awn an' yor bairns' way,
Tho' sumbody says it 'ill de ye gud ;
But it niver will, nor it niver cud :
It corrupts the mind, the body, an' blud.

5

The decidedly intemperate recitation *Flog'd In Jail!* was soon published and described as a 'temperance' song.

WHE wad pity a drunken brute
That struck a helpless man?
That robbed an' nearly killed, for drink,
A poor an' crippled man?
An' whe wes this unfeelin wretch?
That rascal, Fightin Dan!

Thor's sum, if they can use thor fists,
Such greet advantage take;
They'll double't in yor varry fyece,
Te put ye in a shake,
Te myek ye give what ye refuse
If ye are wideawake.

An' so did Dan treat this poor man,
Aw've mentioned once before:
He tried te myek him pay for drink,
An' then he cursed an' swore,
Then followed him up sum byway—
The villain!—like a cur!

'Twes nearly murder: but he lived
Te limp doon te the court,
An' there describe the foul attack,
An' tell where he wes hurt;—
The sentence that Dan got that day
Wes onything but sport.

For days he waited i' the jail,
Till one day, tiv his ward,
The turnkey com te tell him he
Wes wanted in the yard.
He seun wes stript an' fastened up—
"Gan at it!—hit him hard!"

An' so they did: they hit him hard,
An' Dan turned varry pale;
Tho seldum frightened ov a man,
The "cat" seun myed him quail.
He yelled,—it hurt his feelins se,
This bein flog'd i' jail.

He cried for marcy!—mark the words!—
For *marcy*, at each stroke!
But had he ony marcy for
The man he tried te choke?
No! not a bit; not even if
His victim's neck had broke!

Ne pity for the hardened wretch;
Ne sympathy or fear:
Thor's ower mony like him, an'
We divvent want them here:
Thor's sum wad commit ony crime,
Ay, murder, for thor beer!

6

Wilson evidently accepted the legitimacy of flogging.

Wilson sang *Ye Talk About Cheps Being Bashful* a 'few times at the Oxford',⁷ to the tune of one of his old hits, *Varry Canny*,⁸

YE may talk about cheps bein bashful, aw say,
But thor's nyen that aw've seen like wor Neddy,
Tho' a canny young chep iv his awn quiet way,
An' byeth sober, gud-hearted, an' stiddy;
He'd behave he'sel reet i' the cumpny o' men,
But wi' lasses, whey man, he wes frighten'd,
For he'd stammer an' stutter, an' blush like a bairn,
The least notis his narvisness heighten'd.
Noo ye talk about cheps bein bashful.

He courted fat Nan, at least she courted him,
She's a greet big stoot lass, wi' ne shyness,
But a real handy hoose-keeper, honest an' trim,
Wiv a tung that myeks up for Ned's dryness;
She knew if she waited he'd nivvor propose,
So te start frae the forst as the best un,
One fine neet she popt a kiss under his nose,
An' then she te him popt the question.
Noo ye talk about cheps bein bashful.

Of coorse Ned consented, he cuddent say No!
An' the Register Office he mention'd,
He thowt 'twad be private, he diddent like show,
Espeshly when tyekin a wench in't;
But that mornin before half the sarvis wes deun,
A' the neybars cum croodin an' pushin,
An' cheerin the pair all the way they did run,
The bride sniled, but the bridegroom wes blushin.
Noo ye talk about cheps bein bashful.

At hyem, Ned sat up iv a corner, as grim
As if 'twes a funeral party,
An' he thowt tiv he'sel that they waddent miss him,
'Mang as mony se jovial an' hearty;
So at neet when he fund all the cump'ny gawn,
Efter mony boos, scrapins, an' dodgins,
He thowt it wad be best te follow thor plan,
So he hurried away tiv his lodgins.
Noo ye talk about cheps bein bashful.

Next mornin, he thowt it wad only be reet
Te call an' see hoo his wife fettled,
Says she, "Noo, Ned, where did ye get te last neet?"
Ye may a' lay yor life she wes nettled!
"What's the reason ye left us last neet be me-sel?
Aw's yor wife, but ye myest myek us doot it!"
Says he, "If aw'd stopt, an' the neybars heard tell,
De ye not think they'd all talk'd about it?"
Noo ye talk about cheps bein bashful.

Says she, "If the neybars knew ye war away,
For talkin they'd hev a gud reason,
An' if aw hevint a mind te believe what ye say,
Sum uther lass ye might be squeezin."
Efter this, cud Ned help but te stop biv her side,
An' twelve munths efter hoo his eye glisten'd,
When the Queen, canny body, sent doon tiv his bride,
Three pund for three bairns as a prisint!
Noo ye talk about cheps bein bashful.

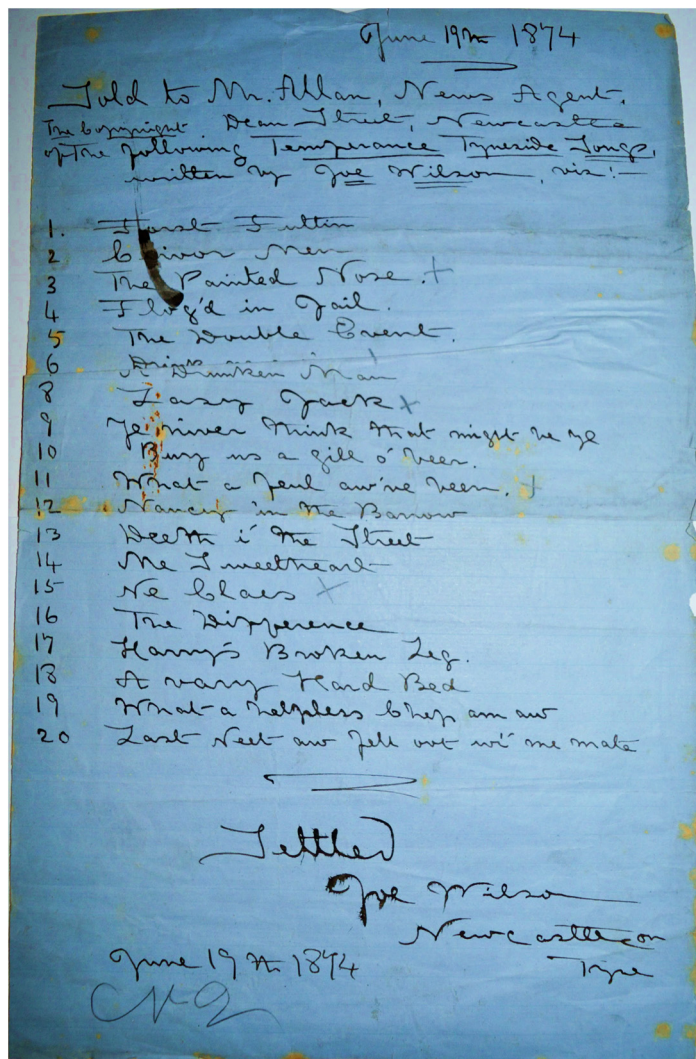
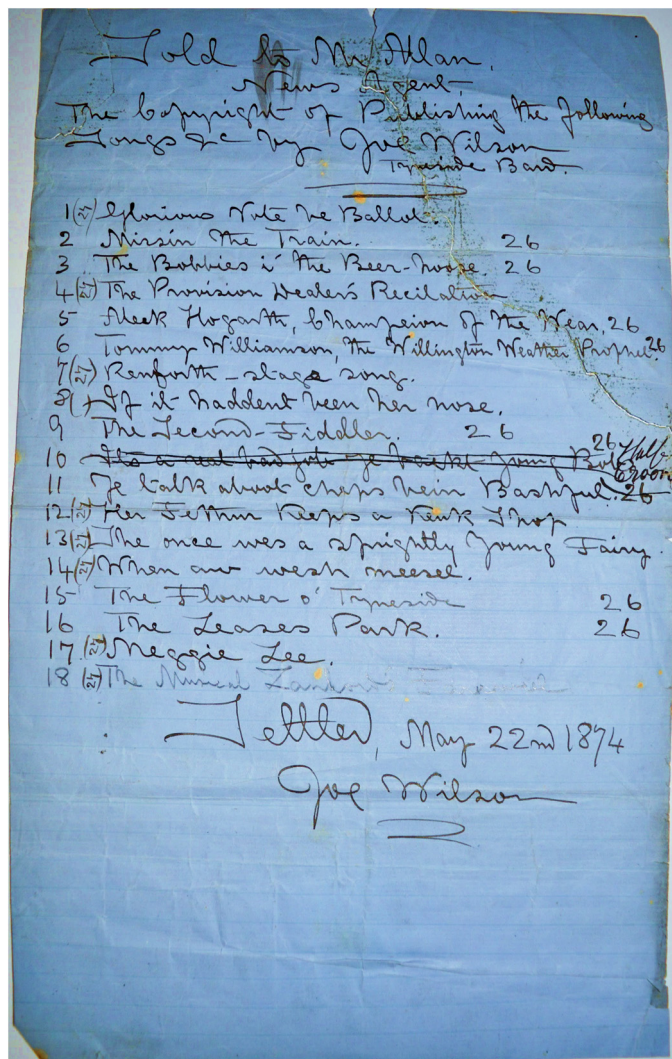
9

According to Thomas Allan this was 'about the last song Joe wrote',¹⁰ but it was not published until years later.

On 22 May 1874 Wilson wrote on the back of a contract.

Song — "Just a Hapney"
"He wes reckon'd gud-hearted"
"Cadjin for Beer"
Last 4 lines altered to
Aw'd seuner hear ye ask for breed,
Then see ye spungin here,
For oh, the man disarves contempt
That cadjes for his beer.

Then he signed away the copyright of 18 songs. It is not clear what the '+' signified, but 'N 2' was in a different hand. On 19 June he signed away the copyright of 20 more songs



At some point after 26 June, Wilson wrote several more lyrics on blue foolscap paper and included some dated as early as 1868 and 1870.

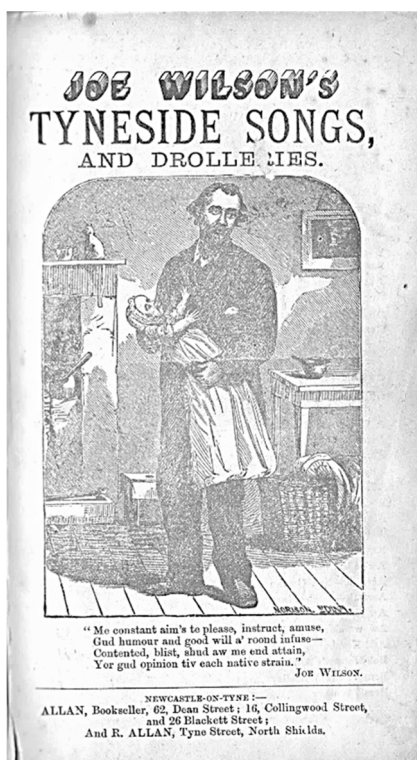
Tom Broom. Reading or Recitation
 Ye've lost a whole Half-Croon!
 The Second-Fiddler
 The Sober real enjoyment feel!
 The Life ov a Sponge!
 The Leases Park!
 A TEETOTALLER'S DEFENCE Which de ye call Mean! A Recitation
 Think o' the Little Ones at Hyem!
 The Flower o' Tyneside!
 Drunken Dolly's Deeth!
 The Difference
 Missin the Train!
 Narvis Johnny
 A Happy Neet at Hyem!
 Aleck Hogarth, Champain of the Wear
 Kill'd throo a fall doon Stairs!
 Title of Work Temperance Songs, Recitations & Readings
 The Bobbies i' the Beerhouse!
 The Musical Landlord's Fareweel!
 When a' thor Memry's Gyen!
 Cum Hyem wi' me
 The Horrors!
 Cum te maw Shop! Recitation for Grossers & Provision Dealers
 Wor Geordy's Kallindor for last eer
 I' the Gloom
 Renforth As sung by the Author on the Music Halls
 When aw Wesh Mesel!
 Her Fethur keeps a Keuk Shop

| | |
|--|------|
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | No 1 |
| Joe Wilson | 1 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 2 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 2 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 3 |
| May 13 th 1874 Joe Wilson Newcastle | 4 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 4 |
| Joe Wilson | 5 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 5 |
| | 6* |
| Joe Wilson | 6 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 7 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 7 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 8 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 8 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 9 |
| | 9 |
| | 10 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 10 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 11* |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 12* |
| Joe Wilson Newcastle | 12 |
| JW | 13 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 14 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 14 |
| Joe Wilson Newcastle | 15 |
| Newcastle Joe Wilson | 17 |

| | | |
|--|--|-----|
| Mary Anne's letter te Me! [prose] | | 18 |
| Charity! | May 21 st 1874 Joe Wilson Newcastle-upon Tyne | 19 |
| Mrs E, the subject of the above verses, during the latter end of 1873, was unfortunately run over near Earl Grey's Monument, her leg broken through the accident, which renders the poor old woman doubly helpless | | |
| Seekin for a Hoose! | Newcastle Joe Wilson | 20 |
| If Spennithorne had won! Or the Plate o' 74 | JW | 21 |
| The Fitter Sweep! | JW | 22 |
| Sivilised | JW | 23 |
| Nanny's Portrait, Or, Past an' Prisint A Recitation | JW | 24 |
| If deed Foaks cum to life agyen | Joe Wilson | 25 |
| Wor Neybor Nell | JW | 26 |
| Barney Riley's Dream | JW | 27* |
| The Bairn's Nyem! | JW | 28 |
| Bad Beuts | | 29* |
| Gossipin Nanny Broon | JW | 30 |
| The Unsartin Lass | | 32 |
| The Bonny Young Man | Nov 4 th 1868 Joe Wilson Newcastle | |
| Fareweel te Tyneside | Apr 30 th 1870 Joe Wilson Sunderland | |
| Buy us a Gill o' Beer | Joe Wilson | |
| Nancy in the Barrow | Joe Wilson | |
| The above can also be used as a Recitation | | |
| Ne Claes! | Joe Wilson | |
| Can also be used as a Recitation | | |
| She once we a Sprightly Young fairy! | Newcastle Joe Wilson | |
| The Willington Weather Prophet | Newcastle Joe Wilson | |
| What a helpless Chep am aw! | Joe Wilson | |

The numbers are in another hand and Wilson used the songs I have marked with an asterisk in a later compilation.¹¹

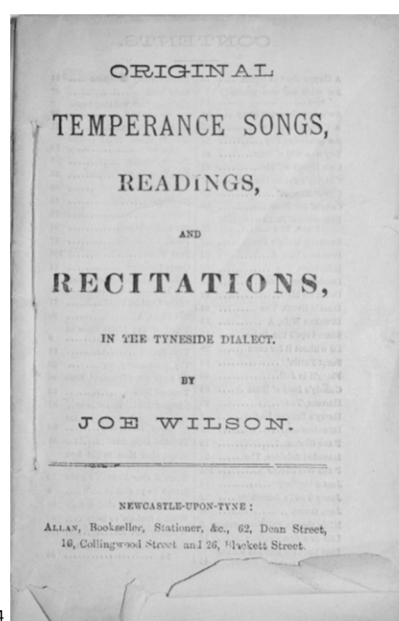
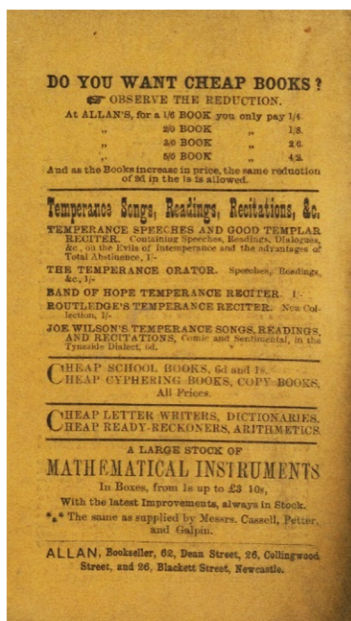
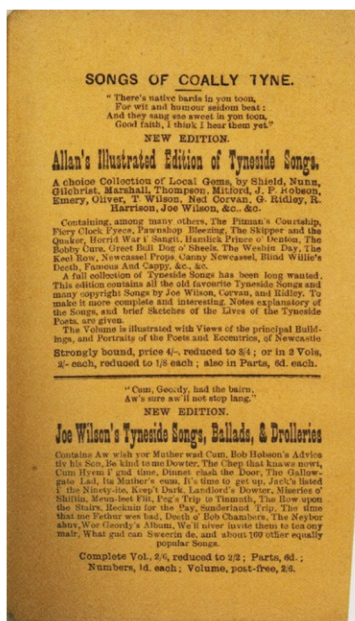
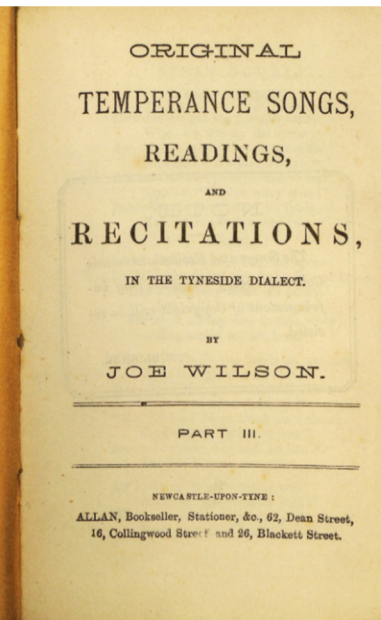
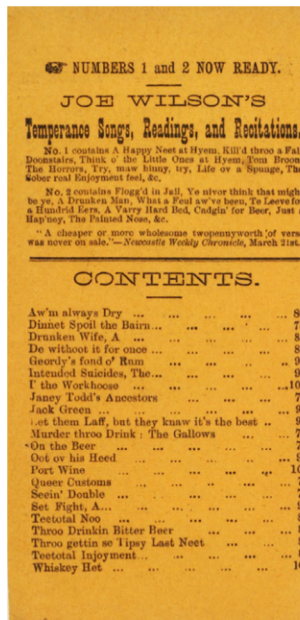
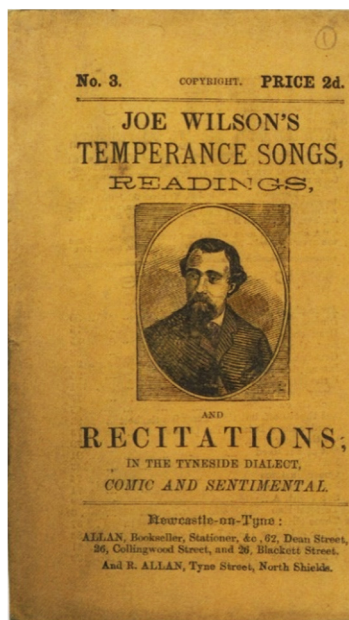
Around this time 'Allan' published a new edition of Wilson's songbook. Inside the back cover of one of my copies is a tipped-in drawing of a harassed man wearing nightshirt and holding a baby as if he was about to sing *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum*.



12

It had an 11-page Index and several songs were labelled 'S.D'. (Second Division), but it began with the same 20 numbers as the 1872 edition. Number 21 formed pages 203 to 212 and Numbers 22 to 29 were paginated 13 to 92, so the book may well have been a rush job. Allan had Wilson's pantomime *Pilferini* and the firm's *Catalogue* bound in at the end of the book.¹³

The front and back covers of the copyrighted No 3 of *Joe Wilson's Temperance Songs* were full of Allan's advertisements, but a copy of the 104-page edition of all three songbooks has no cover and is stitched together but uncut.



In July *The Era* noted that Wilson took part in a 'crowded' benefit at the Victoria Music Hall in Newcastle,¹⁶ and topped the bill at the Wear in Sunderland, which claimed to be 'THE LARGEST AND MOST MAGNIFICENT HALL IN EUROPE', and admitted 'no improper person' 'under any circumstances whatever'. The *Sunderland Echo* published a lengthy review.

Prominent amongst the artistes under engagement at this hall is Mr. Joe. Wilson, the Tyneside bard, who is a very old favourite of the people on the banks of the Wear. In his sketch of his life, Mr. Wilson modestly says, "Since that time (when his first book of songs were published,—at the age of seventeen) it's been my aim to hev a place in the hearts of Tyneside people, by writing bits of homely sangs aw think they will sing;" but it may truthfully be said that he has not only obtained the object of his desire—a place in the hearts of Tynesiders—but has secured a kindly remembrance in the memories of dwellers on the Wear. This was evinced by the hearty reception he met with. As is his custom, he introduced new songs to the notice of the audience, singing "On the banks of Tyneside," "Seeking a house," "The Rashful Bridegroom," "She once was a Fairy," and "If all the Folks who are dead

could come to life again." All these were characterised by the singer's quiet sort of humour, and each song was rendered amid the usual marks of enjoyment on the part of the audience. The company this week also includes—Miss Annie Wilkey, a very pleasing vocalist, whose musical entertainment obtained for her a hearty recall; Messrs. Beet and Rice, whose "negro entertainment" provoked a good deal of laughter; Miss Lilly Milburn, serio-comic singer, whose performances appeared to be highly appreciated by a large section of the audience; the Harrison Family, an amusing burlesque troupe; Miss Clifton and Miss Maggie Zimmer, vocalists; and Mr. Herbert, comic singer. The hall will be closed for a week after Saturday first, when it will be placed in the hands of renovators.

On 25 July Isabella Wilson bore a son at 47 Railway Street, Newcastle,¹⁸ but the birth was not registered for several months. In August the 'Tyneside vocalist' was at the Victoria in Newcastle for a fortnight and was then 'warmly received' at the Oxford in Middlesbrough. Leybourne topped the bill, but Wilson subsequently did so at the Royal Star Theatre of Varieties in Stockton.¹⁹

Allan had sent copies of *Joe Wilson's Tyneside Songs* to local and national periodicals, and on 28 August, even though the *Literary Review* of London had rejected the idea that Wilson ranked alongside other minor poets, Allan rushed out a flyer quoting the review and advertised No 3 of Wilson's *Temperance Songs*.

NEW TEMPERANCE SONGS

JOE WILSON'S *Temperance Songs, Readings, and Recitations*

Containing – A Happy Neet at Hyem, Killed throo a Fall Doonstairs, Think o' the
Little Ones at Hyem, Tom Broon, The Horrors, Try, maw hinny, try, Life ov a
Sponge, The Sober Real Enjoyment Feel, &c., &c. ...
Three Numbers Now Ready. Price Twopence each, or Bound in One
Part, Price Sixpence.²⁰

Reportedly Wilson had been 'absent from the music halls so long that he was much in demand, not only in northern England, but in Scotland', and at the Britannia in Glasgow he felt a pain in his side which he described 'as if a knife had pierced him'. He had a rest, then began performing again, but gradually grew weaker.²¹ On 30 August *The Era* reported that the audience at Royal Star Theatre of Varieties in Stockton gave the 'Tyneside bard and vocalist' a 'reception of the heartiest kind' and his songs were 'held in the highest esteem throughout the North'. Business was good, but the manager, Charles Exley, put Wilson well down the list of artistes in his advertisement.²² A local man recalled that 'many of the leading and thoughtful as well as the most rollicking of the town's inhabitants' went to see him, but 'consumption was ravaging his frame and intensified the pathos of his songs'. The proprietor, Alderman Thomas Nelson, asked him to sing *The Time that me Fethur was Bad* every night and gave him a benefit so that he 'might be helped through his illness', even though that was not in the contract.²³ Early in September *The Era* reported that Wilson was 'as great a favourite as ever',²⁴ but this was probably his last engagement.²⁵ In October Allan advertised *Tyneside Songs* reduced from 4s to 3s 4d and *Joe Wilson's Tyneside Songs* from 2s 6d to 2s 2d.²⁶

In March Rowland Harrison had had an 'Immense reception' at the Alhambra Music Hall in Mill Dam, South Shields;²⁷ but by October he was landlord of the Commercial Hotel in Winlaton,²⁸ which remains imposing today.



29

Harrison invited Joe Wilson to recuperate there and when they went out walking Harrison sent a boy ahead with a dog and two rabbits, but Wilson refused to watch 'a poor bit rabbit killed!' and 'turned on his heels and left'.³⁰

In Newcastle Dawson, Thomas Allan and Robert Stephenson, the musical landlord of the Lord Nelson Inn, were organising a benefit in the Mechanics' Institute for Friday 16 October,³¹ and Wilson wrote to Allan on the 13th and 14th.

3. Commercial Hotel,
Winlaton

Dear Friend,

I think everything will go right on Friday Night and hope it will be a great success. Mr Dawson has got checks-bakers and my Brother-in-Law will take the money which he can deposit with you till the next day and then bring it up to me, or he can keep possession just as you like, but it must not pass into Howard's hands. He is a stranger to me and his kindred is business. Another thing, the general Public has no call to know what I receive or they may think I am too well off.

Bowley intended to give me two or three benefits here a week ago, now he thinks the Mechanics will be plenty, for he does not mention me here now for any settled time, so I do not wish you to tell Jack Taylor what there is taken. Mr. Mann has a good supply of checks, which he is willing to lend me, I have wrote to him. I am very comfortable here, but no better I feel a bit fresher when I get a walk, but through the night I have the same weary enough and a bit with kind regards and many thanks to Mr Dawson and yourself & your lady's
Oct 15th. Ove Wilson

1 Commercial Hotel
Winlaton

Dear Friend,

It is a great pity as you say that such a quantity of work should have to be done for a small place like the Mechanics. I took very ill yesterday, more so than I have been yet I believe and they had to get the doctor here for me I suppose he is good. I am still in great pain and quite unable to study or write anything. Hoping everything will go right & yours truly,
Oct 14th 1874 Ove Wilson

Mr Mann has never answered me, if you have not heard anything, Bellow perhaps can supply you with checks.

The organisers took a sum to Winlaton that 'greatly cheered' Wilson,³³ but he wanted another benefit and hoped that William Lumsden and Robert Watson Boyd, the champion Tyne scullers, would help.

2. Commercial Hotel,
Winnipeg

Dear Friend,

I have been in very poor fettle for better writing, and as for my thinking of you I never forget you and cannot express my gratitude for the loan of the Books George sent me. I have found myself a bit better this last day or two, and I am having a good heart of ultimate recovery, but of course, if this has to be, it will be months first, and then I will not be fit for work

or singing. I should like to get into some kind of business if possible, by the means of another good benefit, as if we have to live upon the receipts of the last till it is done, what are we to do then? If Mr. Mann takes the management of a concert for the Town Hall, Lyatehead, Mr. Gallon, brother-in-law of Mr. Dawson is very willing to help him to make it a success and we may get others to swell the list to assist. Besides have the Bright-Budders, especially Boyd and Lunden

Since I have wrote the two foregoing pages I have just been as bad as ever, the weather is so changeable and the cold tells greatly against me. I started to write this on Monday, but I turn very weak after writing a few lines. I am glad to know that I am not forgotten and that some enquire after me, for I really believe that I deserve something to pull me through the winter and if I manage that the doctor here says there is a chance for me, but

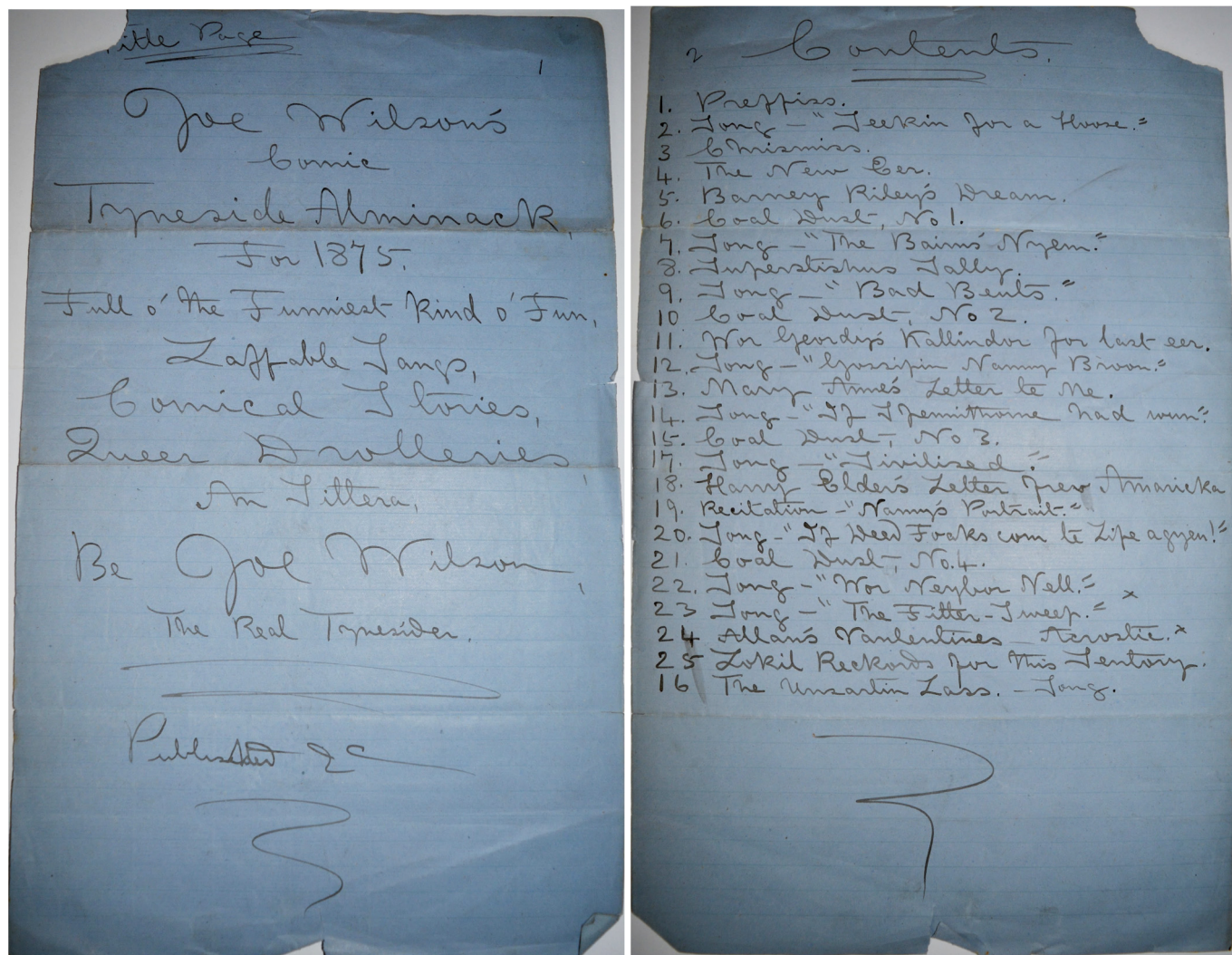
I need every ^{3 3/4} nourishment and care. As I should like to live if possible for a few years longer I should like to see this book. I would like to see my children reared, it might be done and I hope it may, but it cannot if I have to make my living on the stage but I might take engagements for a night at a time if I recover. and I hope I may for so many have tried to make loose heart it should like to pull through to please my friends, men as George, Dawson, and yourself, and your old friend, Joe ready to write for you whenever well.³⁴

It was as though Wilson felt he was an employee on sick-leave.

The birth of Robert John Wilson was registered on the 27th and his father's occupation was given as 'Professional Singer'.

| | | | | | | | | |
|--|----------------|-----|------------------|---|----------------------|---|---------------------------------|---|
| Twenty-fifth July 1874 47 Railway Street | Robert John | Ray | Joseph Wilson | Isabella Wilson formerly English | Profession Singer | Isabella Wilson Mother 47 Railway Street Newcastle | Twenty-fifth October 1874 | William Shroff Handley Regulation J. Parsons Agent Superintendent Regulation |
|--|----------------|-----|------------------|---|----------------------|---|---------------------------------|---|

Wilson returned to Newcastle to celebrate his and Tom's 33rd birthday on 29 November, but 'despite the care and attention with which he was nursed' he 'grew weaker and weaker'. He could not walk very far so he took a cab to Jesmond Old Cemetery to see J.P. Robson's memorial.³⁵ At Allan's suggestion, Wilson drafted a 'Tyneside' version of John Hartley's Yorkshire 'dialect' *Original Illuminated Clock Almanack*, mostly on blue foolscap paper with page numbers, and he included some old songs.



A list of song titles and comments followed.

| | |
|-------|--|
| 3-4] | Lazy Jack |
| 5-6 | Clivor Men! |
| 7-8 | Flog'd in jail. Recitation. |
| 9-10 | The Painted Nose |
| 11-12 | What a Feul aw've been! |
| 13-14 | Harry's Broken Leg! |
| 15-16 | Deeth i' the Street. Recitation. |
| 17-18 | Me Sweetheart. |
| 19-20 | Ye niver think that might be ye! |
| 21-22 | The Double Event! |
| | Can also be used as a Recitation |
| 23-24 | A Drunken Man! |
| 25-26 | Forst Futtin! |
| 27-28 | Last Neet aw fell oot wi' me Mate! |
| | The above can also be used as a Recitation |
| 29-30 | [Blue quarto] |

| |
|---------------|
| By Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |
| Joe Wilson |

Oct 18th,
1870,

59 Blandford Street

Written by Mr. Joe Wilson, Tyneside Bard, Manager of the
Cambridge Music Hall, Spennymoor, and Sung by Mr. T.B. Appleby
in the Successful Pantomime of "Robin Hood", at the Tyne Theatre
and Opera House, Newcastle-on-Tyne

31-32 [Double white foolscap]

The Tyneside Champein Fower!

Nov 21st Joe Wilson
1869 59, Blandford Street
Newcastle-on-Tyne

33-34 [White foolscap]

Live for a Whole Hundred Years!

59 Blandford Street,

Newcastle-on-Tyne

June 28th 1870

Written by

Joe Wilson

for his friend Joe McDowell

25-36 The New Eer!

37-38 Harry Elders letter frev Amerika te Jack Broon

No. 1241, Broadway, October 2nd New York [prose]

39-40 Coal Dust.

41-42 Coal Dust.

43-44 Acrostick. [ALLAN'S VALENTINES]

45-46 The Glorious Vote be Ballot. 'Feb 12th 1874'

47-48 Coal Dust.

49-50 Ye talk about Cheps been Bashful

JW

By Joe Wilson, Newcastle

JW

Joe Wilson

On pages 51 and 52 Wilson wrote his 'Preffis'.

Joe Wilson's Tyneside Almanack.
Preffis.

As our white man Preffis afore our de put else
our word seems about i' the middle o' the book than
did, because our then our nation or what's for it
follow, an' our waddent like to better what-mightn't
be the cheese. At my rate an' I'll try, to please ye the
system may as well be damn before, an' if we succeed
an' I'll shake hands wi' meesel an' say "Well damn, Joe,
ye a good stayer at the rate ye can at to amuse
ye friends! and glad to see ye keep so fresh, an'
hang many ye keep so!" That's what we'll say meesel
an' our hope the public all echo our sentiments. We
and friend, Mr. Allan, the News Agent, think our might as
well then on Almanack o' our own, an' here we are wi'
No. 1, begin it all from it up to the mark. Two'm
half-way thro' the Preffis now, at least our hope so.
Regarding the local events o' civility-power, there's been
sum great changes, what win elections an' a' that sort
o' thing; Conservative Pitmen bein the only serious article
in demand; if ye doubt this, see Major Duncan, the un-
successful candidate for Morpeth an' Durham. But I'll say
there's many changes every-er it makes ye wonder
where they a' cum from. The most important that we
can think on, is, we've got another son an' heir to
the property; but I'll say its little heart its welcome
a' the system, an' believe yeaves thinks more o' the time
when there must be keep them on; at my rate ye can't
help but love the poor little innocents when ye see them
womby lips gapein when ye kiss them, as if they
was eat ye, exceptin them can't get the little every
minut. We had a many time on't at its birth, an' our
wish ye may a' be as merry at the birth or the
New Eer, an' may it prove a healthy an' prosperous one

52.

For ye a', bringin ye bucket-pulls o' good luck to brighten
ye days, an' may many o' ye friends spoil this happy
factor wi' kickin the bucketts aground. Hopin ye'll
enjoy yersel whenever ye take this New's i' ye hand
to see what day o' the month it is, an' help to double
the circulation whenever ye have the chance, that it may
increase wi' the census, to live ye own senses, an'
improve me own senses, an' clear all expenses, an' for
ever more us!

Wi' stories an' songs, funny coal dust, an' letters,
I'd like to please a' the good folks i' the North,
Me opinions to give to yeetta equals an' letters,
An' leave them to judge o' their sense an' their worth,
Wi' hopes an' I'll believe
The poor folks that's drivin
To pull thro' this world o' great trouble an' care,
An' I'll be an' succeed in
This queer kind o' readin,
An' gain their approval, will want must me main.

Joe Wilson.

Preffis

More songs followed.

| | | |
|---------|--|--|
| 52-55 | Superstishus Sally. [Note by Thomas Allan: Song Book on page 109 Superstishus Sally but this one is different only the first verse the same TA Sept 22/90] | |
| 56-57 | Chrissmiss. | |
| 58-59 | Barney Riley's Dream. A True Story. | JW |
| 60-61 | Coal Dust. | JW |
| 62-63 | Bad Beuts. | |
| 64-65 | Alteration of Tune Drunken Dolly's Deeth Air – "Pull away Merrily" Then prent us a funeral caird, Mister Printer. An' put a bit verse on byeth tellin an' brief, Te show drunkards gain ne respect frae thor neybons, An' thor deeth's only felt as a happy relief. It's a reel bad job ye Backd Young Bob | Newcastle Joe Wilson |
| 66-67 | The Horrors! | Newcastle Joe Wilson |
| 68-69 | [Four folded sheets of blue quarto paper] Jacob the Hatter's Unhappy Courtship. A comic Medley Song by Joseph Wilson Barney and his Pig (altered) The Death of Old Sambo Negro Song – by Joe Wilson My Love – he has gone to Kentucky | Newcastle Joe Wilson |
| 70-75 | Negro Street Song – by Joe Wilson I'll Kiss You all away Joseph Wilson Newcastle | yours truly Joseph Wilson Newcastle |
| 76-77 | [Blue foolscap] Where is Geordy gyen? | |
| 78-79 | Cum Hyem wi me | Newcastle Joe Wilson |
| 80-[81] | Wor Canny Second-born! [On back] A merry Chrissmiss te ye a', A merry Chrismis may ye know, May them that cannot noo afford, Seun hev a gud an' festive board The men needent be astonished at The Wimmin try te heh thor Awn way after marridge, for They've a vast te put up with Afore they de get an man te Keep them | 28 Trafalgar Street By Joe Wilson Newcastle |
| 82-83 | [Page from account book] Good Bye Darling | Written by Joe Wilson |
| 84 | [Double blue foolscap folded in four] Lokil Records For this Sintory | |

Probably around this time Wilson acknowledged a loan.

I D R -
 Thomas Allan. the same of
 17-10-
 Joe Wilson

36

That was around eight months' average wages. On 27 December *The Era* reported on a Newcastle Town Hall benefit for 'Mr Joe Wilson (Tyneside vocalist and author), who continues ill. There was a large audience and an excellent programme'.³⁷

Possibly around this time Henry Parker Such published a 'translation' of one of Wilson's earliest hits in London.

THE REASON WHY.

Air:—"Annie of the Vale."

London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer, & Publisher,
177, Union-street, Borough.—S. E.

ONE night in cold December, I've reason to re-
member,
I fell in love with such a charming girl,
Her eyes were bright and tender, her form was tall
and slender,

And around her head her hair it hung in curls.
She said, Come! come now, come along with me,
And don't look so bashful and shy,
And she was such a beauty, I thought it was my duty,
So I went, and never asked the reason why.

I treated her to brandy—we fell in with a dandy,—
Of oysters they had seven score, or more;
Of brandies half-a-dozen—says she this is my cousin,
I know you will stand a half-a-dozen more.
She said, Come! come, and fork out your browns,
And don't look so bashful and shy;
And she was such a beauty, I thought it was my duty,
So I paid and never asked the reason why.

This dandy he came to me, and by the nose he drew me,
Saying, Spooney, what be the time of day?
When I began to mutter, he kicked me in the gutter,
And with my lady calmly walked away.
He said, Come! come, come along old girl,
And don't look so bashful and shy,
You know I've done my duty, I made him look a beauty,
So they went and never told the reason why.

I lay there till next morning till the day was dawning,
Two policemen found the spot where I did lay,
They drew me from the gutter, and placed me on
a shutter,
To the Station House they carried me away.
They said, Come! come, come along old boy,
And don't look so bashful and shy,
For you are such a beauty, that we must do our duty,
And the Magistrates will know the reason why.

Next morn before the beak, when in the dock was
standing,
My wife was there with little Joe and Bill,
They fined me shillings forty, but I had not got
the ready,
So they sent me just a month upon the mill.
They said, Come! come, and go along old boy,
And don't look so bashful and shy,
You've been chisell'd by a beauty, but you'll have to
do your duty,
And you'll never get to know the reason why.

590.

I wish your MOTHER WOULD COME!

(Tune:—"The Whistling Thief.")

COME Georgy hold the child,
I am sure I will not stop long,
I would take the jewel myself,
But really I am not strong;
There's flour and goods to get,
The house turns is not done,
So hold the child for fear,
You have often done it for fun.
Then Georgy held the child,
But sore against his will,
The poor little thing was good,
But Georgy had no skill;
He had not his mother's ways,
He sat both stiff and numb,
Before five minutes was past,
He wished its mother would come.

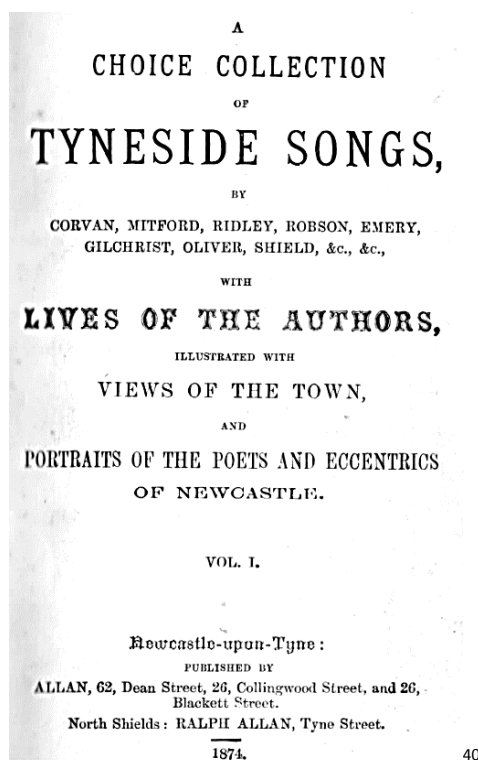
His wife had scarcely gone,
The child began to bawl,
He picked it up and down,
He'd let the poor thing fall;
It would not hold its tongue,
The song and tune he humm'd,
"Jack and Jill went up the hill,"
But I wish your mother would come.

What weary toil, says he,
This nursing bairns must be,
A bit is well enough,
And quite enough for me.
To keep a crying child,
It may be grand to some,
A day's work's not so bad,
I wish your mother would come.

Men seldom give a thought
To what their wives endure,
I thought she had nought to do
But to clean the house and sew,
Or make me dinner and tea;
It's starting to chew its thumb,
The poor thing wants its tit,
I wish your mother would come.

What a selfish world this is,
There's naught more so than man,
He laughs at woman's toil,
And will not nurse his own.
It's going to cry again,
I am sure it's through its gums,
My little bit pet, don't fret,
I wish your mother would come.
But kindness does a vast deal,
It's no use getting vexed,
It will not please the child,
Or ease a mind perplexed;
At last—it's gone to sleep,
My wife will not say I'm numb.
She'll say I'm a real good nurse,
But I wish your mother would come.

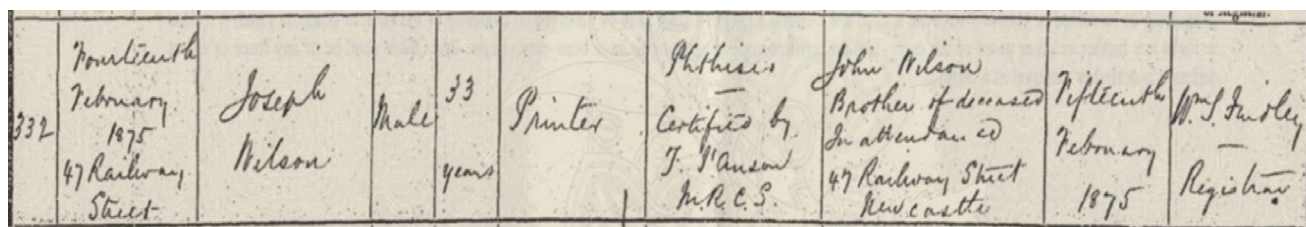
Wilson reportedly told a journalist 'Aw waddint hae cared if they'd gien it as it wis written, but they've put in in te Yorkshire'.³⁹ Thomas and Ralph Allan published a new edition of their songbook in two volumes.



Wilson was the only living songwriter on the title page of Volume I.

On 2 January 1875 Allan advertised his own, Wilson's and Harrison's songbooks, in the *Morpeth Herald* at reduced prices.⁴¹ Soon after the *Sunderland Daily Echo* reported that Harry Dale had 'created much merriment by his comic singing' at the Wear and sang 'Joe Wilson's "Home for the Waifs and Strays" with much feeling'.⁴²

On the afternoon of Sunday 14 February Joe Wilson died at home in Railway Street, Newcastle,⁴³ 'quietly, as if going to sleep'.⁴⁴ His brother John was present. On Monday the cause of death of the 'Printer' was given as 'Phthisis'.



That day the *Sunderland Daily Echo* published an obituary but gave Wilson's age as 38. 'For a great many years past Mr. Wilson occupied the foremost position amongst the few humourists whose humour was more particularly illustrative of the peculiarities of local character'. He was adept at 'hitting off the cross lights of the lower strata of Tyneside people and had been a favourite of audiences at the Wear', 'never descended to vulgarity' and 'lived in a humble sphere of life'. 'For the last nine months he has been in a gradual decline, and his death leaves his wife and three children in an almost dependent condition'.⁴⁵ The *Shields Daily Gazette* plagiarised part of this obituary.⁴⁶ The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* noted that 'For some time he has been suffering from a lingering and wasting disease' and his recovery was 'despaired of by his friends'.

His songs were faithful delineations of local life, his humour of a high order, and never marred by coarseness or ribaldry. He could also write very pathetic melodies, but his sentiment never descended to drivelling mawkishness. His knowledge of the dialect of Newcastle and its neighbourhood was great, and was especially displayed in his prose writings, some of which were excellent in their own way. As a neighbour he was genial and light hearted, and ready to give his services to help his distressed brethren.

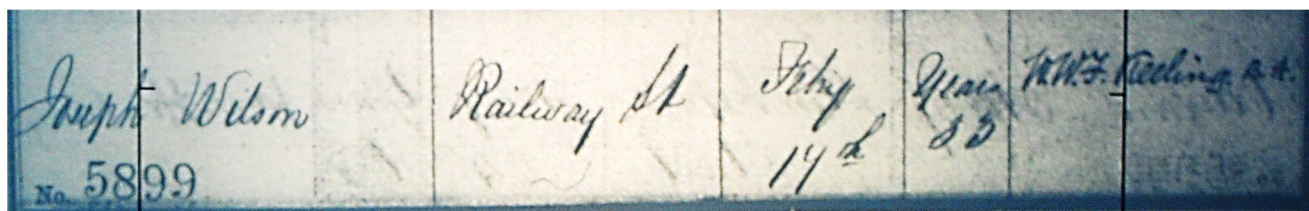
The *Chronicle* believed that 'Mr Wilson's songs have been published by Mr Fordyce', but next day it acknowledged that 'Mr Allen [sic] was the publisher and Fordyce the printer'.⁴⁷ Wilson's death was marked at the Wear and Harry Dale received a 'remarkably enthusiastic reception' for singing *A Home for the Waifs and Strays* and adding an extempore verse.

The noble rhyme that wrote this poem
Has left this life, the earthly core;
So well belov'd by all who knew him,

Poor Wilson, we will ne'er see more.
 With high and low, by all who know't,
 His name will ne'er decay,
 Joe Wilson, as the Tyneside poet,
 Is blest by the Waifs and Strays.⁴⁸

Apparently there was no further benefit in Newcastle.

On the 17th 'a hearse and two mourning coaches, about a dozen cabs' and a 'very large number of persons on foot' met 'in front of the house of the deceased' and set off for Jesmond Old Cemetery, where a 'large concourse of people' included Rowland Harrison, Watson Derbyshire, the leader of the Tyne Theatre & Opera House orchestra, William Elliott, Bagnall and Blakey, 'representatives of the theatrical and musical profession of the town and neighbourhood' and 'numerous other friends of the deceased, many of whom had come from a distance to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory'. Thomas Allan was one of the four pall-bearers and Reverend W.W.F. Keeling, the Anglican curate of St. Stephens Church, read the service 'in a solemn and impressive manner',⁴⁹ as the body was buried in Plot 5K, Ward 7.⁵⁰



51

Next day the *Northern Daily Express* noted that Wilson had been 'much and deservedly respected by a large circle of friends, who were to be found especially amongst the working classes on Tyneside, to whom he had endeared himself by the touching pathos of his simple songs'.⁵² The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* reported that his 'widow and infant children – the youngest but seven months old – are left totally unprovided for' and 'an appeal is about to be made to the public'.⁵³

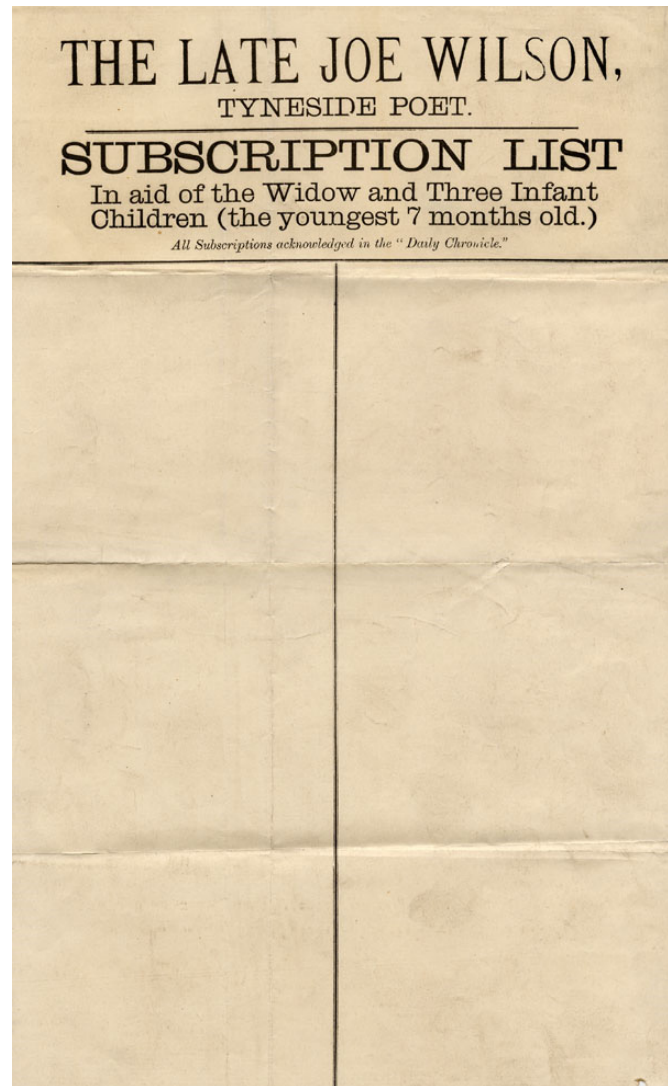
On Saturday the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* reported wrongly that the 'Tyneside Bard' had died at '67 Railway Street' and noted that 'Poor Joe Wilson will be regretted by thousands' since his songs had become 'household words on Tyneside, and for many a mile round about'. 'They don't pretend to be anything; but they are just the sort of thing for the people for whom they were written'. 'He made you laugh until you nearly cried. He was none the worse because his talent was rough and uncultivated.' Then came the lyrics of *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum*.⁵⁴ The *Newcastle Daily Journal* noted that Wilson was

a year older than Burns, and about two years older than Byron, neither of whom, talented though they were, could possibly have written his songs. Far below great poets of wide fame, he honestly and effectively did the work he was qualified to do ... by faithfully reflecting his vivid impressions of the humble life and scenes of his boyhood.⁵⁵

Wilson's songs had a 'family tinge', though the 'obscure provincialisms of the Newcastle dialect place a limit to their fame'. 'Often rough and racy – occasionally vulgar in language – there is no approach to impropriety'. *The Gallowgate Lad* and *The Row upon the Stairs* were 'standard songs' and 'will never be forgotten' when 'more pretentious compositions have passed into oblivion'. The *North of England Advertiser* believed that 'a chord of sympathy will be struck in many thousands of hearts around Tyneside' and there were 'few places in Northumberland and Durham where he has not made his name a household word'. He 'struck out a new line of local song', but 'never brings the blush to the cheek of maiden modesty' or 'seeks to convey no double meaning'. William Dawson, the author of the 'Lokil Letter' in the *Advertiser* after J.P. Robson had died, wrote that Wilson was 'won o' the cannyst creetors' he had known.⁵⁶ The *Morpeth Herald* plagiarised the *Sunderland Daily Echo* obituary, but got Wilson's age right, and added that though '"Joe" will be missed by those who were in the habit of attending the concert-halls' his songs 'will survive and keep his memory green for many years to come', and 'have been published in a collected form by Mr. Allan, of Newcastle'. Then came *The Time that me Fethur wes bad*.⁵⁷ The *Jarrow Express* failed to recognise that *Aw wish yor Muther wad Cum* and *Geordy haud the Bairn* were the same song, but understood that Isabella Wilson and her three children were 'scantily provided for'.⁵⁸ The *Jarrow Guardian* published no obituary, but carried Allan's advertisement of Wilson's and Harrison's songbooks, their own compilation and 'Valentines Wholesale!'⁵⁹

On Sunday 21st an obituary of the 'Tyneside Bard and Vocalist' plagiarised from Tyneside papers appeared in *The Era*.⁶⁰ Next day the *Northern Echo* briefly noted the death of 'the author of several well-known songs in the Newcastle dialect'.⁶¹ On the 24th the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* reported that the Good Templars had donated 18s for Wilson's widow and children, Bagnall and the managers of the Middlesbrough Oxford had each given £1, George Stanley had donated £2 2s, a whip-round at the Adelaide Hotel raised £2 12s 6d, Bell donated £3 3s and Thomas and George Allan managed £3 3s between them.⁶² According to Thomas Allan 'All classes contributed', from twopence upwards, and raised £100 to help the widow in her 'single-handed fight for herself and family'.⁶³ Allan also recalled that the Wilson songbook had 'met with an encouraging sale' and he had 'secured the copyright' of many of Wilson's remaining unpublished songs, but they were not 'sufficient to make a book'.⁶⁴

In March an appeal sheet asked donors to take 'subscriptions' for Isabella Wilson and her children to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* offices, and Thomas Allan kept a blank copy.



65

There was a benefit for Isabella and her children at Edward Davis's Lyceum Theatre in Sunderland, with the support of members of Stuart Henry Bell's company, several amateurs and the band of the Third Durham Rifles. The labourer Mr J.E. Wight recited his poem on the 'Death of Joe Wilson'. The pit and gallery were crowded and the promoters were able to hand over a 'very handsome sum to the fund'.⁶⁶

On 5 April, after suffering from bronchitis for seven weeks, eight-month-old Robert John Wilson died at 47 Railway Street, Newcastle. His death was registered next day and his late father's occupation was recorded as 'Printer'. Margaret May had been 'in attendance' and made her mark.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|----|---------------------------------------|--------------------|------|----------|---------------------------------|--|--|------------------|----------------------------|
| 46 | Fifth April 1875 47 Railway Street | Robert John Wilson | Male | 8 months | Son of Joseph Wilson Printer | Bronchitis cured Certified by J. T. Balch M.R.C.S. | The mark of Margaret May In attendance 57 Church East Terrace Newcastle | Sixth April 1875 | W. J. Tindley Registrar |
|----|---------------------------------------|--------------------|------|----------|---------------------------------|--|--|------------------|----------------------------|

Robert was buried next to his father in Jesmond Old Cemetery,⁶⁷ with a small loose cross to mark the spot.⁶⁸

In May the *Sunderland Daily Echo* reported on a performer at the Wear.

Mr. Joe Young, Tyneside vocalist, appeared. Since the death Mr. Joe Wilson, and the retirement of Mr. R. Harrison, the latter is about the only artiste who appears at the Wear and renders the songs which were made so popular by his predecessors. Last night, in response to an enthusiastic encore, he recited a poem 'On the death of Joe Wilson'.

In July Mr Boldon, the Sunderland delegate of the Amalgamated Labour League, organised a concert in the Central Hall, John Street, for the benefit of Wear Glassworks strikers, and 'locally well-known amateurs' performed for a 'crowded and enthusiastic audience'. 'Mr. Joe Young, whose Tyneside songs have become an institution at local amateur concerts for charitable purposes, sang two of Joe Wilson's popular ditties' and was 'rapturously applauded'.⁶⁹

Isabella Wilson was only 23 and went back on the stage. In December she was one of the 'members of the Profession' present at the burial of the wife of Sam Redden, the 'Negro Artiste', in Jesmond Old Cemetery.⁷⁰

10. Reflection and moral reform

Rowland Harrison junior was born in Sunderland around 1875 and Ann followed in 1876, but soon died. Thomas Allan owned the copyright of Harrison's songs,¹ and by August he had published 32 in five ten-page numbers at 1d each, and the five numbers stitched together as a booklet for 6d. Both could be 'Sent by post on receipt of stamps'.²

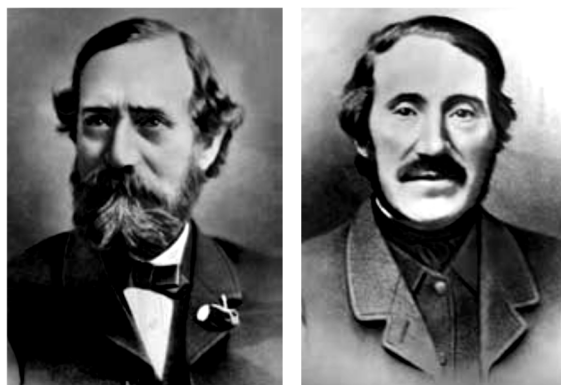


The photograph has not been traced.

In December the *Newcastle Courant* noted that the Allans' shop in Dean Street had neither 'taste nor elegance'.

As a shop for the million, as a depot of endless light literature, new and old – that scrappy lore 'understood of the people', Mr Allan's shop has no rival in Newcastle, except for its offshoots in Blackett Street and Collingwood Street. In the publications of the works of the local bards – Joe Wilson, Ned Corvan, G. Ridley, and others, Mr Allan has done his best to 'please, instruct, amuse'.⁴

William Allan ran the Dean Street shop, but Thomas (left) and George (right) did not make him a partner.



They paid the lowest wages of all the large shops in Newcastle.⁵

In summer 1879 the *Newcastle Journal* reported that there had been 'a noticeable depreciation in individual talent at our concert halls for years past'. There were 'too many "comic vocalists"' and 'it would be a relief to long suffering audiences if they would retire into obscurity'. Even the Oxford was declining in popularity.⁶

In May 1880 the *Manchester Times* published Edwin Waugh's story about an 'Irishman' and a 'Newcastle man', and the 'Tyneside wanderer began to croon snatches of song' including Joe Wilson's *The Lass that leeves next door*.⁷ In December the String Band was also present at the Brass Band's penny reading in the Music Hall, Broomhill, Northumberland, and David Besford sang *Keep your feet still* and *Jesmond pic-nic*.⁸ In Newcastle Thomas Allan had paid for three months' tuition in English

for his son Thomas,⁹ and T. & G. Allan leased 26 Blakett Street to Mr Johnson, a grocer, and bought H.W. Storey's shop at numbers 18 and 20, which was twice as large.¹⁰ Osborne Villas in Osborne Avenue, Jesmond, were almost complete. One was for Thomas's immediate family and the other for his siblings George, Elizabeth and Nicholas, but when William and his family returned from Middlesbrough, Thomas made the two villas into three.¹¹

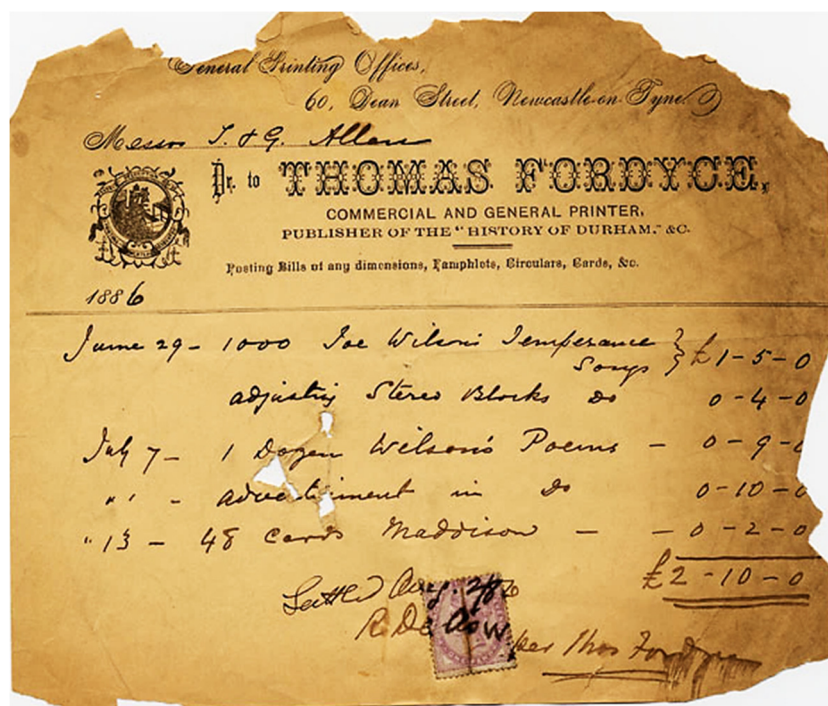
In 1881 Thomas Allan employed eight men, three women, two boys and two girls, and lived at 91 Osborne Villas with Annie and her unmarried sister, Elizabeth Armstrong. Thomas junior was a nine-year-old 'Scholar' as were seven-year-old Edward and five-year-old George William, but there were no servants. At 92 the 'Bookseller' and 'Stationer' William Allan lived with Mary Elizabeth, three-year-old William and 25-year-old Isabella Strother, a 'General Servant' born in Coxhoe. At 93 the 'Bookseller & Stationer' George Allan lived with Elizabeth and Nicholas, a 'Bookseller's Assistant', and 16-year-old Elizabeth Todd, a 'General Servant' born in Newburn. In North Shields the 'Bookseller & Stationer' Ralph Allan lived at 3 Beaumont Street with his wife Ann, 22-year-old James, who helped to run the shop, 18-year-old Alice and ten-year-old Isabella, a 'Scholar', but no servants.

In 1882 a Temperance Festival on Newcastle Town Moor replaced Gallowgate Hopping,¹² and eight-year-old Edward Allan signed the teetotal pledge.¹³ His uncle Ralph sold cheap publications at his shops at 23 Tyne Street and 29 Saville Street in North Shields and he was also an agent for a piano-tuner. In March 1884 the *Shields Daily Gazette* published an obituary of James Johnson, a 'Noted Barber'. He had died in Pearson's Buildings, High Walker, aged 57, and had had 'a large connection among the working classes'. When his shop was in Darn Crook, Joe Wilson had written a song about him.¹⁴ In May around 600 people attended a 'sentimental singing contest' at William Taylor's Auction Mart in Waterloo, Blyth. The nine competitors 'were applauded and the best of order given while the songs were rendered, and the audience were the judges'. Robert Robson, a singer 'of the late Joe Wilson type' sang what he knew as *Charlie's run away*. He came fourth and won a 'superior Britannia metal teapot'. In May 1886 Robson, the 'Tyneside vocalist' sang 'In the time of prosperity' in Mr Wax's long room at the Black Diamond Inn in Newsham, near Blyth, and 'the quaint manner in which he resembled the late Joe Wilson in style' won 'unbounded applause'.¹⁵

In Newcastle Thomas Allan paid £1 1s for his son Thomas to have a term at Sandyford Academy. The Liberal government had extended the franchise to men who held land worth £10 or paid an annual rent of £10, and Thomas senior wrote to Peter Taylor, who had been a Radical parliamentary candidate in Newcastle 25 years earlier.

Since then I have followed your public life with interest and sometimes when Newspapers have come from you I have thought time seemed to have left you as enthusiastic as ever. Not that I think I have really changed but I have a lessening faith in the old dreams being all that in those early days I fancied. For instance ... if I could for taking have either the Franchise or the Sunday closing bill I should take the Sunday closing, satisfied that the Franchise should wait for such a purpose.

George Allan was an 'Old Radical admirer' of Taylor and supported the Liberals' limited proposals for Irish Home Rule,¹⁶ but after the Liberals split over Home Rule Thomas's 'leaning towards conservatism made itself felt amongst his friends' and he joined the Liberal Unionists, who soon merged with the Conservatives.¹⁷ He was 'an ardent follower of Joe Chamberlain',¹⁸ the businessman, social reformer and ardent imperialist. In August Allan settled Thomas Fordyce's bill.



19

Allan would make almost 200 percent profit on Wilson's 'poems' and 500 percent on his temperance songs. Ralph Allan junior now had a shop in Cecil Street, North Shields,²⁰ and was an agent for *The Borough of Tynemouth Good Samaritan*.²¹

In February 1887 the fortnightly temperance meeting in the Mechanics' Hall, Blyth, was 'crowded in a most uncomfortable manner, while many were unable to gain entrance'. Mr Frank Petticrow sang 'the late Joe Wilson's temperance melody, "What that man might have been," and secured hearty applause'. In October Blyth Whitebait Club's 'festive gathering' in the club room of John Bryson's Waterloo Hotel was 'considerably enlivened by Billposter Powell rendering the late Joe Wilson's famous Tyneside song, "Thors cumfort in a smoke"', which was 'loudly applauded'.²² In December the weekly concert at the Centre House in Sunderland included Thomas Fogg singing 'a few of Joe Wilson's Tyneside songs'.²³ Nicholas Allan died that year.

By May 1888 Ralph Allan senior's North Shields shops were 'as Cheap as any House in the Trade' and he was also a wholesaler.²⁴ The *Newcastle Journal* published a letter from the artist, Joseph Crawhall, who hoped that people would pay 12s 6d for a book of 'the best representative "Newcassel Songs" by deceased poets' in 'library form'. If 120 subscribed copies would cost 2s less. By June he had 120 subscribers and the book appeared, but Mawson, Swan & Morgan of Grey Street, Newcastle, warned that 'After the distribution of type the price of any remaining copies will be considerably increased'. Crawhall rejected every song that was in any way radical. 'Only the best and most popular songs have been selected as fairly representing deceased local poets, and all of Political, pseudo-Military, and Athletic character rejected. Others of considerable merit might have been included, save for the intervention of the proverbially immaculate "Bowdler"'.²⁵ (Thomas Bowdler had published his sister Henrietta's expurgated *The Family Shakespeare* in 1807.²⁶) Crawhall later acknowledged that he wanted to 'supply a want in the shape of an "edition de luxe" with the tunes', 'for want of a more able Editor'.²⁷ He dated what he knew as *Cum, Geordie, haud the Bairn* to 1841, the year Joe Wilson was born, and included a drawing of an apparently gormless father.



28

Crawhall relied on an accountant for the musical arrangements.

In 1829, when 32-year-old Thomas Stokoe and his 28-year-old wife 'Catharine' lived in Tynemouth, she bore a son they had christened John. By around 1832 the family lived in Newcastle. In 1851 Stokoe was a 'Ship Painter' and he and 'Catherine' lived in Denton Chare, but by 1855 Catherine had died and Thomas married 20-year-old Stockton-born Elizabeth Clear in Gateshead. By 1861 he was a commercial clerk in a brass works and he and Elizabeth lived in Gateshead with two young children and Hannah Robins, a 12-year-old servant born in Cheadle, Staffordshire. Elizabeth died in 1864, but in 1867 John married 21-year-old Newcastle-born Marian Ross in Tynemouth. In 1871 he was an 'Accountant/Clerk' and lived in Queens Terrace, Gateshead, with Marian, five children and 21-year-old Mary Walker, a 'Domestic Servant' born in Wrekenton. The family later moved to South Shields and then to Newcastle. By 1881 Marian had died and Stokoe, an 'Accountant', lived with six children, but no servant. In August 1888 the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* noted that he had arranged the tunes for Crawhall's songbook with a 'pipe-setting'. 'As only a very limited number of this unique edition of Newcastle songs has been printed, intending subscribers should apply at once for copies. The book is admirably and most creditably got up by the publishers, who have had no easy task in printing from blocks which required more than the usual quantity of ink and were thus liable to smear'.²⁹

In spring 1889 Mr R. Trueman sang what he called *The Gateshead Lass* at Morpeth Constitutional Club in Bridge Street, and was encored, while Mr H. Harrison sang *The Gallowgate Lad* and Mr T. Dick sang *Keep yor feet still, Geordie, hinny*.³⁰ Ralph Allan senior closed his Tyne Street shop in North Shields after 26 years,³¹ and his brother Thomas's baby daughter Kate died.³²

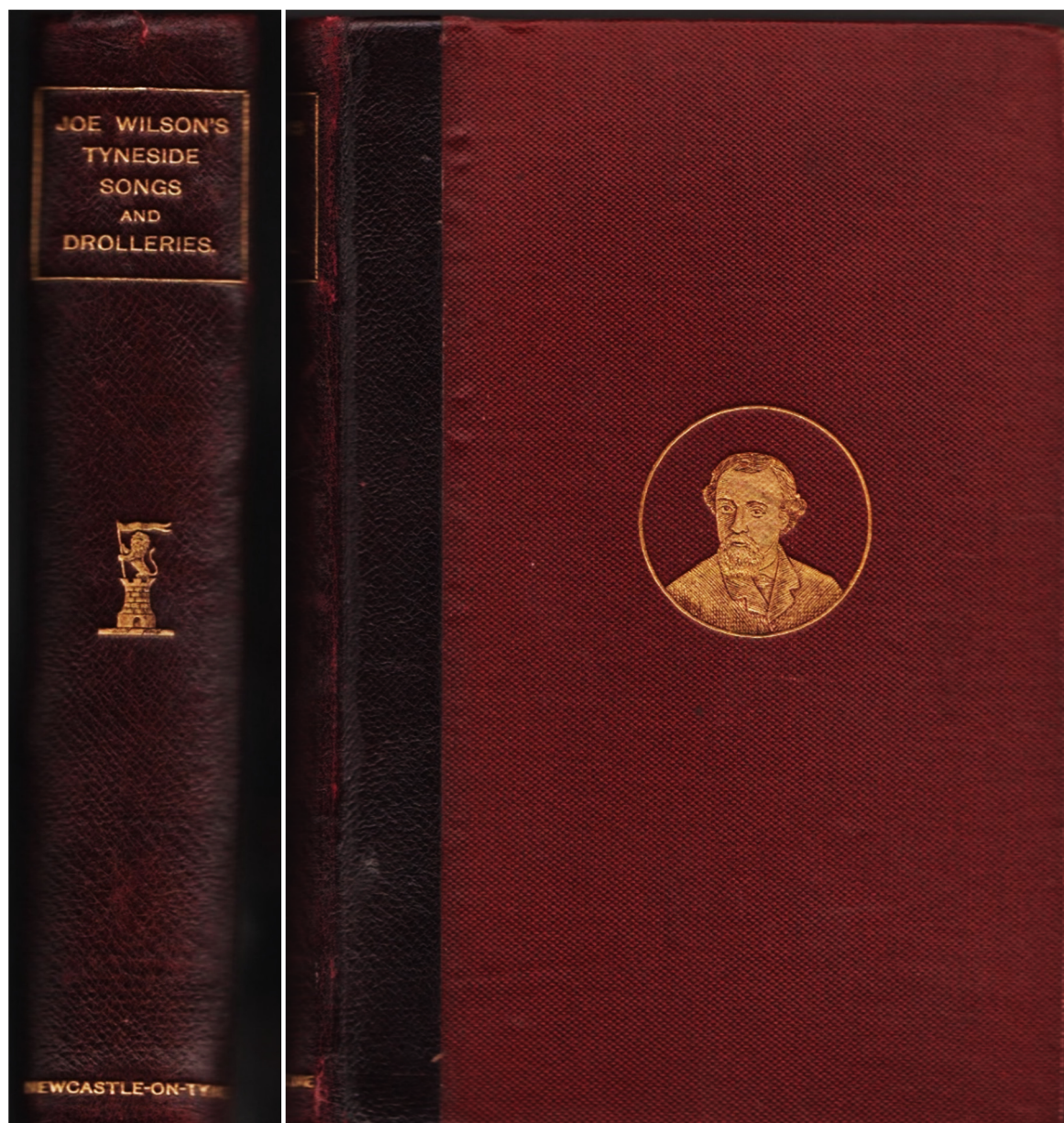
Late that year William Andrews, a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society and President of Hull Literary Club, published the 'Modern Section' of his *North Country Poets* in Hull and London. William Brockie, the 78-year-old Scots-born former editor of the *Sunderland Times*, acknowledged that Wilson was 'one of the most successful of modern Tyneside song-writers'. He had had an 'excellent voice' and 'an extraordinary power of representing local character in most of its peculiar phases', while the 'deep moral tone that pervades and actuates his lyrics makes them stand out in shining contrast to the bulk of the frothy, unmeaning and ephemeral trash called comic songs'. *The Row upon the Stairs* and 'many others' would 'bear comparison with the best things of the kind that ever were written' and would 'live as long as the language, the tincture of dialectism that pervades them only adding to a charm to their homeliness' as in the works of Robert Burns and James Hogg. Brockie noted that T. & G. Allan had published a 'complete edition' of Wilson's lyrics, and included *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum, Dinnet Clash the Door!* and *The Deeth o' Renforth*.³³ The *Newcastle Weekly Courant* review barely mentioned Wilson.³⁴

When Thomas Burns, a Newcastle School Board Inspector, was climbing a tenement stair, *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum* 'saluted his ears'.³⁵ In December migrant Tyneside men ate dinner at the Park Hotel in Cardiff and Mr P.H. Coward sang *Geordie haud the Bairn*.³⁶

By 1890 Thomas and George Allan had sold 62 Dean Street to the Prudential Assurance Company. William and Mary Allan lived at 1 North Terrace, Newcastle, and his brothers had provided bank guarantees for his shop at 30 Grainger Street,³⁷ while Ralph Allan junior had shops at 14 Church Way and 29A Saville Street in North Shields.³⁸

In July James Horsley noted that 'many of Wilson's songs are still favourites at gatherings of the people' and were 'likely to maintain their popularity for many years to come'. Mr W.R. Pyle of Bath Road had made a headstone of 'durable Yorkshire brown stone' with a 'plain broken column with three substantial pedestals'. It was nine feet tall and three feet by two feet at the base and was about to be placed on Wilson's grave.³⁹ It was the idea of 'two worthy townsmen, whose intimate acquaintance with the bard has enabled them to appreciate' the 'special genius' of the 'Edwin Waugh of Tyneside'.⁴⁰ The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* reported that the stone cost £38 and another paper noted that a new volume of Wilson's songs would include a picture of his 'historic home in Stowell Street'.⁴¹ Dr Robert Spence Watson claimed that Wilson 'should stand first amongst our bards' since he was 'simple and genuine, and won his popularity without any condescension to the supposed foibles of his audience',⁴² and Watson saw the songbook proofs on 15 October.⁴³ The *Chronicle* editor asked Ralph Hedley to produce a painting based on what he called *Geordie Haad the Bairn* for the Christmas edition. Hedley lived in prestigious Belle Grove Terrace and his model was Snowdon Pyle, a North Elswick Colliery hewer who lived nearby in Long Row, Spital Tongues. Hedley paid him 3s 6d plus a pint of beer per sitting and had him dress in his pit-clothes, even though he was off work with a knee injury. The 'bairn' was Pyle's daughter Annie. Robinson's of Bristol produced ten hand-drawn lithographs for the different colours and Walter Scott & Co. printed copies.⁴⁴ John Rowell had seen a 'specimen' by 25 October and told the *Chronicle* that it was 'highly characteristic', but it 'would have been better had the missus been on the scene' and the title given as *Geordy, tyek the Bairn*.⁴⁵

Walter Scott & Co sent an invoice to T. & G. Allan for 500 of the Demy octavo edition, which cost 1s 3d each, plus 9d apiece for binding 100. They would retail at 7s 6d, bringing a profit of 5s 6d per copy. The 2,000 Crown octavo edition cost 1s each to print plus 7d for binding 500, and would retail at 4s, bringing a profit of 2s 5d. Strangely, Thomas Allan estimated the profit at 29 percent,⁴⁶ but if he bound and sold all the copies he would receive over four times the cost of the headstone.



On the title page William Allan was listed as a retailer of *Tyneside Songs and Drolleries. Readings and Temperance Songs. By Joe Wilson*. The dedication was to Joseph Cowen, who had retired as an MP and his politics had moved rightwards.

TO

JOSEPH COWEN, Esq.

A VOLUME which, in the dialect of Tyneside, depicts the everyday life of the people, may, it is thought, be fittingly inscribed to one who, always partial to what is "racy of the soil," has, from his earliest days, toiled for the elevation of the masses.

THE PUBLISHERS.

A 'Life of Joe Wilson' began with a photograph of Stowell Street, followed by his brief autobiography and a facsimile of part of his last letter to Thomas Allan. An image of the headstone, based on a photograph, took up over half a page.



The inscription read as follows.

IN MEMORY OF
JOSEPH WILSON,
BORN NOVEMBER 29th 1841,
DIED ON FEBRUARY 14th 1875,
AGED 33 YEARS.
"IT'S BEEN ME AIM T' HEV A PLACE
I' THE HEARTS OF THE TYNESIDE PEOPLE,
WI WRITIN BITS O' HYEMLY SANGS
AW THINK THEY'LL SING"
JOE WILSON.

There was no sign of Robert John Wilson's little wooden cross.⁴⁸

The book included 255 'Songs and Drolleries', 62 'Temperance Songs, Readings and Recitations' and 23 'Readings', 'Stories' and 'Coal Dust'. Thomas Allan sent five copies to local and national papers and periodicals and five to influential local men. Richard Welford told 'Mr Allan' that Wilson was 'the only local bard whom I have personally known'. W.J. Haggerston, the Chief Librarian at Newcastle Public Library, noted that there was no date of publication. Richard Oliver Heslop congratulated 'Allan' on 'so worthy a monument to the good Joe Wilson'. A newspaper believed both editions were 'within the reach of all the thousands of canny folks who have enjoyed many a hearty laugh at the drollery and native wit of their own song writer' and noted that the 'vernacular' was a 'link between North-countrymen, wherever they meet'. The book 'ought to find a place on the bookshelf of every patriotic Tynesider', though Wilson was 'leagues behind' Burns. The *Newcastle Chronicle* noted that the 'popular edition' would 'meet the requirements of the general public' while the '*edition de luxe*' was 'beautifully bound, printed on good paper, and fitted to take its place on the library shelves of any student or admirer of local literature'. Wilson was a

'household name' on Tyneside and his songs were 'popular at every part of the world where Tynesiders are accustomed to gather together'.

There had been local song writers many, before his time, whose songs still live in the minds and hearts of the people, and whose "uncouth rhyme" but racy humour, will command attention as long as the northern dialect itself survives. But it was reserved for Joe Wilson, as the interesting biography in the present book tells us, to strike a new vein in local song production. He imitated none of the old burlesque that made the songs of a former day popular, but produced in lieu pictures of everyday life, with a vein of quiet humour that made them truly fascinating. He was at once a local song-writer and a local reformer, who charmed the people by his writings, who pointed out the absurdities of ways and manners that could be dispensed with, and his writings must in many instances have led to inward reflection and moral reform. It has been said that Joe Wilson was not in the highest sense a poet, and in an extract given in the new edition it is remarked that he claimed no higher merit than that of being a writer of songs. His earliest aspirations were to produce ditties that the people would sing, and the ambition so to do continued with him through the useful, practical, but unfortunately short life he was destined to live.

If not a poet, however, in the strictest and highest sense of the term, Wilson virtually possessed the power of versification to a remarkable degree, and his productions were marked by a penetration, a depth of thought and of common sense that are often lacking in poetry that has found a world-wide appreciation. His muse was inspired by what he saw around him in the streets of Newcastle. The over-crowded tenements, the grimy factories, the busy thoroughfares of the town, the animated riverside, and the peaceful domestic hearth were the spots from which he drew his best inspiration. He revelled in the delineation of the common life of the people, and there is perhaps more human nature, and a much greater philosophy, to be found in the song "Aw wish yor mother wad cum" than can be discovered in nine-tenths of the compositions labelled "poems." There is no over-taxed effort in the picture he here draws. The perplexity of the man left to "nurse a crying bairn" is amusingly given, the very movements of the child are portrayed in a fashion that is truth itself, the remarks of the father are such as only could be uttered under like circumstances, and the reflection of the man that—

Men seldom give a thowt
Te what thor wives endure,

carries with it in the succeeding lines a lesson that will not be lost on all who read the song. Sage reasoning is also forthcoming in such songs as "Bob Hobson's Advice to his Son," "What gud can Sweering de," and at least a hundred others of a similar type. "Jesmond Gardens" as a public resort were once much frequented, and Joe Wilson has preserved to us in his song of that name the features of a Sunday night scene that will still be familiar to old standards, and that will be appreciated by a younger generation for the view of Northern life and habits that it affords. Pathetic pieces formed a by no means small part of Wilson's productions, and there is certainly nothing more touching in the dialect of Tyneside than the lyric of "Meggie Bell," the song of "The time me fethur was bad," and that other homely offering entitled "Me little wife at hyem," which perchance was suggested during the professional engagements at a distance of the songster, for he writes:—

Be the fire sitting knittin,
Sitting knittin, wi gud will;

As the clock keeps on its tickin,
Thor's the click o' needles still.
And the hands that work the needles
Myel us fix me eyes at them;
For the picture iv industry
Is me little wife at hyem.

Honest minded and independent, with a love for all that was upright, Joe Wilson had a horror of mean-spirited, low-living mortals, and he found a study in their methods which will well bear examination, as it is found in "Cadjin for Beer," "He Wes Reckon'd Gud-hearted," "The Row iv a Public-house," and "The Life ov a Sponge," the latter, by the by, being found amongst the excellent temperance songs which Joe wrote during the last year or two of his life. The most humorous pieces in the book include of course "The Row upon the Stairs," "Peg's Trip to Tynemouth," "It's Time to Get Up," "The Synceess Twins," and several others which repeated rendition has rendered familiar to the ears of the public. But, in addition to all these, Tynesiders will be glad to see that the publishers have preserved in their original and un mutilated form Joe Wilson's vivid descriptions of the stirring times in Tyne history when Chambers, Cooper, Clasper, and Renforth were to the fore. Aquatic celebrities were regarded as popular heroes in Joe Wilson's days, and hence we have in the boat-racing songs all the vigour of the writer and all the local patriotism he possessed thrown in the records of events that commanded even more than national attention.

The aud bridge groan'd as tho' it thought
Its end wes noo draw'n near,
The Level creakt and squeakt beneath
The weight it had te beer.
The steamers rowld frae side te side,
And ivory boat wes full
When Chambers, ov aquatic fame,
An Cooper had te pull.

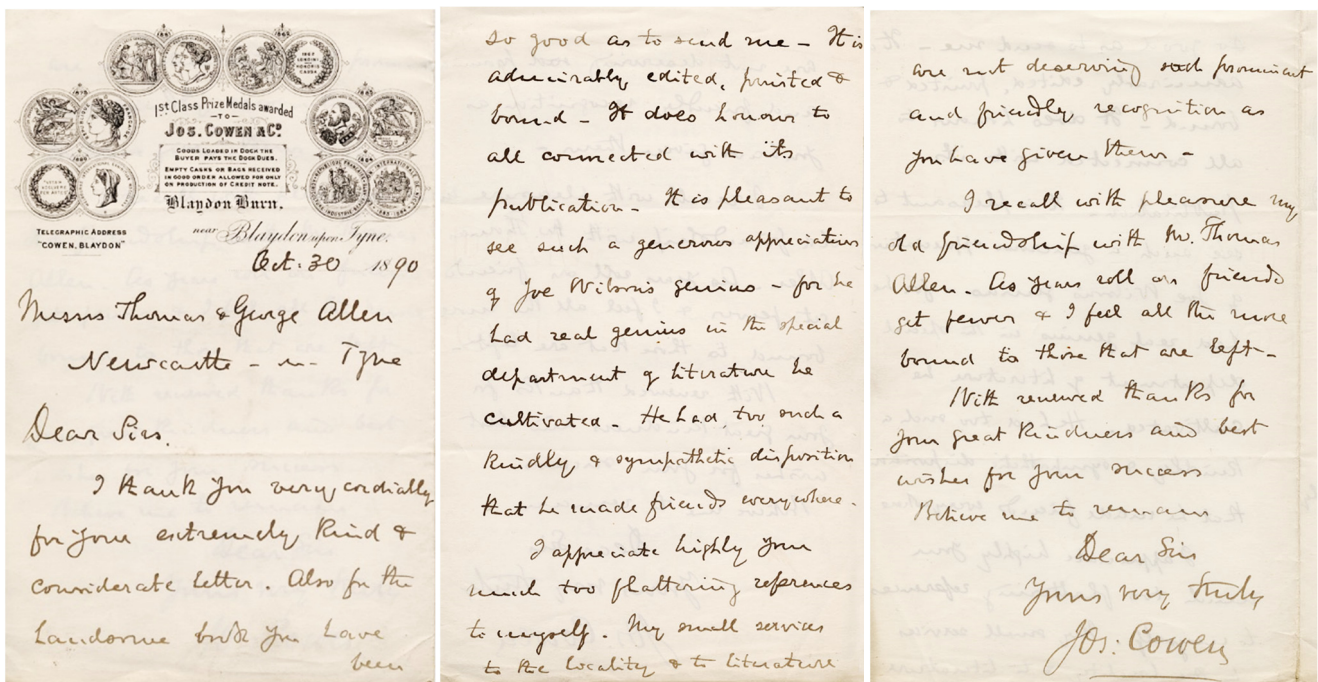
The state of the tide, the excitement amongst the spectators, the prowess of the scullers, and the result of the contest are graphically told, and while the victor is applauded the loser has sympathy and good wishes extended to him—

For when two men like these contest
Wi' honest pride an' de thor best,
Aw's sorry that one shud give in,
Aw only wish that byeth cud win,
Then 'twad be a glorious race, lads.

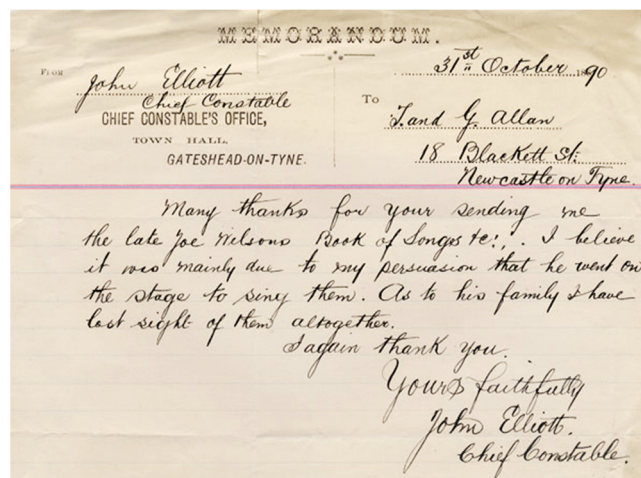
Joe Wilson, it has been said, owed very little to the imagination; and the remark is true. Whether he was touching on the domestic, painting the Gallowgate lad's departure for a militia, or recounting his return; leaving for posterity eel in local history that can never occur again, or vouchsafing to his readers words of sterling advice, from the mouthpieces of old men and women, he was real, he was earnest, and occasionally eloquent. No man probably made more "points" in his songs than he did. Without straining after effect, the touching points of a song came naturally to him, and with ease. Even in the rough vernacular, he was enabled to "point a moral or adorn a tale," and he very seldom failed to do so. His keen observation, ready wit, and rhyming facility gave him the power of putting on to paper hundreds of interesting subjects which are to be found in the collection now before us. It is an edition which comes at a good time, for the nights of indoor recreation are approaching, and the rollicking pictures of northern life, the temperance melodies, and the "coal dust" prose readings will make the book welcome to many who attempt to entertain their fellows.

'There can be no doubt, whatever, that the efforts of the enterprising publishers to perpetuate the writings of one of our sweetest and most famous songsters will meet with grateful appreciation at the hands of the public'.⁴⁹

Joseph Cowen wrote to Thomas and George Allan about the 'much too flattering references' to himself.



On the 31st the *Western Daily Press* of Bristol noted that Wilson was not a poet 'in the ordinary acceptance of the word', even on Tyneside, but the success of his songs was 'a proof of the effective use to which a peculiar dialect can be put when touched by genius in the modest walks of life'.⁵⁰ John Elliott, Chief Constable of Gateshead, thanked Thomas and George Allan.



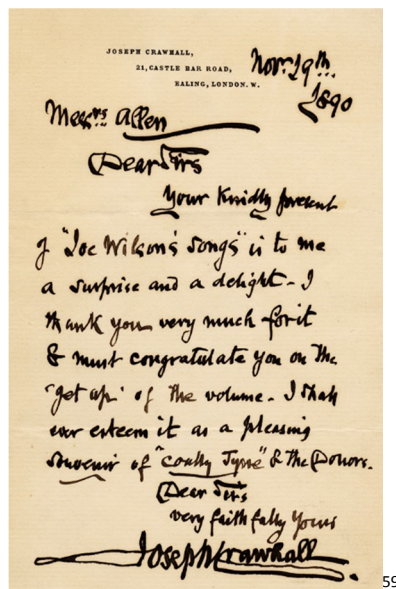
Evidently Isabella Wilson's whereabouts were unknown to the police.

On 1 November the Gateshead printer Jonathan Howe told Thomas Allan that there was 'no doubt in my mind that you will realise a financial success'. On the 3rd Thomas Hutchinson sent a poem from Pegswood in Northumberland.

Aw mind when aw wis but a lad iv gannin' ti hear Joe, man,
Thus ti' the Oxfords thit aw went – maw fethur tyeuk me, tho', sirs,
Th' way he yoost ti sing his songs, se full o' pawky yummer, sirs,
Wis just is plissint ti' th' een is th' notes i' birds i' summer, sirs, ...

'Tyneside' (Thomas Allan) claimed in the *Chronicle* that the inspiration for the 'bairn' in Wilson's song was the six-month-old son of Joe's sister, Ann Atkinson, who was herself a 'fine singer' of songs like *I Dreamed that I dwelt in Marble Halls*. Harry, her son, 'now 26, follows the musical profession', while his sister Anne had married the St Nicholas' Cathedral organist and as 'Madame Shepherd' she had 'often sung at Art Gallery and New Town Hall Concerts'.⁵² On the 5th William Andrews told Thomas Allan that the book was 'a noble monument to the memory of the gifted bard'. Next day the actor Charles Henry Stephenson wrote from Southport to 'My dear friends'. 'Joe Wilson's Songs came upon me last night, with a bang not to be equalled by the bursting bombs exploding around the house in memory of Guido Fawkes'. It 'preserved to us such pictures of locale, habits,

customs and words which are in fact vanishing before the Board School march through the country'. He was 'pleased to learn its success is thus far satisfactory' and signed himself as a veteran of 'aud Billy Purvis's Show'. On the 7th a newspaper story about 'Sanitary warfare' quoted Wilson's *Contradiction*. Next day a newspaper correspondent noted that since the book contained 'almost all that Wilson ever wrote, it is natural, of course, that much should APPEAR WHICH IS NOT OF THE HIGHEST MERIT'. John Rowell insisted that 'when colliery chaps sing' they 'almost invariably make little alterations – improvements they think. Hence it is that they say "Here", "Hey", or "Cum, Geordie, tyek the bairn" ... pitmatically'.⁵³ The *Newcastle Chronicle* was sure that Wilson's songs would 'help to keep his memory green for generations to come'.⁵⁴ On the 10th Stephenson told the Allans that he could 'scarcely express the pleasure' that the book had given him and it was 'worthy of a place in any library'.⁵⁵ On the 14th the *Newcastle Daily Journal* acknowledged that some Wilson songs possessed 'the broad native humour, suited to the native dialect in its most vigorous and expressive form'. They were 'racy of the soil' and 'a storehouse of the broad Doric of the district', yet much of his output was 'not of a very high order of merit, and bears the marks of being thrown off hastily and without revision'.⁵⁶ Next day Thomas Weatherley, who had served the Miners Permanent Relief Fund for 50 years,⁵⁷ was presented with the *edition de luxe*,⁵⁸ and Crawhall wrote from London on the 19th.



59

On the 21st the *Chronicle* reported that a judge criticising a manadge man had quoted a Wilson song.

On 1 December the *Chronicle* was confident that Hedley's painting was a 'Companion to "Going Home"' and an 'agreeable illustration of the daily and domestic life of our mining population'. Copies would be free with the 'Christmas Number' and could be bought for 6d by post or 9d by parcel post.⁶⁰ They were a great success.⁶¹ On the 5th the *Aberdeen Weekly Journal* called it a 'work of art, portraying a domestic scene which is sure to be welcomed in every working man's home'.⁶² Someone later used the image for another painting.



61

The *Newcastle Daily Leader* praised the Wilson book for preserving the 'dialect'. 'Every year of education makes it more remote', in spite of 'our Newcastle conservatism' and 'there can be no doubt that even a greater genius than JOE WILSON can claim to be would have failed to procure immortality for our Newcastle speech'.

Perhaps the distinctive Newcastle life was already giving way when JOE WILSON wrote his first songs, but he caught it before it was quite gone, and while it was still strong as sentiment if it was waning in fact ... What he describes is the common humanity of the street and

attitude of its inhabitants to the outside world.⁶³

On the 31st Walter Scott & Co sent T. & G. Allan a statement.

| | | | | | |
|--------|------------|--------------|------------------|------------------|--|
| 1890 | | | | | |
| Oct 28 | To Goods | 149 11 8 | Dec 31 | By Sales to date | |
| Dec 31 | " do | <u>3 15.</u> | as for Statement | 11 5 6 | |
| | | 153 6 8 | Balance | <u>143 1 8</u> | |
| | | | | 153 6 8 | |
| Jan 1 | To Balance | 143 1 8 | | | |

'Binding 100 vols of Joe Wilson's Songs' cost £2 15s, but the printers owed money for sales, less their commission.

Joe Wilson's Songs

| | | | | | | | | | |
|----------|-----------|----------------|--------|----|----|----|----|---|---|
| By Sales | Large Edn | 19/16 | @ 5/4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | | | |
| " " | Small " | 69/63½ | @ 2/10 | 8 | 19 | 11 | | | |
| | | | | 13 | 5 | 3 | | | |
| | | Commission 15% | | 1 | 19 | 9 | 11 | 5 | 6 |

Summary

| | Large | Small |
|-------------|-----------|------------|
| Reviews | 5 | 5 |
| T & G Allan | 171 | 287 |
| Sales | <u>17</u> | <u>69</u> |
| | 188 | 361 |
| Stock | <u>12</u> | <u>139</u> |
| | 200 | 500 |

On the back there were two calculations.

| | | | | | |
|-----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| 86 | 13 | 4 | 11 | 5 | 6 |
| <u>13</u> | <u>6</u> | <u>8</u> | <u>2</u> | <u>1</u> | <u>2</u> |
| 0 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 6 | 8 |

The first sum added up to £100 and the second included what the printers owed.⁶⁴

In January 1891 *The Spectator* of London reviewed the Wilson songbook and considered him to have been 'a lad in humble life' who 'sang for a living' but whose poetry 'seems not seem to have been of very high order'. His 'sentiments' were 'expressed in the homeliest of language' and 'the most uncouth of dialects', but were 'invariably innocuous', and 'whoever wishes to study the seamy – or at least the coaly – side of Newcastle life, should read this book'.⁶⁵ John Stokoe published the words and tune of *Aw wish vor Muthor wad come* in his *Newcastle Chronicle* series of 'North-Country Garland of Song'.



A HE catalogue of Newcastle song-writers, beginning with Henry Robson, and followed in succession by Thompson, Mitford, Gilchrist, Robson, Corvan, and Ridley contains the names of no more pathetic and homely lyricist than that of Joe Wilson. A man of blameless life, not possessing the robust frame which sometimes lends itself to stirring and robust song, he passed quietly and respected through a life of only thirty-four years, dying in February, 1875, and leaving a vacancy which has not yet been filled. The song we publish, together with "The Row Upon the Stairs," "The Gallowgate Lad," "Dinnet Clash the Door," besides many other of his homely domestic ditties, will live and be sung as long as the Tyne runs to the sea. The tune is a well-known Irish comic melody, to which is sung "The Whistling Thief." It should be added that Messrs. Thos. and George Allan, of Newcastle, have lately published a handsome and complete edition of Wilson's songs, that the song given below has been chosen by Mr. Ralph Hedley as the subject for an oil painting, and that this painting has been reproduced in colours as a presentation plate for the Christmas Supplement of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, 1890.

Wilson was 33 when he died, not 34.

On 13 February the *Literary World* of London considered that the 'characteristic virtues' of Wilson's songs 'lie upon the surface; simplicity, directness, fidelity were the qualities in which they excelled'. 'By his early death the busy, bustling North lost a true and honest soul, who, in his own experience, had shown how little pleasure and vice had to do with one another'.⁶⁷ On the 21st the *Newcastle Weekly Courant* quoted the *Literary World* and noted that Wilson was 'a true child of the city' and made 'hardly an allusion' to rural life.⁶⁸ On the 27th 'Elfin' paraphrased the *Literary World* in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. He acknowledged that Wilson did not 'rank among the nobler poets who have taken lowly life and local environment for their themes, and have written in local dialect', like Waugh, but he was 'a poet for all that'.

In the best of his songs there is a vigour and exuberance of life, a joyous freedom and a frolicsome delight, combined with manly feeling and sober sense, that could not fail to fall with supreme force upon a great popular audience. Sung as Wilson could sing them, their effect must have been irresistible ...

The characteristic virtues of the songs lie on the surface ... Wilson was natural, but not naturalistic. He wrote as much by imagination as from recollection. He did not pick Nature's pocket. If he borrowed, he also gave. And his subjects were such as appealed to his audience. In style and in scene he went straight home. His language was the 'lingo loci'. He celebrates the heroes of the North – Chambers and Renforth, the champions of the oar. He sets to song the everyday life of ordinary people – their feasts and festivals, excursions and holidays, their courting and their quarrelling, their gossip and their dress. With the unfamiliar and the unknown he has no dealings. He never aims over the head of the crowd, and every shot goes home.

Aw wish yor Muthor wad cum and *Varry Canny* were his best songs and 'Elfin' was 'glad to hear' that the book was 'having an excellent sale'.⁶⁹ On the 28th the *Saturday Review* of London noticed the book. 'Joe Wilson's songs are well worth reading by all who care for verse which is perfectly spontaneous and unaffected. Newcastle does not look a very amiable place, but Joe was as much in love with it as if it had been the city of the violet crown [Athens], where men walked "in delicate air". He was popular in the widest sense of the word, and deserved his popularity'. Above all he was 'an enemy of profane language'.⁷⁰

Early in March The *London Daily Chronicle* patronised him.

Wilson can scarcely be compared with either Skipsey or Waugh; for he has less inspiration and less technical skill. But it is cheering as well as pathetic to think of a man with a poet's soul and little training coming forth from the mirk and shadow of poverty to lighten the path of his fellow-toilers by these genial, human, rough-hewn songs in a dialect 'understanded of the people'.⁷¹

The *Northern Echo* noted that the price of the large edition had been reduced to 6s and the small edition to 3s 6d, so 'if you be a good North Countryman, or can appreciate that which is racy of the soil, you must obtain this book'. The songs were 'devoid of lewdness' and 'Burns-like in their sincerity, actuality, and intense regard and affection for hearth and home'.⁷²

Thomas and Annie Allan's sons had worked in the family's shops since they left school.⁷³ Thomas senior, a 'Bookseller, Stat[ioner] and Newsagent', lived at 9 Osborne Villas with Annie and her sister Elizabeth Armstrong, a 'Boarder' 'Living on own means'. Thomas junior was a 'Bookseller's assistant' as were Edward and George. Nine-year-old Flora Alice was a 'Scholar', as was six-year-old Annie, while Elizabeth was two, and Mary Ann Pickford was an 18 year-old 'General Servant (domestic)', born in Parkins Vale, County Durham. Number 10 was vacant. At number 11 George Allan, a 'Bookseller' and 'stationer', lived with his sister Elizabeth and Hannah Gibbons, an 18-year-old 'General Servant' born in Sunnyside near Bishop Auckland. William Allan, a 'Bookseller, Stationer', lived at 1 North Terrace with Mary, William junior, Alice and Nora, plus Thomas Hedley, William's nephew, and Catherine Richardson, a 29-year-old 'general domestic serv[ant]' born in Winlaton. In North Shields the 'Bookseller' Ralph Allan senior lived with Ann and their daughter Isabella at 3 Beaumont Street. The 'Stationer' Ralph junior lived elsewhere in the town with his wife and eight children, aged one to 15, including Maude, a 14-year-old 'Stationer's Clerk'. Ten years earlier Tom Wilson, Joe's brother, had been a 39-year-old 'Brushmaker/working' and he and 35-year-old Ellen had lived in 7 Watson's Yard, St. Andrew's parish, Newcastle. In 1891 they had no children, but a 41-year-old printer and a 16-year-old 'Whitesmith' were lodgers.

In May the *Morpeth Herald* reported that the Blyth and District Poet and Pipers' Club had met at Mr Lough's Masons' Arms in Crofton to celebrate the birthday of the 'Divine' William Shakespeare. Walter Young 'sang "Aw wish yor feythor was here," and was applauded'.⁷⁴ In summer Joe Wilson's brother-in-law, John William Atkinson, died.

In August the London *Athenaeum* reviewed the 'excellent edition of Joe Wilson's songs with some considerable pleasure'. 'His rhymes are full of simple beauty and humour' and there was 'scarcely anything to give offence', but a 'South-countryman' would 'have some little difficulty in understanding the vernacular, which the local pronunciation of the vowels would place at a still greater distance from his comprehension'. The reviewer claimed Wilson was 35 when he died, not 33. In Newcastle 'Elfin' quoted part of the review in the *Chronicle* and noted that Wilson had achieved 'a widespread recognition of which he never dreamt' and was 'known as a song writer from the Tees to the Tweed'.⁷⁵ His fame seemed assured.

11. Some one will enter the pearly gates

In 1871 Joe Wilson's in-laws Joseph Milburn and Grace Isabella English had lived at 63 Ellison Street, Jarrow, along with their son Robert, a 23-year-old clerk, a daughter-in-law and two daughters. By 1875 Joseph, a saddler and harness maker at 11 Newmarch Street with a 'Branch Establishment' across the Tyne in Wallsend High Street,¹ was an unsuccessful candidate for Jarrow town council.² In spring 1876 he was a saddler and upholsterer in Western Road but came 13th out of 14 in the election for the School Board. In June, at an inquest on a little girl, a witness testified that Thomas Eglington, a fishmonger from Hebburn Colliery, had driven a cart along Western Road at six miles per hour. Eglington had a woman passenger and he had his back to the horse when the cart-wheel ran over the girl's chest. Joseph English testified that he had been in his workshop when he saw a spring cart with one horse 'going considerable faster than a conveyance of that description ought to pass through a town'.

At the time he passed my shop, Eglington had hold of the reins with his left hand. He was not striking the horse with a whip at the time. Within a minute of my seeing the cart pass I went to the shop door, and I then saw the cart standing on the left hand side of the middle of Western Road, near to the end of Bladen Street. Some people were gathered together on the road near to the cart, and Eglington was amongst the people. I went up, and saw a little girl, of apparently three or four years of age, in the arms of a man, who was carrying her. She was bleeding very much, chiefly from the nose and mouth. I went with the man and the child to the house of her parents in Bladen Street. The child was in a dying state when I first saw her. I think she breathed a few times after she got into the house; but within ten minutes of the accident she died. I went up to Eglington; I told him he was not sober, and not fit to be with a cart. He said he could not be drunk,

Eglington had told English he had had 'so many – I forget the number – glasses of beer', but he was definitely 'the worse for liquor'. After a few minutes the jury agreed that Eglington had driven in a 'careless manner' and should be censured.³

On 27 May 1878 a baby girl was born at Etherley near West Auckland. On 25 June, in West Auckland registry office, Isabella Wilson, who described herself as a 'Dressmaker', registered the child as Mary Annie and gave no father's name.⁴

Joseph and Grace English now lived at Buller's Green in Morpeth and Joseph was an auctioneer in Chantry Place. Their son Robert visited them on 4 November. The *Northern Echo* briefly described what happened next on the 7th,⁵ and the *Newcastle Courant* gave a fuller version on the 8th.⁶ According to a York paper, Joseph was in a 'very weak condition' at Morpeth Magistrates Court on the 13th,⁷ and the *Newcastle Courant* published a lengthy report.

On Wednesday, Joseph Milburn English, auctioneer, Morpeth, was brought up on remand at the Court House, Morpeth, before the Rev Edward Lawson, on the charge of feloniously shooting at his wife with intent to do her some grievous bodily harm on November 4th. Mr Davison appeared on behalf of the prisoner. The following evidence was taken:—

Grace Isabella English said: I am the wife of the prisoner, and live at Buller's Green. On Monday, the 4th inst., my husband came into the house about three o'clock in the afternoon. He was intoxicated. He left the house saying he would not return again. He came back shortly after and went upstairs, and I followed him, and saw him with a drawer open, and putting something into his pocket. I did not see what it was he put into his pocket. I wanted him to lie down, but he would not. I offered to take his coat off, but he rushed past me and went out, saying something to the effect that we would hear of him again. I went upstairs and found that a revolver was gone. My husband returned about half-past ten at night. The door was locked, and I asked who was there, and he said "Who do you think." I let him in. He was still drunk. He followed me into the kitchen, and sat down in an arm-chair. I took off his tall hat and fetched him a soft one. I also took his umbrella from him. He said he was going out again, and asked for his umbrella and hat, and I gave them to him. I put his hat on his head. I sat down on a chair nearly opposite to him, and he then asked where his son Robert was. I said "Never mind." He asked again, "Where is Robert?" and I replied that he was not far off. He asked, "Where is my enemy?" and I replied that he was his own enemy. He put his hand into the right-side pocket of his topcoat, and pulled out a revolver, and said, "I have got something here that will do for the whole lot of you." He raised the revolver with its muzzle towards me, and I was afraid, and ran out of the kitchen, and went up into my son's room. I was near the kitchen door, which was open, and just as I was going out of the door the pistol was discharged. The chair I was sitting in was about a yard from the door. I ran upstairs into my son's room, and I then heard the second report from a revolver. My son went downstairs,

and when I went downstairs my husband was lying on the floor, and my son was struggling with him. There were only two shots fired that I heard. I was only a second in the room when my husband and son were struggling, and I at once went out. There was nothing the matter with the walls of the kitchen before the shots were fired, and after the shots were fired there was a round hole behind the closet door, and another hole above the kitchen door which I went out of. The pistol was pointed towards me when I turned my back and ran out of the kitchen, and just as I got out of the room the pistol went off. There was no one in the room except my husband and myself. When I went upstairs my son was in bed, and, in consequence of what I said, he got up and went down stairs.

Robert English, accountant, living at Jarrow, said: The prisoner is my father. On Monday, the 4th inst., I had to assist my father at an auction sale. I saw him first that day about two o'clock in the afternoon at Chantry Place sale-room. He was intoxicated. I again saw him half-an-hour afterwards in a friend's house, and he was still intoxicated. About half-past seven o'clock I went to my father's house, and at ten o'clock I went to bed. I was awakened by hearing the report of fire-arms and my mother running up stairs. I heard two reports, one almost immediately after the other, and I think my mother would be at the top of the stairs when I heard the second report. My mother came into my room, and she told me what had occurred, and I got up and went down stairs. My mother was in an excited state and alarmed. When I got down stairs I found my father had gone out into the yard. He came in from the yard, and I said I was sorry to see how he was conducting himself, and advised him to go to bed. He left me in the passage and went into the kitchen, and was evidently in a rage. I followed him into the kitchen, and requested him to sit down on a chair, and I offered to assist him off with his boots. He would not allow me to assist him. He seemed excited. I next offered to assist him to take off his coat, and he at once put his hand into his pocket and drew out a revolver, and said he would blow the "Dead March in Saul" through me. I seized hold of the revolver,

and we had a struggle. As soon as I got my father down I sent my sister for the police. My sister saw my father and me struggling. I took the revolver from my father after I got him down, and I had to deal him some blows before I could get him down. He resisted my taking the revolver from him. The policemen came quickly, and I gave my father into custody. The policemen asked if he had shot himself or cut his throat, and I said there was no fear of that. I told the police that the blood they saw had come from my father's nose, the result of a blow I had struck him in the struggle. I told the policemen that I gave my father into custody for attempting to shoot my mother, and they took him away. I myself was afterwards taken into custody. He was in a very excited state when he took out the revolver. He was not so drunk at half-past ten o'clock as he was in the afternoon.

Elizabeth English said: I am the prisoner's daughter. I live with my father and mother at Bullers Green. I went to bed about a quarter-past ten on the night of the 4th, and about half-past ten I heard my father come in by the back door. I heard him when in the kitchen ask twice for Robert, and I heard my mother say he was not far off. The next thing I heard was the report of the pistol and my mother running upstairs. I heard a second report when my mother ran upstairs, and after that my father shouted out, "I care for neither wife nor daughter, I will shoot them all." I heard nothing more until my father went out, and then my brother went down stairs. I heard my father come in from the back door into the passage, and my brother and father talked, but I do not know what they said. I heard a struggle, and then I went downstairs. My father had the pistol in his hand, and my brother had hold of him with one hand, and was hitting him with the other hand. My father was sitting on a chair, and my father, brother, and chair all fell over to the ground. My brother then got the revolver from him, and put it on a table, and told me to go for a policeman. I ran down to the Market Place, and returned home with two policemen. When we got to the house my father was lying on the floor, and there was some blood on the floor beside him.

Sergeant Robertson said: From information I received on the night of the 4th inst., I went to the prisoner's house at Bullers Green, at eleven o'clock, and found him lying on his back on the kitchen floor. I got assistance and got the prisoner conveyed to the police station. I

took possession of the revolver. I found four discharged cartridges in the chambers and one discharged cartridge on the floor. Two of the chambers of the revolver were empty, and in the other four were empty cartridges. After we got to the police station prisoner asked where he was, and I said, "You are in the police office charged with attempting to shoot your wife." He replied, "Yes, if you had come in the way I would have shot you too." I had sent for Dr Logie, who shortly afterwards came and examined the prisoner. On searching him at the police station I found in his right side trousers pocket six loaded cartridges. In consequence of what the doctor said I went back to the prisoner's house in company with the superintendent. On making an examination of the kitchen I found a hole in the wall about two feet or 18 inches above the door leading out of the kitchen to the stairs. I probed the hole and found something had struck against the stone. I searched the floor and found a bullet flattened, as if it had struck against a stone. I saw another hole about a foot from the floor, near to the closet door. On the 5th inst. the prisoner asked me to let him know what he was there for, and I then charged him with shooting at his wife, with intent to do her some grievous bodily injury. The prisoner replied, "I know nothing about it."

Mr Davison said the only evidence that had been brought before the Court was that of an excited woman, who, at the moment she saw the pistol taken out of the prisoner's pocket, completely lost her senses and rushed away. He did not think the evidence was sufficiently strong to warrant the prisoner being committed for trial. He maintained there was no evidence against the prisoner.

Mr Lawson: I can only say I am surprised at a solicitor saying there is no evidence to send the prisoner for trial. The prisoner is committed for trial.

The Clerk (Mr Alderson) asked Joseph Milburn English whether he preferred any charge against his son Robert English.

The Prisoner: I cannot possibly make a charge against my son or any one else, because under the circumstances I was quite unconscious. My son knows very well what transpired to make me unconscious—not drink, not drink, but more like murder than any thing else.

Mr Lawson (to Robert English): No evidence is offered against you, and you are dismissed.

8

Joseph English was on the local Habitual Criminals Register and appeared at Newcastle Assizes on 11 January 1879, charged with 'unlawfully, maliciously, and feloniously' shooting with 'intent to maim, disfigure, disable' and 'do some bodily harm'.

Grace Isabella English said she was prisoner's wife, and lived at Buller's Green, Morpeth. He was an auctioneer. On Monday, the 4th November, he came home from a sale, about three o'clock in the afternoon, intoxicated. He went up-stairs to the bedroom. Witness followed. She saw her husband take something out of a drawer. She took hold of his arm, and advised him to go to bed. He refused, and rushed past her down stairs. He went to the front door, where witness again got hold of him by the arm, and advised him to go to bed, but he shook her off and rushed out. She then went upstairs to see what he had taken out of the drawer, and found that he had taken a revolver which was kept there. He did not return to the house until about half-past ten that same night. He came to the back door and she let him in. He was still intoxicated, he sat down in the kitchen. Witness took away his hat and umbrella, but he asked for them again, and said he wanted to go out. He said "Where is Robert?" and she replied, "Oh, he is not far away." He again said "Where is Robert; where is mine enemy?" Witness replied that he was his own enemy. Robert, their son, previous to that had gone to bed. Prisoner put his hand into the right side pocket of his coat, and said "I have got something here that will do for the whole lot of you." He pulled out a pistol (revolver produced), and held it up towards her. She sprang up and ran out of the room immediately. The revolver was fired just as she reached the door. She ran up to her son's room. When she got upstairs she heard the pistol fired a second time. There would only be a second or two between the two shots. Her son went downstairs first, and when she got down he and his father were struggl-

ing together. There was a desperate wrestle between them, and a good deal of blood was spilt. One of the shots struck the wall just about a yard from where she was sitting in the kitchen, and the other just above the kitchen door.

Other corroborative evidence having been received the prisoner called no witness, but addressed the jury in his own defence. He contended that there was not a single witness who had proved that he had fired the shot. The pistol, he maintained, went off the first time accidentally while he was taking the damp from it before the fire; and the second time when examining it before the gas. He set forth that his wife and children had previously annoyed him, had sold his furniture, and taken about £84 of his money, intending to go away to America. They had taken away his character, and had left him a pauper, and in after years he would have to earn an honest crust in foreign lands. He asked the jury to have a fatherly view of the case, and he claimed a dismissal at their hands.

The jury, after a short consultation, found the prisoner guilty of shooting with intent to maim and disable.

The Judge, in passing sentence, said: You have been properly found guilty by the jury of the charge contained in this indictment, and although there is no previous charge of this kind against you, yet I am well aware, from information that has been before me, that this is not the first time you have assaulted your wife. The whole circumstances of the case are such as to satisfy me that you are a person who ought to be removed from society for a considerable time. No doubt you were the worse of drink, but that is no excuse, and I cannot receive it as excuse. The sentence of the court is that you be kept in penal servitude for five years.

9

'Penal servitude' meant hard labour and the Morpeth Goal staff noted his physical characteristics.

| Description | On Reception into First Convict Prison |
|---------------|--|
| Complexion | <i>Dark</i> |
| Hair | <i>Grey bald</i> |
| Eyes | <i>Blue</i> |
| Height ... | <i>5. 10</i> |
| Build | <i>Spare</i> |
| Shape of Face | <i>Song.</i> |

| Distinctive Marks or Peculiarities |
|--|
| <i>Large cut top head. R-side marked smaller pos. cut top lip. Right side: 'large mole top of shoul- der' 1/2 inch between shoulder & back mark spine. 1 on skin. Left side: 'small scar below knee caps.'</i> |

His next of kin was William English, a Rothbury 'Hotel Keeper'. By 27 February Joseph was in Pentonville Prison, London.

Robert and Jane Isabella English's son, Harry Foster, had been born in Middlesbrough in 1870, Joseph Milburn junior in Monkwearmouth in 1874, Robert George in Jarrow in 1876 and Ethel Jane in Jarrow in 1878. Probably early in 1879 Robert and Grace Isabella English had their photographs taken and she was holding a baby.



Joseph English had had his photograph taken in Pentonville Prison in September.



In October he was transferred to Portland Prison, Dorset, and a sister visited him. His brother Robert lived in London and wrote to Joseph, who eventually received the letter on 3 December. On the 31st he applied to change his religious status on the grounds that his mother's family had been Catholics, which was untrue, and he could not 'believe in the Protestant teaching'.

*This because I cannot & do
not wish to conform with
any sect of Christians who
I deem to be false & unjust*

The Governor got no response from Robert English senior, but the Prison Director approved the change of religious status early in 1880. In April English was found guilty of 'Spoiling a pair of bellows and when spoken to making use of improper remarks', so he lost 84 good conduct marks.¹⁰

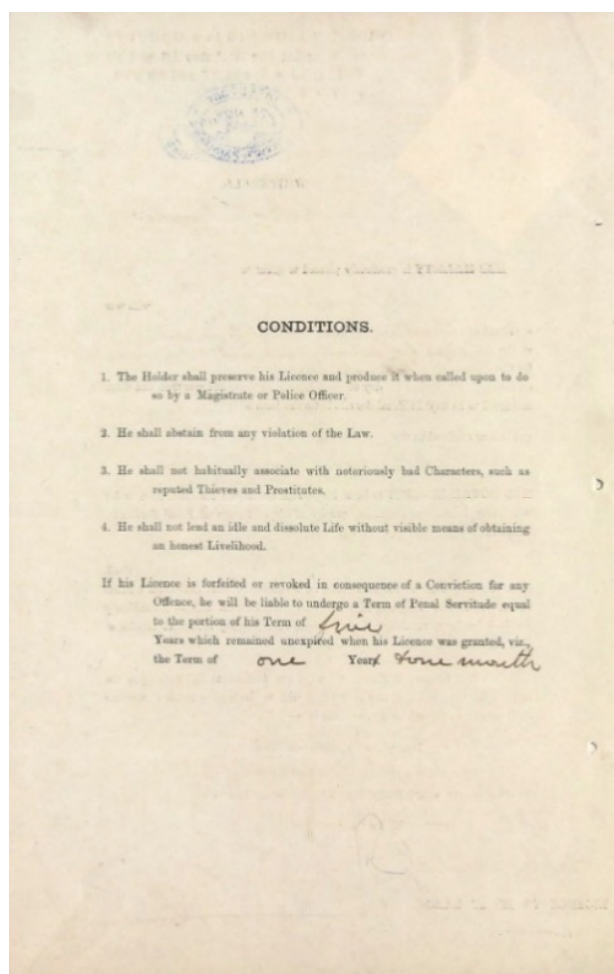
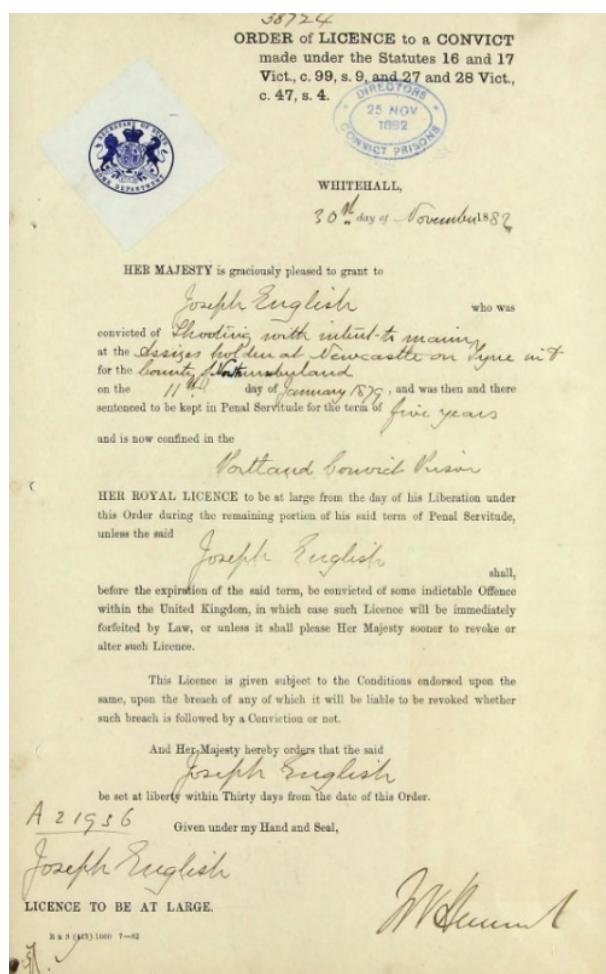
In Newcastle the subscription for his daughter Isabella Wilson and her children topped £1,000,¹¹ or over £100,000 at today's values. In spring she bought four tickets for the Allan Line's *Caspian* and gave her age as 27, though she was at least a year older, while Joseph Thomas was seven, Thomas was five and their baby sister, 'M.A.', was one. They went to Liverpool, boarded just before May Medd and her family,¹² who Isabella had reportedly known in Newcastle,¹³ and sailed on 1 May.¹⁴



The ship called at Londonderry on the 2nd and reached Quebec on the 12th.¹⁵

In July G. Fuller wrote to his uncle Joseph English and he received the letter on 1 September. In March 1881 the Shoemaker Warden reported that he could 'repair very neatly', but was 'not able to make his work well enough for Police Work'. His wife Grace lived in New Grange Road, Jarrow, with her 29-year-old daughter, Mary Jane Bell, her husband William, a 34-year-old 'Engine Smith', and four young children.

Joseph English was well-behaved in Portland Prison and by the end of the year he had increased his final 'Gratuity' from 12s 8d to £1 9s 3d. In March 1882 John Swan of Willington Quay enquired about him, but did not state why, so his stamped addressed envelope was returned. On 6 October Joseph's request to grow his hair was 'Noted'. He had been a model prisoner since April and the Home Secretary Sir William Vernon Harcourt issued a conditional 'Licence to be at large' on 30 November.



English's 'Gratuity' was £2 19s 6d and he claimed his destination was 'Penzance (to seek employment)', but he went north.¹⁶

The Anglo Australasian Line's SS *Tiverton* took passengers and cargo to Australia and in spring 1885 Robert English, Isabella Wilson's brother, was its storekeeper, but he drowned in the Mediterranean in May,¹⁷ aged 37, and his death was registered in Cairo.¹⁸

Isabella Wilson's sister, Jane Isabella English, had married a newsagent and Jane 'Isable' Holmes lived at 60 Albert Road, Heworth, with Alfred, four children aged three months to 16 years born in Walbottle, Hebburn and Jarrow, and three boys and one girl aged 12 to 20 from her marriage to the late Robert English.

By 1892 Joseph Milburn English managed a saddler's shop at Frodsham Street, Chester. An Isabella English died in Tynemouth, aged 71. It is unclear whether she was Joseph's wife, but he married again.

Selina Lydia M. Jones was born in Norwich around 1843. She later married a printer, but was a widow by 1891. She had a shop at 2 Cambrian Road, Chester, and lived with six children aged six to 18, her mother and a servant. In October 1892 she

married Joseph English. In summer 1894 she obtained a separation order, but he promised to reform, so she went back to live with him; but in May 1895 he was in court again.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES IN GARDEN-LANE.

On Wednesday, before Mr. F. Bullin and other magistrates, at Chester City Police Court, a sad story of domestic troubles in comparatively comfortable circles was heard. Selina Mary English, who keeps an off-licensed public-house and grocery store in the respectable locality of Garden-lane, charged her husband, Joseph Milburn English, with assault, and asked for a separation order.

Mr. BRASSETT, who represented Mrs. English, stated the beer-shop was carried on in her name. Her husband was a master saddler, and he came to Chester a few years ago, working as manager of a saddler's shop in Frodsham-street. They were married three years ago, prosecutrix being then a widow with four children. On Sunday night English was very drunk, and refused to go to bed. He slept upon the sofa, and would have no tea. He commenced to chase his wife round the house, in and out of the shop, and at last she took refuge in her bedroom. She locked the door in his face, but he threatened to break down the door and murder her. She being frightened opened the door, and he struck her a severe blow on the head, making her so ill that she had to visit Dr. Roberts. Prisoner smashed her bottle of medicine and threatened to throw all the furniture out of the house. He behaved in a most disgraceful fashion. On Monday morning the same thing occurred again. He struck his wife a severe blow on the side of the neck and tore her blouse off. A large crowd gathered round the house, and prisoner made a terrible scene. He was arrested on a warrant, which was taken out because Mrs. English dared not go home again. His client wished a separation order, as she was able to keep herself and children. Instead of supporting her, he was ruining her. About nine months ago she obtained from that court a separation order, but, partly by intimidation and promises, prisoner got into the house again. The order was thus ended. He never worked, and lived

upon her shop takings. He drank the beer and robbed the till to buy whisky. When he could not get beer fast enough from the bottles he would go downstairs into the cellars and drink it from the casks. When he was drunk he would lie on the floor, and leave the tap running. The cellar was once flooded with beer. (Laughter.)

Mrs. English corroborated. Cross-examined, she denied that she had gone 50 times into the country—to Sanghall—to seek him to return to her after the first separation order. (Laughter.) She denied that the whole village of Sanghall saw her come to him. (Laughter.)

William David Jones (15), son of prosecutrix, stated that on Sunday English was asleep on the sofa. On Monday he cursed her and smashed her medicine bottle.

Prosecutrix's two other children also corroborated, when Dr. Taylor (from the bench) asked Mrs. English if she bore any marks from her husband's illusage. She replied in the affirmative, and after examining them, Dr. Taylor testified to the finger marks on the side of the neck.

Detective - Inspector Gallagher arrested prisoner on Tuesday. He was drunk and violent and called his wife names.

English denied most of the statements made by the witnesses, and his wife's statement in toto.

Mr. BRASSETT, who asked for an order, said Mrs. English wanted no maintenance.

Mr. BULLIN (to prosecutrix): It is no use granting you a separation order unless you are determined to keep away from him. You must give us your assurance. It is treating the Bench as children.

Prosecutrix assured the Magistrates that she would not allow her husband to return again.

The CHAIRMAN said prisoner would have to undergo a month's imprisonment with hard labour, and pay the costs of the case, or an additional seven days' hard labour. They would decree a separation order.

English: I am glad to go to prison to get rid of her. (Laughter.)

In October 1899 the *Cheshire Observer* published an obituary.

DEATH OF Mr. J. M. ENGLISH.—The death of Mr. Joseph Milburn English took place on Saturday, after a very brief illness. The deceased was, as late as Sunday, to all appearance in his usual health, with the exception of a slight cold. He retired to rest on Sunday night and never rose again, having been seized with what is supposed to be paralysis, to which he succumbed on Saturday. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon amid many manifestations of sympathy. The chief mourners were Mrs. English, Mrs. Samuel Mort, Mrs. Norton, Mr. Tom Mort, the Rev. W. Albert, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sadler, Messrs. G. Gunnery,

J. T. Lee, J. H. Jackson, J. Nield, J. Reynolds, Captain Gray, &c. The class of girls, of which the deceased was teacher, in connection with the Primitive Methodists, were present, as were also a good number of members and friends from the same chapel. Previous to the cortege leaving the house a short service was conducted by the Rev. W. Albert (of Chester), the Rev. N. B. Atkinson officiating both in church and at the grave. By special request the hymn "Some one will enter the pearly gates" was sung at the graveside. There was a large number of wreaths.

There was a memorial service in November

IN MEMORIAM.—On Sunday night a large congregation was present at the Primitive Methodist Chapel, when a special service in memory of the late Mr. Joseph Milburn English was conducted by the Rev. W. Albert, of Chester. The rev. gentleman preached a most impressive sermon based on words selected from Joshua iv., 10. Mr. A. E. Sadler related striking incidents in the life of deceased. A special feature of the service was the singing by the children of the favourite hymn of the deceased, "Some one will enter the pearly gates," which produced a marked impression on the congregation.

19

In 1901 Selina English lived at 12 Parkers' Buildings, Chester, with four children aged 15 to 21, but no servant and no husband.

12. The local vernacular is necessarily a draw back

In August 1891 Thomas Allan thanked Joseph Cowen for having 'so kindly expressed a wish to look at our Local Song Book'.¹ Cowen's *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* claimed 'there has been no name that has been more familiar' to 'the working class population' than Joe Wilson's for 'many many years' and he had won 'a way into the hearts and affections of the people by means of songs, rapidly written and set to well-known catchy tunes'. 'His observations were based on his experience of everyday life' and 'sly sarcasm'. The *Chronicle* would like to see 'a complete edition of the work of the earlier song writers of Tyneside', but hoped that 'no attempt may be made to "Bowdlerise" productions emphatically of the soil, and worthy of being handed down to posterity'.² In October, at the Northumberland Fusiliers' concert in Morpeth's Presbyterian Schoolroom, Mr. W. Wormald 'vastly amused the company by singing Joe Wilson's famous Tyneside song "Geordy had the bairn"'.³ T. & G. Allan's first general 'Tyneside' songbook for 17 years appeared early in November.

ALLAN'S
ILLUSTRATED EDITION
OF
TYNESIDE SONGS
AND READINGS.
WITH
LIVES, PORTRAITS, AND AUTOGRAPHS
OF THE WRITERS,
AND NOTES ON THE SONGS.

REVISED EDITION.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE:
THOMAS & GEORGE ALLAN,
18 BLACKETT STREET, AND 34 COLLINGWOOD STREET.
SOLD BY
W. ALLAN, 20 GRAINGER STREET; R. ALLAN, NORTH SHIELDS.
LONDON: WALTER SCOTT.
1891

It was dedicated to Richard Oliver Heslop as 'An Acknowledgement of his Labours on "Northumberland Words"'.⁴ The large paper edition cost 7s 6d and the smaller one 4s. Allan sent copies to Cowen, Crawhall, Heslop, Spence Watson, Welford, the Church of England Institute and Newcastle Society of Antiquarians. Crawhall told 'Mr Allan' that it 'appears to thoroughly exhaust the subject'. One newspaper noted that 'Most, if not all of the pieces, have already been published in one form or another' and like many of the 'Auld Scots Sangs', were 'homely in their jingle' and rich in 'pawky' wit, humour and pathos. The *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* felt it was 'the standard work on Tyneside Songs' and the *Newcastle Weekly Courant* thought that it 'should find a place in the library of all Tynesiders'. Another paper thought it was 'almost unnecessary to speak to the middle-aged Novocastrians of to-day regarding either Ned Corvan or Joe Wilson'. Wilson was 'a verbal painter of everyday life, deeply observant, kindly, sympathetic, and a wise counsellor to people', and 'though far from being without wit, rarely wrote a song without a moral'. Another paper praised Allan's attempt to standardise the phoneticised vernacular;⁵ but Mr G. Robinson, one of Wilson's former pianists, believed Allan missed an opportunity.

I had serious thoughts of approaching him and offering to write music to his songs – the tunes that Joe used to sing them to. I could easily have done this, for they are fresh in my mind as if it was only last week. – "The Row upon the Stairs," etc. Pianos and pianists were not so plentiful in those days as they are now.⁶

Another man spotted an opportunity.

George Agnew Reay was the organist at Hexham Abbey in 1822 when his wife bore a son they had christened Samuel. In 1830 the family moved to Ryton, but Samuel later joined Durham Cathedral choir and learned to play the organ. From 1839 he was assistant organist at St. Andrew's in Newcastle, then organist at North Shields Catholic Chapel, St. Hilda's in South Shields, St. Michael's in Houghton-le-Spring, St. Nicholas' and St. Thomas's in Newcastle and Tiverton Church in Devon, where he wrote probably the first organ arrangement of Felix Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*. Later he held three posts in London, then worked at St. Peter's College, a boys' boarding school at Radley in Oxfordshire, and became the organist at Bury Church in Lancashire. By 1864 he was a church organist in Newark, Nottinghamshire, and Master of the Song School.⁷ In 1889 the Reverend Sabine

Baring-Gould and the Reverend Henry Fleetwood Sheppard began publishing *The Songs of the West* in parts of 25 songs for 3s,⁸ and in November 1891 Reay ordered *Allans' Illustrated Edition of Tyneside Songs* and made a proposal to Thomas Allan.

For some time past I have been engaged in arranging for Piano and Voice (with appropriate symphonies) a collection of Northumbrian ballads and songs, of which I have already done sixty, and for which I am anxious to find a publisher. I wonder if you would be inclined to undertake such a speculation. Mr Stokoe, and several of my musical friends in Newcastle have seen most of the work done, and have been good enough to commend it very highly.

Just now there is an excellent opening by way of introduction since I have been asked to prepare a paper on Northumbrian ballad-music, to be read at the annual conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians, which takes place in Newcastle about January 6th next, and of course there will be vocal illustrations, to be followed by small-pipe music.

A similar talk has been performed in connection with the Western folk music by Revd Baring-Gould, and I see there has been a 5th edition of Book I issued already.

Should you entertain my proposal, I could have as co-adjutor, Mr Stokoe, who would edit the literary part of the work.

Reay sent a postal order and stamps amounting to 3s 4½d and received 'a most interesting and beautiful printed collection'. A 'good many' were in the Fordyces' 1842 *Newcastle Song Book*, but with 'the spread of Northumbrian clubs of one sort and another, both at home and in the colonies, the work cannot but meet with the steady sale it so well deserves'. Allan declined to publish his arrangements but offered 'assistance in the event of their seeing the light in a published form'.⁹

Albion Assembly Rooms in North Shields were 'none too spacious' for the Caledonian Society's 'Halloween Nicht'. Mr T.B. Appleby 'recited Joe Wilson's well known lines "Aw wish your mother wad cum"' which 'fairly convulsed his audience with laughter'.¹⁰ At a concert in the Mutual Improvement Society's Lecture Hall in Seaton Burn Mr Coxon sang *The Gallowgate Lad*.¹¹ The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* welcomed a 'handsome collection' that 'surpassed' 'all previous compilations' and noted its appeal to 'the antiquarian, the student of human nature', the 'lover of local lore' and 'Many a Novocastrian in distant parts'.¹² In December the *Newcastle Weekly Courant* noted that Mr J.B. Radcliffe had been 'encored for Joe Wilson's well-known Tyne-side song, "Cum, Geordie, haud the Bairn"' at a Bellingham charity concert.¹³

Early in 1892 Thomas Allan advertised the firm's songbooks with microscopic excerpts from some reviews.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF TYNESIDE SONGS NEW AND REVISED.

To this Edition of the Old is added a Choice Selection from the New, and (what has been much wanted) a Collection of the Best Humorous Tyneside Readings. Also

LIVES OF THE WRITERS.

PORTRAITS OF THE WRITERS.

AUTOGRAPHS OF THE WRITERS.

AND NOTES ON THE SONGS.

79 PORTRAITS, AUTOGRAPHS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Price in Rushworth Binding, 4s.; Large Paper Copies, 7s. 6s.
Either price—net Post Free.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Newcastle Daily Chronicle, November 10th, 1891.

"In this handsome collection of Tyneside songs all previous compilations have been surpassed.—before the antiquarian, the student of human nature, and the lover of local lore a rich field is laid open for investigation." . . .
"Many a Novocastrian in distant parts will be inclined to sing as they read the new book—"

"There's naither banls in yon loon,
For wile and hauser million he's;
They sang as sweet as yon loon,
God faith, aw think aw hear them yet."

Newcastle Daily Journal, November 17th, 1891.

"At length we have a collection of Tyneside songs and characteristic anecdotes thoroughly and in all respects worthy of the subject matter, and which ought to become a local classic. . . . A thoroughly well-edited and most interesting collection, and ought to find a place on the book-shelves of all lovers of the local dialect."

Newcastle Daily Leader, January 2nd, 1892.

"This handsome volume is a real treasury of our local lyrics. . . . All the famous Newcastle writers are reproduced in it by their best and most popular contributions. . . . This is truly a valuable and attractive collection of our local dialect poetry."

Newcastle Weekly Chronicle, December 19th, 1891.

"The volume is beyond doubt one of the handsomest that has ever come from the Newcastle press. Paper, printing, binding, and illustrations are alike worthy of the highest praise. . . . Next in interest to the hundreds of lyrics which comprise the collection are the biographical sketches, portraits, and autographs of the writers. . . . It will become the standard work on Tyneside songs."

Newcastle Weekly Courant, November 21st, 1891.

"Admirably got up, both as regards arrangement and letterpress. . . . The volume should find a place in the library of all Tynesiders, as well for its poetical worth as its antiquarian interest."

Literary World, January 15th, 1892.

"The songs give us a picture of Tyneside life far more vivid and realistic than any description, however chaste. . . . The selection has been carefully chosen, clearly printed, and excellently illustrated."

Byth Weekly News.

"All lovers of North-country literature must thank Messrs. Allan for the book of Tyneside Songs. . . . Containing nearly 600 pages, we must needs call it as it were from its sweets, and many an old ditty which is well worth notice one is compelled to pass over."

The late T. C. Thompson, Esq., formerly M.P. for Durham, in remitting for a large paper copy sent to his order, wrote—
"The volume is simply delightful."

T. ALLAN, Bookseller, 18 Blackett Street and 34 Collingwood Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SENT POST FREE.

JOE WILSON'S TYNESIDE SONGS AND DROLLERIES.

NEW COMPLETE EDITION.

Beautifully printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling, from new type, with Portraits and Illustrations from Photographs specially taken.

Price in Rushworth Binding, 4s.; Large Paper Copies, 7s. 6s.
Either price—net Post Free.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Newcastle Daily Chronicle, October 29th, 1890.

"Fitted to take its place on the library shelves of any student or admirer of local literature. . . . The street-crowded tenements, the grimy factories, the busy thoroughfares of the town, the animated river-side, and the peaceful domestic hearth were the spots from which he drew his best inspirations. . . . He revelled in the delineation of the common life of the people. The man was worthy of the book, and the book is worthy of the man."

Newcastle Daily Journal, November 12th, 1890.

"There are songs and pieces which possess not only the local native humour, suited to the native dialect, but which are entitled to be ranked as true lyric poetry. . . . Gilded to write real songs for Tyneside people, they are rare of the soil, and are a storehouse of the broad Dialect of the district."

Newcastle Daily Leader, December 26th, 1890.

"This complete edition of Wilson's works show him to have had the excellent gifts of spontaneity and richness. His work was native to him, as well as to the soil in which he laboured. His songs are a fresh, flowing, and abundant stream of pathos and humour."

Newcastle Daily Chronicle, November 23d, 1890.

"The 'bits of brenly sangs' which Joe hoped they would sing, 'Grady Hand the Buis,' 'Dinner Clash the Door,' 'The Time me Fether was flak,' and many others, will help to keep his memory green for generations to come. . . . Publisher and printer alike have done their best to do honour to the poet."

Literary World, February 15th, 1891.

(This notice extended to five columns)

"The characteristic virtues of his songs lie upon the surface; simplicity, directness, fidelity were the qualities in which they excelled. . . . By his too early death the loopy, bowling North lost a true and honest soul, who, in his own experience, had shown how little pleasure and very hard to do with one another."

Spectator.

"The realism of Wilson's pictures of Tyneside life, and especially of Tyneside drinking and boat-racing, is unobscured. Altogether, whoever wishes to study the funny—or at least the daily—side of Newcastle life should read this book."

The Athenaeum, August 1st, 1891.

"We have read this collected edition of Joe Wilson's verses with considerable pleasure. . . . His rhymes are full of simple beauty and humour."

Saturday Review, February 23th, 1891.

"Joe Wilson's songs are well worth reading by all who care for verse which is perfectly spontaneous and unaffected. . . . Newcastle does not look a very amiable place, but Joe was as much in love with it as if it had been the city of the violet crown, where men walked 'in delicate air.' He was popular in the wilson sense of the word, and deserved his popularity."

In February Reay told Allan about the *Musical Standard* review of his 'Northumbrian ballad music' paper and hoped 'the reference to your admirable collection of Tyneside Songs will prove useful'. 'Will you kindly let me have the tune to your excellent song, "The Tyne Exile's Lament", ("Banks o the Dee") to 'submit to Mr. Stokoe', and 'if you can refer me to a printed copy it will be all the better'. In spring Allan advertised that his 'New Revised Edition' of 'The Old Tyneside Songs' was 'Just Ready' and discounted the two editions by 20 and 25 percent for 'nett cash'.¹⁴

In December 'A Peep in the Workhouse' in the *Hartlepool Northern Daily Mail* noted that in spite of the beef and potatoes, and the pint of ale, there was 'something sad' about the 'dining hall of the male inmates' and recalled a line from Wilson's 'Oh, what that man might have been'.¹⁵ Walter Scott Limited advertised Stokoe and Reay's *Songs and Ballads of Northern England* in the *Pall Mall Gazette* at 10s 6d.¹⁶ Stokoe claimed to have 'Collected' the songs, yet many lyrics had been printed previously and several were in Allan's 1891 songbook. Reay claimed to have a Bachelor of Music degree from Oxford, but no record of this has been traced. The book was dedicated, with permission, to the Duke of Northumberland, and if it was 'sufficiently successful, the publisher contemplates the issue of a second volume'. According to Stokoe Wilson was 'a man of blameless life' who left 'a vacancy not yet filled', and some of his songs would 'be sung as long as Tyne runs to the sea'. *Cum, Geordy, haud the Bairn* was the 'best local song of the best of the latest local songwriters', and he also included *Maw Bonny Gyetside Lass!* A 'gentleman who still desires to remain anonymous' had written *The Tyne Exile's Lament*, but Allan had not sent a tune, so Reay had composed one and rearranged the lyrics to fit.¹⁷ Allan complained, but Reay was unmoved since neither he nor Stokoe

have spared pains or trouble to provide the vessel with a worthy and attractive cargo. If I never did anything else I should be quite willing to let my reputation as a conscientious musician rest on the work contained in 'Songs and Ballads of Northern England'. I have had many congratulations from musical friends, and none of them I value more than the warm praises of my old friend Mr. Ions.¹⁸

(William Ions, the St Nicholas Church organist, became deaf in 1894.¹⁹) Baring-Gould was 'delighted with the book' and Reay was 'eager to go on with a further selection', so he hoped that 'nothing will come in the way to prevent it'.²⁰

Thomas Allan still sold *Joe Wilson's Tyneside Songs* in parts, Rowland Harrison's *Tyneside Songs* and James Anderson's *Tyneside Songs and Poems*, which could also be obtained from 'your local bookseller' or by post.²¹ Allan's 1893 New Year's resolution was to write an autobiography, but only the part about his schooldays has been traced.²² (Reportedly, 'many other family MSS were lost' and 'probably destroyed' in the 1970s.²³) The vice-chairman of the Blyth Flower Show banquet in the Buffalo Inn sang one of 'the late Joe Wilson's Tyneside songs', *Charley's away*.²⁴ A West Hartlepool man wondered why 'idiots' like travelling drapers gave 'almost unlimited credit to the "pawnshop-looking Queens"'.²⁵ Thomas Fordyce put his printing business up for auction and the *Newcastle Journal* noted that 'Messrs Allan's early volumes of songs' had been printed there, and Joe Wilson, the author of "'Geordy Had the Bairn," etc.', had 'worked at the "case"' for a few months.²⁶ Stokoe and Reay's songbook had a 'fairly good sale', but Reay told Allan of his doubts about the lyrics.

The fact that the great bulk of the songs are given in the local vernacular is necessarily a draw back, confining, as it does, the sale to Northumbrians and Tynesiders chiefly. If ever we have to go in for another selection, some attempt must be made to overcome the difficulty. See what Burns did for Scotch Minstrelsy in that direction, - I mean in the way of putting his lyrics into such a shape, that they could be 'understanded of the people;' and it would be wisdom if something of the same kind could be done in connection with your Songs of the North. There is a valuable instance of this treatment in Baring Gould's 'Songs of the West' in which the local dialect has been altogether dispensed with, and the book has been a great success, and that without impairing the effect of the poetry.²⁷

George Allan retired, but Dr Charles John Gibb began treating Thomas for a stomach tumour in spring.²⁸

Spence Watson believed that there had been 'less liquor, less roughness, perhaps less fun, but more tenderness of a manly kind, in the best of the songs of the last twenty-five years than in those of the early part of the century'. 'It says much ... for our popular taste that Joe Wilson should stand first among our bards, for his influence is a sound one'.²⁹ In May Stokoe and Reay asked 'Messrs Thomas and George Allen' for permission to publish *Geordie, haud the bairn*, but the London sheet music publishers could 'only find room for five verses', so they asked the Allans to choose them.³⁰ In October Robert Robson, 'a duplicate of the late Joe Wilson', 'delighted' a 'very large company' at Blyth Theatre Royal with Wilson's 'homely and pathetic songs', including "'Where had muthor gyen?"' and an encore was 'demanded and responded to'. In December Mr Connell sang *Keep your feet still Geordy hinney* at a Café Chantant in aid of the St. Mary's Sunday School Fund in Blyth Mechanics' Institute.

In March 1894 a large crowd at a benefit for a young pitman at Jefferson's Theatre in Blyth was 'entertained solely by local talent' and Robert Robson kept up 'the dear memories of the late Tyneside poet' with *The time that me fethor wis bad and Can ye tell what that man might have been*.³¹ Thomas Allan's copy of *Allans' Illustrated Edition* had 'hand-written notes, letters, photographs and newspaper cuttings', and he gave it to Norman Archer, an employee; but Allan died on 8 April, aged 61. The news appeared on billboards next day,³² and Thomas Wilson was present at his burial in St. Andrew's Cemetery.³³ Annie Allan inherited the Blakett Street shop, and her 22-year-old son Thomas became the sole partner in T. & G. Allan.³⁴

Ralph Wilkinson had published his own work in *The Tyneside Songster* in 1886 and by 1891 the bookseller lodged in Warwick Street, Heaton. In 1895 he claimed his business at 17, 18 and 206 in Newcastle's Grainger Market had been there 49 years and sold a 'large Assortment of New and Second-hand Books on Every subject'. Wilkinson published a 16-page booklet, *Joe Wilson's Tyneside Songs, not published in any other collection, With Sketch of his Life, and Remarks by his brother, Thomas Wilson*. It contained anecdotes that were mainly about Tom and Joe's early lives, but also included Wilkinson's acrostic on *JOE WILSON, The Deeth o Joe Wilson* and the anonymous *The Cock Canary Bord*. Wilkinson argued that Wilson's name was 'equally familiar, and his songs just as popular', as when he died 20 years earlier, since 'wherever the English language is spoken Tyneside lads are sure to be there; and irrespective of position of life and conditions, they cheer each other with the songs which flowed so

truthfully from his prolific pen'. Wilkinson included two previously unpublished songs, one of which was possibly from around 1871, when Wilson travelled by rail from Newcastle to Spennymoor via Ferryhill.

NANNY'S RUN AWAY WIV A SOWLGER.

TUEN—"Hard Times."

WOR Nanny's run awa wiv a sowlger, silly lass,
But awl lay ye two te one she's sure te rue;
For what's his whole day's wages te keep a coppie weel,
An' she's sure te let him know that twos a few.

Korous. Tuen, Original.

Nanny's run awa wiv a sowlger,
Aw wish she wes here an' I'd scowld hor;
She might hev had a Noodle or a Rifle Volunteer,
If she'd myed up her mind for a sowlger.

She might hev had a Noodle thit's a Cobbler tiv his trade,
An' a guden if he only wad stick tid;
Or she might hev hed Jimmy Mason,
He's a Rifle wiv a gun, tho' aw really never like te see
him wid.

Korous.

But a greet big strappin' fellow wiv a lobster-coloured coat,
An' a medal thet was like a bad half-croon,
An' a tung thet wud clip awl the cloots ye iver saw,
Perswayded Nan wiv him te leeve the toon.

Korous.

Awd forgcen them if they'd telled us afore they went away,
For it wadant tyken much te raise a spree.
Aw wonder if he really means te Marry Nan at aa?
If he dis, a wesher wife she's sure te be.

Korous.

UNSETTLED BILL.

TUEN—"Beautiful Nell."

ONE mornin' at that cawd pleyce they call Farryhill,
When waitin' for the second train, it wes there aw fell in
wi' Bill;
That's ma gud man, ses Mary Ann, but nee gud man is he,
He's se wild and thowtless in his ways, as unsettled as
can be.

Korous.

He's seldum at wark an' he's fond ov his gill,
An' aw wish in ma heart aw'd nivvor seen Bill;
The forst time aw met him it wes at Farryhill,
An' aw wunder wat myed us tyke unsettled Bill.

We corted an' gat married, th' warst job uver aw did,
For then aw thowt he'd settle doon, but he nivvor settled wid;
For Bill, he thowt he'd gan an' try sum other pleyce for wark,
An' left a reel gud job at hyem, for change wes Billy's mark.

Korous.

He myed us leeve a canny hyem te gan te Hartlepool,
An' then he fancyed Darlin'ton, the bubbly heeded cull;
But three weeks there he hadn't been but te Stocktin he
wad gan,
Then Middlesboro' followed—what a fond, unsettled man.

Korous.

Aw pity awl unhappy sows thit gets a man like me,
He's myed a deel o' muney, but he's myde the muny flee;
For if in one toon he does weel, content he cannot be,
He thinks he's better sum where else, God help byeth him
an' me.

Korous.

35

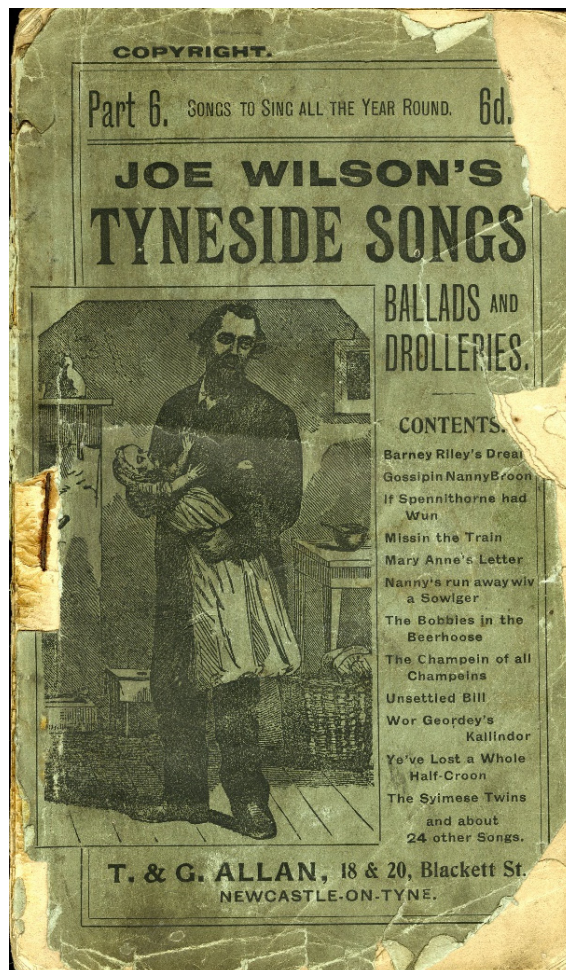
The tune of the first song was Stephen Foster's *Hard Times Come Again No More*, which had been published in New York in 1854,³⁶ while *Beautiful Nell* was associated with a slip song of that name published in Glasgow in 1868.³⁷

Welford did not include Joe Wilson in his three-volume *Men of Mark Twixt Tyne and Tweed*, but in February 1896 the *Shields Daily Gazette's* 'CALENDAR OF LOCAL EVENTS' for 'St Valentine's Day' noted that 'the Tyneside songster' died in 1875.³⁸ Thomas Allan junior had married Ida Winifred Bellerby, a ship-owner's daughter, and they lived in Otterburn Villas, Jesmond, near his mother. Thomas added two floors to the firm's Blakett street headquarters, making it one of the tallest buildings in Newcastle, and it was photographed from Grey's monument years later.



39

Annie Allan sent her three youngest daughters to a private tutor to learn 'German, Drawing, Drill, &c.' Part 6 of Joe Wilson's *Tyneside Songs, Ballads and Drolleries* included *Nanny's run away wiv a Sowlger* and *Unsettled Bill* in a slightly different form to Wilkinson's. There were advertisements for Wilson's songbooks and *Songs and Ballads of Northern England*.



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WHAT SHALL I SING?

Aw'll sing ye a Tyneside sang.
An' aw's sure aw'll not be rang.
For aw think ye'll like te heerd as
weel as me—

So te try an' warm each heart
I' the dialect aw'll start.
For when aw sing—*Tyneside* it
hes te be.

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CONTENTS OF PART I—PRICE SIXPENCE.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Aw wish yor Muther wad cum | Midnight Thoughts |
| Aw wish yor Fethur wes here | Maw Bonny Gyetside Lass |
| Absent Friends | Meggie Bell |
| Aud Nelly's advice tiv her Dowter | Ne Wark |
| Bob Hobson's advice tiv his Son | Noodle an' Rifleman's Dispute |
| Bessie Walker | On Presenting a Fairing |
| Bonny Sally Wheatley | One Mile Race |
| Chep that knows nowt | Pride |
| Chambers and Cooper—a Double | I'prepare for what's te cum |
| Acrostic | Peg's Trip te Tynemouth |
| Contradichun | Row upon the Stairs |
| Champion Hoat Race | Sunday Neets at Jesmond Gardens |
| Disappointment | Tyneside Lads for me |
| Draper's Appeal | The Day o' Life |
| Droll Dootin's, here and there | The Cockney's Lament |
| George Stephenson | Whisperin |
| Gallowgate Lad | Wife—an Acrostic |
| Jiggin doon the Shore | Wor Geordecy's Welcum te Garibaldi |
| Jesmond Pic-Nic | —a Double Acrostic |
| Keep't Dark | Wor Peg's Invitayshun |
| Long have I sadly waited | Wor Geordecy's History o' the Boat |
| Laughing Eyes | Races |
| Mally Dunn | Wor Geordecy's Advice tiv Ivrybody |

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TEMPERANCE SONGS, READINGS, AND RECITATIONS.
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CONTENTS—PRICE SIXPENCE.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| A Happy Neet at Hyem | Last Neet aw Fell Out wi' Me Mate |
| Aw wish aw wes sumbody else | Little Johnny Robinson |
| Aw's forced to gan away | Lazy Jack |
| A Varry Hard Hed | Let Them Laff, but They Knaw it's |
| Aw'm always Dry | the Best |
| Buy us a Gill o' Beer | Me Sweetheart |
| cum Hyem wi' Me | Murder throo Drink : The Gallows |
| Charley's Across the Sea | Narvis Johnny |
| Clivor Men | Neet Scheul, The |
| Cadgin' for Beer | Nancy in the Barrow |
| Difference o' Folks when thor Drunk | Ne Claes |
| Drunken Dolly's Deeth | On the Heer |
| Drunken Man, A | Oot or His Heed |
| Difference, The | Painted Nose, The |
| Deeth i' the Street | Port Wine |
| Drink ne Mair | Queer Customs |
| Double Event | Sober Real Enjoyment Feel. The |
| Drunken Wife. A | Seen' Double, The |
| Dinnet Spoil the Bairn | Set Fight. A |
| De without it for oncq | Think o' the Little Ones at Hyem |
| Forst Futtin' | Tom Broon |
| Flogg'd in Jail | Try, Maw Hinnny, Try |
| Geordy's Fond o' Rum | Te Leeve for a Hundrid Eers |
| Horrors, The | Teetotal Noo |
| Harry's Broken Leg | Throo Drinkin' Bitter Beer |
| Intoxication | Throo Gettin se Tippy Last Neet |
| I' the Gloom | Teetotal Enjoyment |
| Intended Suicides, The | What That Man Might Heb Been |
| I' the Workhouse | When A' Thor Mem'ry's Gyeu |
| Just a Hap'ney | Which de Ye Call Mean |
| Janey Todd's Ancestors | What a Helpless Chep Am Aw |
| Jack Green | What a Feul Aw've Been |
| Kill'd throo a Fall Doonstairs | Whiskey Het |
| Life o' a Sponge, The | Ye Nivor Think That Might Be Ye |

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CONTENTS OF PART II.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Aw wish ye a Happy New Year | Keep yer feet still |
| An Acrostic on Jimmy Taylor | Lass that Leeves Next Door |
| Bella Ramsey's Lad | Neet the Hairn wes Born |
| Billy Turnbull's Adventors | Newgate Street |
| Careless Jack | Pretty Sweetheart, Jessie May |
| Cadgin for Beer | Return o' the Gallowgate Lad |
| Canny Aud Chrismis | Kecknin for the Pay |
| Cum hym i' gud time | Kow iv a Public House |
| Day that we got Married | Regretta, or Shove Ahead |
| Day his Wife wes Married | Sally Wheatley's Comments on the |
| Dinnet let words myek ye sad | Love Letter she got |
| Grainger Street | She's gyeu to Place at Jarro |
| Give a thowt to them that's gyeu | Thor's Comfort iv a Smoke |
| Hannah's Black Eye | Ungrateful Hill |
| Hoo te Leeve at Lodjins | Varry Canny |
| Here's a Tip | When Gud Luck shows its fyce |
| Hartley Catastrophe | What ye shud Weer, Part 1 |
| Its Muther's cum | What ye shud Weer, Part 2 |
| It's Time to Get Up | Welcum to Hob Chambers |
| Jimmy Jonsin, the Barber | Wor Jinny's fell oot wiv her Lad |
| Keep the Kettle Boilin | |

YE TALK ABOUT CHEPS BEING BASHFUL.
(Just added to this Part.)

MERRY NIGHTS AT HOME.

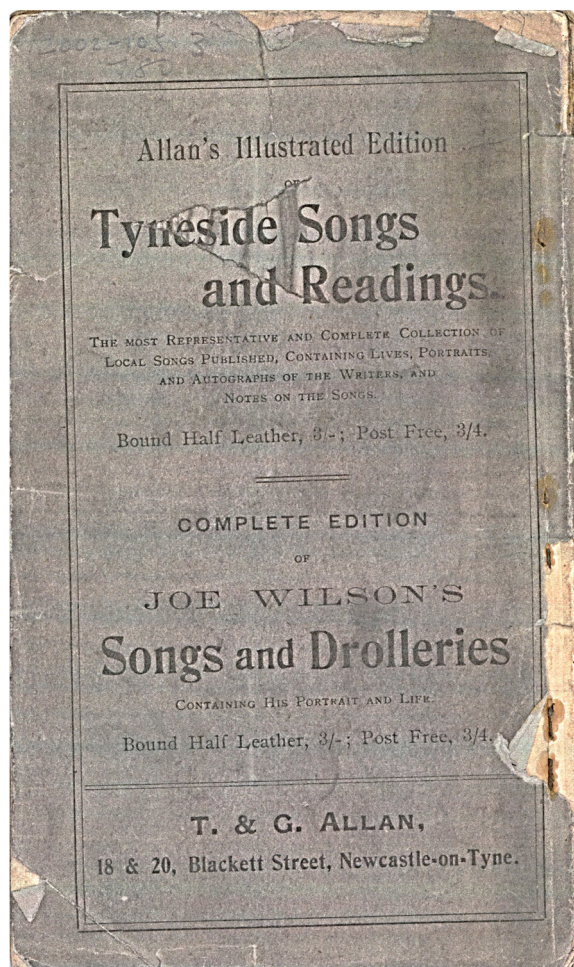
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CONTENTS OF PART III.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Aw'll sing ye a Tyneside Sang | Lanlord's Dowter |
| Affected Bella | Miseries o' Shiftn |
| Aw've lost me Honny Lad | Maw bonny brave Boat Rower |
| Aw wish aw wes sumbody else | Mistress Foster's Account o' a |
| Billy's turn'd an Actor | Boat Race |
| Chambers an' Sadler | Mistress Taylor's Poisin |
| Charley's run away | Me Awn Advortismint |
| Difference o' Foaks when thor Drunk | Newcassil |
| Dinnet Clash the Door | Ned's Aud Companions |
| Dan's Apprehenshun | Reeding Aud Letters |
| Dolly's Lowse Peddickit | Settled Doon |
| Droll Dettin's, here and there | Says He! Says Aw |
| Fightin Jim | Superstishus Sally |
| Fight about a Lad | Sunderland Trip, or Peggy's a |
| Gallowgate Lad's Wedding | Cawshun |
| Geordy, O | The Beukmaker |
| Hoo te myek Mischief | The Life o' Joe Wilson |
| Hinnny, dinnet cry | The Lass aw gan with |
| Iverybody thinks thor Awn Case the | The Aud Fashin'd Bairn |
| Warst | Wor Geordy's Album |
| It's time te gan te Bed | What that Man might heb Been |
| Jimmy's gettin Wark | What Myed ye get the Bag |
| Janey Foster | Young Spring |

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In 1897 Edward and George Allan junior became Thomas's partners. The brothers closed 45 Dean Street, sold the Collingwood Street shop for £11,750 and bought uncle George's copyrights and those of other T. & G. Allan publications for £260.⁴¹

In spring 1898 Spence Watson hailed Wilson as 'the first of all our Newcastle song-writers', because he 'succeeded, beyond all others, in reaching the heart of the people' and his songs 'entered into our local life'.

[H]e wrote too much, and he wrote some few things that we could well do without. But they are very few, and Joe Wilson is, when we take his work as a whole, a man of whom we may be justly proud; a man, too, who had a message for us, which he gave us in his own simple way, and who was, though he little knew it, truly a teacher. ... His inspiration was drawn from the social life around him: his pictures are those of the real homely life of the people whom he loved and amongst whom he lived.

Most of Wilson's songs, and especially *Dinnet Clash the Door* and *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum*, were 'genuine, unadulterated and wholesome realism'.⁴² In November the *Newcastle Journal* noted that 'Since the days of Joe Wilson, the local muse of song in the vernacular has been comparatively dormant', but an 'aspirant to the local laureateship has come to the fore in Matt C. James, who has republished some of his effusions on various local topics in brochure form under the title "Sum Tyneside Sangs", several of which have gained prizes that have been offered from time to time by contemporaries for this kind literary work'.⁴³ George Allan senior died that year.⁴⁴

In February 1899 'A Quaker' did not know whether Joe Wilson or Rowland Harrison wrote a satirical song about volunteer militiamen and remembered 'the queer air better than the words'.⁴⁵ In September John Scarlett noted that Wilson was 'a delicate looking fair-haired man with a sweet voice' and commended his 'homely pathos'. *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum* 'appealed to the sympathies of the women folk' in his audiences and Scarlett predicted that Wilson's songs would be sung 'as long as there is any gathering of our ain folk'.⁴⁶ In spring Mr T. Brown sang *Keep your feet still, Geordie, hinny* at a presentation to a retiring West Moor Colliery official at the Hotel in Gosforth Park.⁴⁷ Late one autumn evening people saw 'flames and smoke were appearing through the roof' of the Allans' Blakett Street shop and believed that it had begun in the Continental Restaurant,⁴⁸ but in December Mr T. Brown sang *Keep your feet still, Geordie hinny* at the annual supper of the Killingworth branch of the Enginemen's and Fireman's Association at the Traveller's Rest in Wideopen.⁴⁹ By now the concert hall business Wilson had known had changed dramatically.

13. Dick, Sam and Rowley

In spring 1851 the 49-year-old grocer and former pitman Richard Thornton and his 45-year-old wife Frances lived in South Shields with 17-year-old Newton and 14-year-old Peter, both carters, 12-year-old Richard junior, a 'Shop boy' who had begun work as a trapper at St. Hilda's Colliery three years earlier, 10-year-old Ann, eight-year-old John and six-year-old George, all described as 'Scholar', plus four-year-old Isabella and one-year-old James. By spring 1854 young 'Dick' was an apprentice in Mr Wood's cabinet maker's workshop in Union Alley, behind the Theatre Royal in King Street. He played the violin at tea-dances, though his companions 'found a pleasure in helping me to squander my money', but when James Bower retired as the violinist at Marsden Rock, Dick succeeded him. The dancing season began on Good Friday after the afternoon church service, 'on account of the excise licence', and 'with fine weather people would flock in their thousands from South Shields, Sunderland and all the pit villages and dance like demons and with everyone clamouring for the dance it was "Money for now't". Parties of 20 or 30 would arrive quite unexpectedly, order teas, stroll about the rocks and sands, and return for the dance'. Twopence a couple was the charge, but they paid Dick 1s a couple, often in pennies, and he had to ask 'that good old lady Mrs Peter Allen' to change it for silver coins.¹ He became a familiar figure with his green money bag and battered violin case. He also played on Tyne pleasure boats,² and a Newcastle landlord spotted him.

By the late 1850s there were thousands of iron workers in and around Consett in County Durham, and many lived at Berry Edge. Early in 1859 John Balmbra engaged 19-year-old Thornton for his Berry Edge Theatre. By spring it was crowded and *The Era* noted that 'Mr Richard Thornton's Irish comic songs bring down raptures of applause'. In summer Balmbra engaged Thornton for the Wheat Sheaf in Newcastle, then he toured England, Scotland and Ireland, before returning to County Durham. In spring 1860 *The Era* noted that Berry Edge Theatre Royal was 'respectably attended' and Thornton's 'Irish comic songs' brought 'raptures of applause', so Balmbra engaged him for the Wheat Sheaf again. By summer, he was in great demand elsewhere,³ but South Shields magistrates refused his father a beer licence,⁴ and Thornton married.

Isabella Buckham was born into a South Shields painter's family around 1843. She met Thornton at a grand ball one Christmas,⁵ and they married at St. Mary's Church, Gateshead, in October 1860. He had 4½d in his pocket, but he played violin at South Shields Theatre Royal in the evenings to supplement his income.⁶ By spring 1861 the 'Carpenter' and Isabella lived at 17 Raglan Street, Westoe, and had adopted his two-year-old nephew, George. After Richard Thornton senior died in 1862, Dick inherited his High Shields beer house,⁷ but sold the lease, a shop, a 15-room tenement and a lemonade factory.⁸ 'Being able to amuse the customers with my fiddle and being determined to succeed in business, I soon began to make friends, acquire a little capital and have a banking account'. 'I began to look out for other beer-houses until, I think, I had four. I placed noted pedestrians as managers, men with records as runners, and if possible Sheffield handicap winners or runners-up'.⁹ In 1871 Thornton, a 'Wholesale Porter Merchant', and his family lived at 1 Hardwick Street, Westoe. Thornton's mother died in 1877, and in 1880 'Bella' persuaded him to buy the Shakespeare beer-house in Union Alley, South Shields,¹⁰ and he got it for a 'reasonable price'. It was about 20 feet deep and backed onto the foot of a hill.

I took the risk of extending it on every occasion of the change of the chief constable, who, when going did not care, and the newcomer did not know. As such changes occurred about five or six times I soon had gone so far into the hill as to have a counter 40 feet in length.

Having got this, and having no cellar, I made arrangements with the brewers to supply me with beer in butts. Before getting those in, I had to take out a portion of the front, and, having got them in, they were placed end up along the wall behind the counter and allowed to get into condition. They were then tapped near the top and the beer followed down by the boring of fresh holes.

Such a thing as 14 butts of beer run in a beer-house was a novelty in itself and brought customers from all parts. There were crowds around the house at opening time on Sundays.

George worked in the bottling plant.¹¹ In spring 1881 Isabella and Richard Thornton, a 'Beer and Porter Merchant', lived at the Shakespeare Arms, and William Barrow, a 'Bar assistant', was a lodger. In 1884 Mrs Wood invited Thornton to buy her late husband's workshop next door,¹² and he 'saw the making of a music hall at very little cost',¹³ and there was only one competitor.

Back in 1870 Samuel Siddall had engaged George Leybourne for his Alhambra Music Hall in Coronation Street, Mill Dam.¹⁴ It was made of wood,¹⁵ and held 2,200. In December he directed a 'Grand Local Christmas Spectacle' featuring his daughter Julia. In January 1871 Siddall advertised a 'Grand change of Company every Week', and in April the only named act was Hermann Unthan, who played the violin with his toes. The Siddalls lived in Alma Street, Westoe. In January 1872 Siddall gave a fat pig and three turkeys as prizes and a purse of gold to the best amateur singer from North and South Shields. In February he advertised his hall as 'by far the largest and Best-conducted place of amusement in Shields'. The company included 'the celebrated Female NEGRO ARTISTES the SISTERS ADELE, Clog, Pump and Big Boot Dancers'. In April he engaged 'HOWARD'S TROUPE of CAN-CAN DANCERS', but in August he assured 'Persons of the most refined taste' that the entertainment 'does not contain an objectionable feature'. In September he announced that no drink was to be sold in the hall.¹⁶ By 1873 the Siddalls lived in Eldon Street. In 1874 he rebuilt his hall in brick,¹⁷ and that summer over 3,000 people attended the opening of the New Alhambra Music Hall and Amphitheatre.¹⁸ It held 4,000 people and was reputedly the largest hall outside London,¹⁹ but Siddall had been fined £5 for putting on plays without a licence. By October 1877 he was the lessee of the town's Theatre Royal. His son James posted bills in West Holborn and took down those of a competitor from pub windows. The music hall proprietor attacked him and was fined £2.²⁰ In April 1878 the *Morpeth Herald* reported that Siddall's hall had reopened at Easter and was 'well stocked with scenery and theatrical properties', but after everyone left at 11.30pm a fire broke out. Siddall was at home

in Salmon Terrace, Ocean Road, when someone brought him the news of several thousand pounds' worth of damage, and the hall was only partly insured,²² yet by August 1879 he had leased the circus in Newcastle's Haymarket and intended to open it with a concert company, then sublet it to Messrs Sangers' circus. In 1880 Siddall erected a Grand Theatre in South Shields, but it did not comply with official building standards. In January 1881 he closed the Theatre and Cirque's pantomime,²⁴ in the face of serious local competition and the lack of a 'local' singer.

Early in 1878 Rowland Harrison had lived in Winlaton,²⁵ as a licensed victualler, but in July the *London Gazette* listed him under 'Liquidations By Arrangement'.²⁶ In September the 'Champion Tyneside Comic Vocalist' was at the Durham and Northumberland Music Halls in Cuthbert Street North Shields and Borough Road South Shields.²⁷ By December he was at the Britannia in Glasgow.²⁸ In Newcastle William Elliott ran the Music Hall in Nelson Street as a variety theatre and installed his son as manager.²⁹ In January 1879 he engaged the 'Tyneside comedian' who attracted large audiences and had a 'most flattering' reception.³⁰ In February the 'Great Tyneside Favourite' appeared at the Alhambra Assembly Rooms in Norfolk Street, North Shields, in a benefit for Mr S.R. Chisholm, the proprietor of the Northumberland and Durham Music Halls,³¹ and in March William Elliott, the champion sculler of England, joined Harrison onstage at the Masonic Hall in Blyth.³² Henry William Harrison was born in Winlaton that year.³³ In January 1880 his father deserved 'special mention' at a concert in aid of St. Benet's Mission at the Workmen's Hall in Monkwearmouth,³⁴ and he sang at the Delaval Mechanics' Institute's concert in the Colliery School Room to raise funds to buy a microscope.³⁵ In March the 'comic' was at the Star Music Hall in Carlisle and in August the 'Tyneside vocalist' was at West Hartlepool Theatre Royal, where business was good. In October he was at the Wear in Sunderland and the 'Tyneside dialectician' was retained for a second week.³⁷ In December the 'eminent Tyneside Comedian' was at South Shields Theatre Royal, where he dressed as a Cullercoats fishwife to play Widow Crusoe and spoke in his 'Northern dialect'. He did 'much to secure the success' of the pantomime and had a benefit in January 1881.³⁸ By spring the Siddall family lived in John Williamson Street and Samuel described himself as a 'Theatre Proprietor' and his son James as a 'Theatrical Manager'. Harrison's 'comic songs and caricatures' in aid of Wylam Hall Cricket Club kept the audience in the British School in 'roars of laughter'. He had been the licensee of the Push and Pull Inn in Thrift Street, South Shields,⁴¹ but the *London Gazette* announced that he was 'out of business'.⁴² Mr W. Fairlamb, a Newcastle solicitor's clerk, became the trustee of the Inn,⁴³ and the 'Professional Singer (Musician)' and Elizabeth lived at Blue Quarries, Hawthorn Cottage, in Heworth parish, with Ellen, Edwin and Rowland junior, who were at school, plus two-year-old Henry William. The 'Tyneside vocalist' appeared at the Royal Star Theatre in Stockton,⁴⁷ and played in the sketch of 'The Earl, the pitman, and the fair maid of the Picktree Inn', at the Wear in Sunderland, where he and Mr J.B. George 'kept the audience in roars of laughter'.⁴⁸ In May Harrison's 'Tyneside songs' were 'very popular' there and he and George advertised in *The Era*.

WANTED, Six Handsome BALLET LADIES, for Entertainment (Summer Tour) visiting the Principal Watering Places. Inclose carte de visite. Address, Messrs ROLAND HARRISON and J.B. GEORGE, Wear Music Hall, Sunderland. N.B. Wanted, a Gentleman to invest £50 in a novel Entertainment.⁴⁹

In August the 'celebrated Tyneside vocalist' was at West Hartlepool Theatre Royal and his 'patter in the dialect of the "canny toon"' (Newcastle) was 'rapturously received' at his benefit.⁵⁰ In September he took part in a 'successful concert' in support of Sunderland strikers,⁵¹ and in December the 'Tyneside Vocalist and Comedian' was 'Specially Engaged' for a benefit in aid of the Hartlepoons Hospital at West Hartlepool Theatre Royal.⁵² In January 1882 the proprietor of the Pine Apple Hotel in George Street, Sunderland, invited people to 'Call and see ROWLEY HARRISON'S ORIGINAL PICTURE. Life-Size Portraits. All the Tyneside Singers. Billy Wheeler, Joe Wilson, Billy Thompson, Ned Corvan, Geordy Ridley, Billy Purvis, and J. P. Robson. All in one group'.⁵³ John Taylor's painting was at least nine years old,⁵⁴ but the exhibition remained open in February.⁵⁵ In April the 'talented Tyneside comedian' had a 'short engagement' at the Tyne in Newcastle and was 'received in the most demonstrative manner', then appeared at Siddall's Theatre and Cirque in South Shields.⁵⁶ In January 1883 the 'local favourite' was back there again,⁵⁷ but had few paying engagements, though he sang at a concert in support of strikers in Gateshead Town Hall in November,⁵⁸ and for 1,000 at a Cooperative Society concert in Newcastle Town Hall in December.⁵⁹ He played Jack's mother in *Jack and the Beanstalk* at Siddall's Grand Theatre in South Shields and received a 'most flattering reception', while his 'allusions to local subjects, told in the broadest Tyneside dialect, met with the warmest approval'.⁶⁰ In January 1884 he was 'nightly received with applause'.⁶¹ In June he and a group of schoolchildren dressed in white entertained 600 in South Shields Artillery Volunteer Drill Hall in support of St. Aloyisus' Catholic Church,⁶² and then the 'Tyneside comedian' was engaged at the Royal Albany Theatre in Durham.⁶³ In August he took part in a benefit for the former stage manager at the Grand Theatre of Varieties in Gateshead, who had lost a leg.⁶⁴ Siddall sold his Grand Theatre and Theatre Royal in South Shields, and the Old George in North Shields, and he and his family migrated to New Zealand where he engaged in farming and building.⁶⁵

Dick Thornton had led the South Shields Theatre Royal orchestra,⁶⁶ and the manager Fred Cooke failed to discourage him from leaving. In November the 'large and commodious' Thornton's Theatre of Varieties opened in Union Alley.

From the proscenium backwards, the pit is 66 feet in length and 41 feet, narrowing to 40 feet in width. It will seat 800 persons comfortably. The orchestra is railed off from the audience. The stage is exceptionally large and lofty; and there is every appliance for the rapid change of scenes ... Crimson velvet plush lines the front of the dress circle, and rep of the same colour forms of the seating. ... Glass gas-brackets are used with effect, and the ornaments all beautifully harmonise. Accommodation in the dress circle and boxes – two on either side – is given to upwards of 350 persons ... A large number of raised seats are placed in the front, but at either side runs a space to be used as a promenade. Here, also, upwards of 350 people can comfortably settle themselves. The decorations are in green and gold, and are very effective. The roof is cleaded with wood, stained and varnished, and is open along the centre, giving the light necessary in

case of day performances. From the street, the entrance to the pit is wide and easy; from the dress circle ascend two broad staircases, and irrespective of a separate approach to the promenade, an additional exit is provided for any time of emergency.⁶⁷

Prices varied from 6d in the Pit and Promenade to 2s in a Box. Herr Ludwig came from Manchester Theatre Royal to lead ten 'competent musicians'. The hall had a cut-glass chandelier,⁶⁸ 'proper dressing rooms, good heating' and 'every comfort for the visitors'.⁶⁹ Hundreds were unable to get in on the opening night.⁷¹ Playbills announced 'Artists of skill and vulgarity nil',⁷² and leaflets promised 'A good, clean entertainment guaranteed here. Bring your wife and family, and enjoy elegance, safety, comfort and respectability'. Frank Allen, who had been a Monkwearmouth postmaster, was manager.⁷³ One evening the audience was so noisy that he went on stage and threatened to ask the orchestra to play *God Save the Queen* and turn out the gas lights in five minutes, so the audience quietened down. In December Harrison was at the Star Music Hall in Sunderland and in February 1886 the 'popular Tyneside vocalist' was engaged at the Alhambra Palace of Varieties in Newcastle. In April and May he was at the Gaiety Theatre in King Street, North Shields, and in October he was at the Gaiety in West Hartlepool,⁷⁵ then Blyth Theatre Royal.⁷⁶ In January 1887 the 'old Tyneside favourite' was 'nightly loudly applauded' and in February he played 'Sandy M'Tavish' in *Bonnie Scotland*,⁷⁷ but in May the 'well-known comedian' was 'charged with being drunk and disorderly in the Cloth Market, Newcastle at 9.45pm, and assaulting PC Martin Given. Harrison was fined 5s and costs for being drunk and 20s for assault'.⁷⁸ In June he was at the Gaiety in North Shields. In September the 'Tyneside vocalist' was 'deservedly popular' at James MacDonald's variety theatre in Darlington. In October he was a 'great success' at the Star Theatre in Stockton and then at the Oxford Palace of Varieties in Middlesbrough.⁷⁹ South Shields magistrates refused to grant Dick Thornton a wine licence,⁸⁰ but he now had a business partner.

James Moss was a fiddler and character singer in Manchester singing saloons when his wife Martha bore a son they called Howard Edward in 1852. They later moved to Scotland and 'Ted' was educated and received musical training in Edinburgh and Glasgow. In 1872 he became the pianist and manager of his father's Lorne Music Hall in Greenock, but Ted moved to Edinburgh in 1877 to run the Gaiety Music Hall which he renamed Moss's Theatre of Varieties.⁸¹ In 1884 he refurbished the Music Hall in Nelson Street Newcastle as the Gaiety, which opened in November with 'great London stars'.⁸² By 1888 Moss had the Royal Variety Theatre in Bedford Street, Sunderland, and bearing in mind the deaths at the Victoria Hall four years earlier, he asked Stephen Hendy to build the first safety staircase.⁸³ In September, when Harrison was at Thornton's Varieties in South Shields, the proprietor announced a deal with Moss that would 'enable Artists to make a lengthened lucrative Tour, Railway Journeys being a mere trifle'.⁸⁴ On 1 October Thornton announced the 'Starring Engagement for positively six nights only VESTA TILLEY, LONDON IDOL'. In addition, after 'the great success he achieved at South Shields, and particularly his rendering of several of the celebrated Ned Corvan's songs, Mr ROWLAND HARRISON, Tyneside Comedian, has been engaged for six nights only'.⁸⁵ In November he was at Cooke's Circus in Ocean Road, South Shields,⁸⁶ and in December singing the *Wandering Minstrel* brought him 'almost an ovation' at Thornton's Royal Variety Theatre in Sunderland.⁸⁷

Siddall had intended to return to Tyneside, but he died in Kamo in the Whangarei District of Northland, New Zealand, in February 1889.⁸⁸ In England Moss sold his Sunderland theatre to Thornton and engaged Harrison for the Gaiety in Newcastle in April. Singers had to 'submit Assignments for their Songs' to the 'Management' in Edinburgh, but Harrison's 'efforts' were 'well received' at Moss's Varieties in June. Thornton leased his large circus in Jarrow to a Walsall man and presented a petition with 1,000 signatures to the South Shields magistrates, who granted him a dramatic licence. He gave a night's takings at the Royal Variety Theatre in Sunderland to the Silksworth Colliery Strike Committee and he wanted a hall in Newcastle.⁸⁹ In October Harrison was one of the 'Tyneside's comedians' who performed at a church fundraiser in Alnwick, 'and added much to the enjoyment of those present',⁹⁰ and in December 'the accomplished Tyneside comedian' had two weeks at the Oxford in Middlesbrough.⁹¹ Early in 1890, when the 'local gem' was at the Royal Variety Theatre in Sunderland with new songs,⁹² Thornton's general manager issued instructions in *The Era*.

Matter for Bill must be sent Two Weeks before opening, or Artists will run the risk of having their Engagements cancelled. Blocks may be sent not later than Wednesday previous the opening. Assignments for Songs, &c, must be produced at Rehearsal.

Artistes will clearly understand that their Business must be free from Vulgarity.

... Artistes are particularly required to Notice our Call in 'The Era' each Week, notifying the Town they are to open at first.

Address all letters, J.G. ALLEN, Balfe House, South Shields.

Harrison was at Thornton's Varieties in South Shields, which was 'crowded nightly', and then at Moss's Gaiety in Newcastle, but his next engagement was at the Star in Stockton.⁹³ In March he took part in a Police Concert in South Shields and in July the 'ever-green Tyneside favourite' was at the Varieties when it reopened after 'a thorough course of renovation'. In August he was at the Albert Music Hall in Jarrow, which Moss and Thornton had acquired.⁹⁴ Thornton was the managing director of the Varieties Company Limited and owned the New Alhambra in Lambton Street, West Hartlepool, where the 'Only and Original Tyneside Comedian' was 'Engaged for Six Nights Only'. The house was 'packed from floor to ceiling' for 'as bright a bill of fare as has ever been discussed in a provincial music hall' and 'Mr Rowley Harrison' caused 'continuous roars of merriment'. The *Northern Echo* described him as one of a 'Specially Selected Company of Star Artistes'.⁹⁵ *The Era* reported that Thornton had invested £7,000 in the Alhambra which would hold almost 2,500.

The stalls and circle are fitted with patent flap-chairs, upholstered in ruby plush. The striking feature of the auditorium is the noble sweep of the circle tier, from any part of which the spectator has an easy and uninterrupted view of the stage. The lighting is on the latest and most approved principle, the means of ventilation are most adequate, the exits are numerous and easy of access, and in a fireproof curtain and fireproof staircases and passages, every precaution is taken for the safety of the audience in the event of a fire or panic.

Thornton and Moss faced serious competition. Harrison's next engagement was at Newcastle People's Palace, where the Livermore Brothers' general manager, 'Ernest Sheldon' (Robert Marium Catcheside), advertised that 'Artistes desirous of Engaging for St. James's Hall, Plymouth, must state at which Hall they are booked in Newcastle'. In September Harrison was at the Empire in Stockton,⁹⁶ and in October the 'good old Tyneside comedian' was at the Oxford in Middlesbrough,⁹⁷ but only for a week.⁹⁸ With the 'kind permission of Mr Thornton' he appeared at a 'complimentary concert' in the Workman's Hall, Monkwearmouth, for the benefit of Joe Young, 'in recognition of the services rendered by him during the recent strike' of miners.⁹⁹ In November the Newcastle Gaiety closed,¹⁰⁰ but Thornton opened the West Hartlepool Empire Palace, and he and Moss leased Newcastle Empire Palace, which opened on 1 December.¹⁰¹ Harrison was at the Alhambra in West Hartlepool when he received the 'Call' for Thornton's and Moss's eight halls in north-east England and lowland Scotland. 'Big First-class American and Continental Novelties' had a 'Tour' of up to 18 weeks,¹⁰² but 'The Great Tyneside Comedian' had one week.¹⁰³

In January 1891 the Livermores announced 'Calls' in *The Era* and reminded 'Artists' about their contractual requirements.

N E W C A S T L E - O N - T Y N E . —
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.
 We lead, others follow.
 We are still the Pioneers of Refined Variety Amusements.
 Company for Monday, Jan. 5th :—
 The Great Jenny Hill (Two Nights), Frank Roden,
 Lina and Vani, J. H. Woodhouse, Herbert Albini,
 Lillie Carlberry, Harry Leander, D'Ostas,
 Rowley Harrison, Nellie Maguire.
 Magnificent Band of Fourteen Performers.
 Artists neglecting to write two clear weeks before opening run
 the risk of having their Engagements cancelled.

SUNDERLAND.
THE EMPIRE.
 Messrs Livermore Brothers are now in a position to make it
 publicly known to all whom it may concern that they have
 Purchased the above Theatre
 as it stands, and its completion will now be rapidly proceeded
 with. All contracts up to and including May next are can-
 celled, but Messrs Livermore will be happy to transfer the
 same to

DUNDEE.
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.
 A New and Magnificent Building will open
 Monday, Feb. 16th, 1891.
 Full Band, Artists, and Novelties
 write for the opening and future dates.

PLYMOUTH.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.
 Always vacancies for Startling Novelties.
 Say whether you are booked for Sunderland, Newcastle, or
 Dundee, and at which Hall. Communicate with
 C. J. LIVERMORE, Esq., Plymouth.

THE COURT MINSTRELS,
 on Tour.
 Long Engagements to First-class Novelties.
 Address all communications to
 Mr ERNEST SHELDON, Newcastle,
 the Pioneer of Refined Variety Entertainment.

104

Harrison was at Thornton's Royal Variety Theatre in Sunderland,¹⁰⁵ and then the 'greatest living Tyneside comedian' made a 'welcome return visit' to Thornton's Varieties in South Shields, where he was 'as popular as ever'.¹⁰⁶ He had 'a flattering reception from a large and appreciative audience at the Workmen's Sociables', in Alnwick Town Hall,¹⁰⁷ where the committee provided a sandwich and a non-alcoholic drink.¹⁰⁸ His 'character sketches in the Tyneside vernacular' were 'capitally rendered, and created much amusement', particularly with *Billy Fine Day*,¹⁰⁹ which was about a Gateshead character,¹¹⁰ and then he became a 'welcome extra turn' at Thornton's Varieties in Sunderland.¹¹¹

Moss and Thornton paid over £60,000 for a seven-year lease on the Gaiety Theatre in Glasgow then spent £5,000 on 'alterations and embellishments' and secured dramatic and alcohol licences. By February they had invested £180,000 in eight theatres.¹¹² In spring Thornton, a 'Music Hall proprietor', lived at 14 Park Terrace, Westoe, with Isabella, 24-year-old William Barrow, and his 17-year-old sister Margaret, who was a 'Servant (Domestic)', as was 18-year-old Elizabeth Pollard, who had also been born in South Shields. Francis G. Allen, a 40-year-old 'Theatrical Manager Art', born in Monkwearmouth, was a visitor. Rowland Harrison, the 'Tyneside Singer', lived in Gosforth Street, Monkwearmouth Shore, with Elizabeth, 20-year-old Thomas, 18-year-old Edwin, a 'Boiler Maker', 12-year-old Rowland junior, an 'Apprentice Printer', and 12-year-old Henry.

In May Harrison was at the New Alhambra in West Hartlepool,¹¹³ but only for a week.¹¹⁴ In June he was at Thornton's Varieties in South Shields, which closed for the summer, but reopened briefly for the orchestra's annual benefit. Harrison had an 'enthusiastic reception'. His characters were 'well sustained' and his songs and patter 'in the Newcastle dialect' were 'quite a treat'. He also 'made a droll speech, in which he thanked those present for their patronage, and eulogised the band in enthusiastic terms'.¹¹⁵ He had previously 'managed concert halls at various places' and now 'had a large marquee devoted to

singing and entertainments' at the Temperance Festival on Newcastle Town Moor.¹¹⁶ In August he was at the Alhambra Varieties in Aberdeen, then the Royal Variety Theatre in Sunderland,¹¹⁷ which was lit by electricity,¹¹⁸ and he was at the West Hartlepool Alhambra in September.¹¹⁹ In October Thornton stood for South Shields Council and the *Newcastle Weekly Courant* thought he had a good chance since he had given benefits for the unemployed and workers who had suffered accidents. There were three candidates for two seats and Thornton topped the poll.¹²⁰ In November Harrison was 'warmly applauded' at the Oxford in Middlesbrough,¹²¹ and his *Geordy Black* and *Jack Simpson's' Bairn* appeared in *Allan's Illustrated Edition of Tyneside Songs* from the 'Author's Copy, 1872'.¹²² In December Harrison was at the Grand Variety & Opera House in Bishop Street, Stockton.¹²³ Late that month, when around 1,200 people were at Gateshead Theatre Royal, one young man smoked a pipe and his ash smouldered on the floorboards. A cry of 'Fire!' caused people to jump out of windows and nine children and one adult died in a crush while trying to escape.¹²⁴ Two days later the *Yorkshire Post* reported on Newcastle Theatre Royal's pantomime, where Harrison was a 'local comedian' who 'gives us the Tyneside dialect to perfection'.¹²⁵

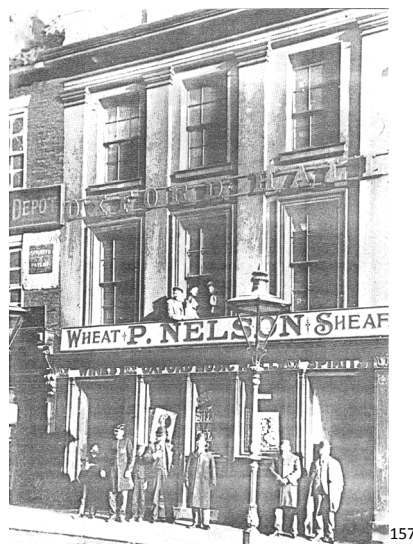
In March 1892 Harrison was at Thornton's Varieties in South Shields,¹²⁶ and then Thornton's Royal Variety Theatre in Sunderland.¹²⁷ He was applauded for his 'local ditties' in *Beauty and the Beast* at the Tyne in Newcastle, then joined the Moss and Thornton Tour at the New Empire and Alhambra in West Hartlepool. Moss and Thornton announced in *The Era* that their 'extended operations' would require 'the whole of this column shortly', thereby displacing the Livermore Brothers' advertisements. 'Rowley Harrison, the Tyneside comedian', was at the Empire Variety Theatre in Newcastle, but was back in West Hartlepool a week later. He went on to Thornton's Varieties in South Shields, where he received 'much applause' and business was 'exceedingly good', before going to Sunderland Theatre Royal. In April Thornton opened the Arcadia in Sunderland, opposite his Avenue Theatre,¹²⁸ and in autumn he entertained 1,000 poor old people, including around 130 from Newcastle Workhouse, at his South Shields Varieties.¹²⁹ In October Harrison 'quite sustained his old reputation' there,¹³⁰ and was 'heartily applauded', since he was a 'great favourite'.¹³¹ Then he joined clowns at the Grand Continental Cirque at the Arcadia in Garrison Field, Sunderland, where large audiences applauded his 'character songs' and laughed at his 'droll expressions in the Tyneside vernacular'.¹³² In December the 'Tyneside comedian' enjoyed 'his share of popularity' at the Livermores' Newcastle People's Palace.¹³³

In January 1893 Harrison met a 'warm reception' at Sunderland People's Palace, and was retained for 'another short period' to sing 'another selection from his long repertory'.¹³⁴ In February Thornton gave a benefit for Stuart Henry Bell at Sunderland Royal Variety Theatre. In March Harrison was 'exceedingly happy' as 'Jock' in the 'thoroughly national' routine of the 'Gathering of the Clans' at Dundee People's Palace. Days later Isabella Thornton died of cancer in Westoe and nationally-known showbusiness people attended her funeral. Harrison's Wallsend circus was 'still a success' in July,¹³⁵ but 'By special request, the old favourite, everybody's favourite', appeared at Sunderland People's Palace in August with 'his old and New Comicalities' and 'appears indispensable at a benefit and on "first nights"'.¹³⁶ Thornton sold Sunderland Avenue Theatre and the new proprietor got a dramatic licence.¹³⁷ In November Thornton and Moss supported a Glasgow Freemasons' concert attended by 5,000.¹³⁸ In Darlington 'Mr Rowland Harrison, the Tyneside comedian and author' performed at a concert in aid of St. Augustine's Schools, and in December he was at John Irving's Grand Varieties and Opera House in Bishop Street, Stockton, for two weeks, then had a 'pleasing reception' at Mr E.J. Weighall's Oxford in Middlesbrough, where he was one of the 'old favourites'. The 'Composer of Songs' returned to the Stockton Grand and the Middlesbrough Oxford.¹³⁹

On Burns night in January 1894 Harrison's 'funniments' as 'Jock' 'evoked loud laughter' at the Livermores' People's Palace in Bristol,¹⁴⁰ and in February the 'favourite local comedian' was at Newcastle People's Palace.¹⁴¹ In May he played 'Jock' at Oswald Stoll's Panopticon in Cardiff.¹⁴² In June the 'always droll' Harrison was at Sunderland People's Palace as 'Barrow Tune', 'Drummer', 'Waiter' and 'Policeman',¹⁴³ and he took part in a benefit for the stage manager in July.¹⁴⁴ By October Thornton had left Westoe but supported two miners, one of whom was a socialist, in the South Shields council election.¹⁴⁵ Harrison the 'Tyneside comic' was at the Oxford in Middlesbrough, where 'numerous patrons' found him 'most amusing'. In November the 'local comedian' created 'plenty of laughter by his witticisms' at William Tudor's Empire Circus in Sunderland Road, Gateshead, which was a 'substantial wooden erection' that held 2,000.¹⁴⁶ Then the 'old friend' had a 'capital reception' at the Alhambra in West Hartlepool. He had not been there for some time, but 'retained much of that attractive force that made his name famous a score of years ago', which 'marked him as one of the legitimate – because artistic – exponents of the spirit and tradition of old Tyneside', and he 'fulfilled the expectations of his audience' in 'his ordinary turn and his encore'. Then the 'Tyneside Comedian' accepted a one-off booking at a 'smoker' at the Old Operatic Club in Charles Street.¹⁴⁷ In December he was at the Newcastle Empire,¹⁴⁸ and was 'as great a favourite as before'.¹⁴⁹ Thornton and Moss had bought the Crystal Palace in Birmingham, knocked it down and built an Empire.¹⁵⁰

Early in 1895 the 'comedian' Rowland Harrison lived at 3 Gosforth Street, Monkwearmouth.¹⁵¹ In March he was at Mr G.T. Cromwell's Grand in Stockton,¹⁵² and then the *Shields Daily Gazette* reported that he got a hearty reception' at Thornton's Varieties. 'The slang of the "coal district" comes frequently into use with Rowley, his turn being full of merriment', and he 'could not leave the stage without being compelled to sing "The Policeman"',¹⁵³ but Thornton had leased the venue to others. In April the 'local favourite' had a 'hearty reception' at the People's Palace (Limited) in Sunderland,¹⁵⁴ and 'generally improved' his 'popular impersonations'.¹⁵⁵ The competing national circuits of large halls were marginalising the older, smaller venues.

Around four years earlier Peter Nelson had accumulated £800 from working in a 'wholesale house' and became the licensee of the Bay Horse Inn in Newcastle's Gallowgate, and later had the nearby White Horse Inn. By 1892 he had earned around £600 in his day job, but lost around £2,000 at the White Horse. Early in 1893 he became the licensee of the Wheat Sheaf Inn in Newcastle's Cloth Market,¹⁵⁶ which still had Bagnall and Blakey's sign of the 'Oxford Hall' on its front wall.



157

Joshua Bagnall had become a conservative and an Anglican,¹⁵⁸ and died at home in Albert Drive, Low Fell, in January 1894, aged 70.¹⁵⁹ Nelson owed £667 and had to pay £200 rent a year and £4 a week for the fixtures. He agreed to pay £1,000 for the fixtures, but still owed £500, and his expenses were never less than £20 a week. In June 1895 he was in the Bankruptcy Court.¹⁶⁰

Thomas Barrasford, the son of a Newcastle publican, had a wooden circus on a pit heap in Ormond Street, Jarrow, which he called the Palace of Varieties.¹⁶¹ He engaged Harrison, but he was back at Sunderland People's Palace in October, where he was 'always sure of a hearty reception'. In November John Cleo accepted 'no excuse' if the company, which included Harrison, failed to attend rehearsals at the Circus of Varieties in Blyth. In December Harrison was at Newcastle Empire, but had to write to the Head Office in Leicester Square, London, two weeks before opening, and send 'Bill Matter, Samples of Litho[graph]s, posters &c'. In Sunderland Thornton gave Charles Machin a ten-year contract to manage the Avenue Theatre and Theatre Royal as Sunderland Theatres Limited with a capital of £25,000. The Avenue had made an average annual profit of £3,734 and shares would soon go on sale. Moss, Thornton, Stoll and others had invested £70,000 in the Liverpool, Leeds, and Hull Empire Palaces Company Limited to build new theatres, but shares would be available between 10.00am and 3.00pm for one day only.¹⁶²

In January 1896 Harrison, the 'favourite Tyneside comedian', sang 'mirth-provoking songs' at Thornton's Varieties in South Shields,¹⁶³ and Fred Wood of the Mariners' Arms in South Shields Market Place presented him with 'a handsome black ebony, horn-handled walking stick'.

Joseph Carlisle, the former stage manager at the Oxford in Newcastle, had worked at the Gaiety and in the 'treasury department' of the Empire. He was a 'genial old fellow, with a picturesque presence', and Ralph Hedley used him as a model for 'The Churchwarden', but in he died in February 1896, aged 66. In April Harrison was at James Lovett's Queen's Music Hall in Chester-le-Street.¹⁶⁵ Then the 'Tyneside comedian' had 'a prominent place on the programme' at North Shields Theatre Royal,¹⁶⁶ where he was 'as funny as ever'. In May Mr Cleo engaged the 'Tyneside comic' for Henry Bertrand's Gaiety Theatre in Blyth, and then he was one of 'the chief "turns"' at Mr T. Kirtley's Theatre Royal in West Hartlepool. He went on to Tudor's Circus in Durham, but the 'well-known local comedian' was back at Newcastle Empire in June.¹⁶⁷

In August the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* reported that Stuart Henry Bell had died in Gateshead.

Thousands of people in the North of England, particularly Sunderland, will learn with sincere sorrow of the death of Mr. Stuart Henry Bell, the well-known artist and music hall proprietor of the Wearside borough. He died at Gateshead on Saturday at the age of 74, and it is to be feared not amid the affluence with which he was for the greater part of his somewhat chequered life surrounded. No better known or more respected man walk ⁴ Sunderland streets than the deceased gentleman. He was known to both young and old, and had the regard of all, as much for his cleverness with the brush as for his generosity and affableness and kindness of nature. Mr. Bell had seen both the bright and dark side of life in the Wearside borough. He had known what it was to ride in his carriage and pair, and he had also known what it was to be in sore financial straits. Yet in luck or out of it he was invariably the same hearty, cheerful gentleman, fond to a degree of his art and proud of his handiwork. Connected with theatres from his boyhood, he gave his attention to scenic art at an early age. His first engagement as a scene painter was with the late Mr. Harry Hall, of the Theatre Royal of this city, and after that time he was engaged in that line in almost every metropolitan and principal provincial theatre. His fame as a first-class scenic artist was widespread, but the special branch in which he merited most distinction was that of drop-scene

painting of marine subjects. It was in 1855 that Mr. Bell first went to Sunderland to decorate the Theatre Royal of that town, and the beautiful ceiling of that place that has stood the test of so many years was the production of his skill. Some years later, the subject of this notice became the lessee of the old Drury Lane Theatre, which also belonged at one time to the well-known theatrical firm named, and he opened it as a music-hall. Great success attended the venture, and some of the best variety people of that day appeared on its stage. Afterwards Mr. Bell added the tenancy of the Lyceum Theatre to his responsibilities, and there he produced three pantomimes which were remarkable mainly for the elaborate scenery designed and executed by the deceased. He was also a pioneer in the way of mild sensational effects. Later the Theatre Royal passed into his hands, and he ran the three houses concurrently. The theatrical enterprises did not pay, so Mr. Bell was obliged to drop them, losing a deal of money at the same time. The music hall was then rebuilt and made one of the largest variety halls in the provinces. With the migration of trade to the west end of the borough and the competition of more modern halls, the "Wear" lost its hold on the people, and the result was the old house, where many of the variety artists of to-day went to school, had to close, and the owner retired from it a poor man.

168

In September Moss and Thornton declared a dividend of ten percent for the first half year and Mrs Barrasford engaged Harrison for the Palace in Jarrow. In November the 'comedian' was at Durham People's Palace and went on to Mr R. Bloom's Circus of Varieties in Blyth. 'Owing to the success attained by the first visit of Mr Richard Thornton's variety company and the Cinématographe', Bloom organised a return visit. Weighall engaged Harrison for the Middlesbrough Oxford, but when he went on to the West Hartlepool Alhambra, 'Paul's animated photographs' were also on the bill.¹⁶⁹ In December the 'popular Tyneside comedian' was at Thornton's Varieties in South Shields where his 'Tyneside dialect' patter created 'roars of laughter'.¹⁷⁰ Late that year Thornton and Moss opened Liverpool Empire Palace.¹⁷¹

In January 1897 Nottingham Empire Palace Limited offered £76,000's worth of shares, but the bids comfortably exceeded £500,000 in five hours. Harrison had a 'hearty reception' at Ashington's New Theatre and he and Mellini's cinématograph were at West Hartlepool Theatre Royal in February. In March he was at Mr A.C. Harrison's Theatre Royal in Seaham Harbour and then at Hugh Dempsey's Cambridge Theatre in Spennymoor, where the cinématograph topped the bill. Harrison was at Newcastle Empire in April and a 'warm favourite' at Sunderland People's Palace in May. By July Fred Hall managed Harding Thomas's Cambridge Theatre in Spennymoor, which had reopened after 'cleaning and renovation'. Harrison joined Dempsey's 'popular variety company' and Mellini's Brightograph provided 'excellent moving pictures'.¹⁷² In August Harrison was at Thornton's Varieties in South Shields,¹⁷³ and in October he was at Sunderland People's Palace.¹⁷⁴ In December 'the favourite Tyneside comedian' 'sang four of his old songs' at Thornton's Varieties in South Shields and 'Calls were made for others from his well known repertoire, all of which were promised for a future occasion'.¹⁷⁵ Moss and Thornton's Varieties owned halls in Ireland and were building one in Leeds. The London-based star Charles Coburn headed the bill at Thornton's Varieties in South Shields, where Harrison was 'favourably received', but the 'favourite local comedian' was well down the bill at Newcastle Empire. In London Frank Allen was booking artists for the 'complete Moss and Thornton tour' for all the following year.¹⁷⁶

By 1898 the Theatre Royal in Market Street, Jarrow, screened films.¹⁷⁷ In January Thornton and other 'leviathan caterers' obtained a licence for the Bradford Empire. In April Harrison joined Dempsey's company at the Theatre Royal in Seaham Harbour and later appeared at Thornton's Varieties in South Shields, before 'scoring heavily' in *Klondyke Geordie* at Newcastle Empire.¹⁷⁸ Reportedly, he became the manager of Sunderland Empire,¹⁷⁹ and had his photograph taken, but compared to one taken a few years earlier he looked anxious and depressed.



180



181

In April he reportedly told a fellow artiste at Seaham Harbour that he 'hoped he would get the night over all right, for some queer feeling came over him'. He complained about pains in his head,¹⁸² and was in a 'low state of mind for a fortnight'. He rarely slept and spent nights sitting in the kitchen at home at 3 Gosforth Street, Monkwearmouth,¹⁸³ because he had no engagements. On 28 May his son Henry was in the kitchen,¹⁸⁴ and after he shaved he left his razor near the window. Around 12.45pm his father cut his throat five inches from ear to ear and severed his windpipe.¹⁸⁵ Henry seized his arm and dragged him into the front room, and another son tried to get a doctor, but he failed to arrive, so he called another. He sent Harrison to Monkwearmouth and Southwick Hospital, where a doctor inserted a tube so he could breathe and then stitched up the wound. He had a 'somewhat troubled day' on the 29th but there was a slight improvement next morning.¹⁸⁶ The *Daily Gazette for Middlesbrough* reported on 'an exponent of Tyneside comedy' who was 'without peer' and had retained his 'supremacy as a dialect comedian in the whole of the North of England' since the days of 'Ted [sic] Corvan'.¹⁸⁷ The 'Sad Affair at Sunderland' was also news in Dundee.¹⁸⁸ On 9 June the *Sunderland Daily Echo* reported that Harrison remained in a 'critical state'. He died that afternoon of his wound and hyperstatic pneumonia, a lung infection caused by inadequate ventilation, and the inquest returned a verdict of 'suicide whilst temporarily insane'. The *Echo* noted that he was 'the representative of a class of Tyneside comedians whose ranks have been thinned almost to extinction'.¹⁸⁹ On the 11th the *Newcastle Journal* published an obituary.

Poor Rowley! It was his business to be merry; and well can we remember when, in the local music halls, he would bring the house down with fits of laughter. How sad it is to think that when he was giving his life to fill the cup of joy for others, he was filling his own cup with sorrow. I am assured that he has died of sorrow - depressed and broken-hearted. He came upon ill times, when the fashion of giving out humour in the local dialect ceased to be in vogue, and when the repetition of London music hall performances drove Tynesiders from seeking amusement in the wake of Billy Purvis, Ned Corvan [sic], J.P. Robson, Joe Wilson, and Geo. Duncan. Rowley Harrison was the last

of the race. He was a good singer, an excellent reciter, and first rate comic actor of the local sort. But it is London fun that the people now seek and Rowley had none of that to give.¹⁹⁰

On the 12th a 'large gathering of local admirers' followed the cortege from his home to Mere Knolls Cemetery, where many friends, including several from Newcastle and Gateshead, 'joined the mourners in paying their last tribute of respect'.¹⁹¹

Thornton had demolished South Shields Varieties to make way for a new building.¹⁹² He was 59, but married 32-year-old Margaret Young, born in Sunderland. Barrasford had set up a tour of 14 halls,¹⁹³ and in January 1899 he pioneered 'Two Houses a Night'.¹⁹⁴ In February Rowland Harrison junior took part in an 'excellent musical programme' for Doxford shipyard platers at the Palatine Hotel in Sunderland.¹⁹⁵ Thornton had leased West Hartlepool Alhambra to another impresario,¹⁹⁶ and opened the Empire Palace of Varieties in King Street, South Shields, which held 3,000.¹⁹⁷

James Anderson had worked at Elswick Colliery for over 20 years, until he retired to Blyth.¹⁹⁸ His *Collection of Blyth and Tyneside Poems & songs* was published late in 1898 and he won the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* prize for the best local song. He had a bitter struggle against poverty and in spite of belated financial support he died in his humble cottage in spring 1899.¹⁹⁹

In June a Rowland Harrison impersonator was 'irresistibly funny' at South Shields Empire,²⁰² and the hall screened a newsreel of the FA Cup Final that summer.²⁰³ By autumn Thornton owned the Olympia in Northumberland Road, Newcastle. Late that year, when the war against the Boers began in South Africa, he supported the fund for the widows and orphans of dead soldiers, and he and Moss bought the London Hippodrome.²⁰⁴ In December Moss, Thornton and other impresarios formed Moss Empires in Edinburgh, which was the largest chain of variety theatres in Britain and possibly the world.²⁰⁵

In March 1900 there was a handsome presentation to William Barrow, the stage manager of South Shields Empire. In June he received a South Shields Empire programme picked up by a soldier near the Mooi River in Natal, and in October the Empire was the first to use a biograph to show a film of returning volunteer soldiers marching through London,²⁰⁶ but Thornton sold West Hartlepool Empire because it was too small.²⁰⁷ By February 1901 Frank Allen, the general manager of Moss Empires, based in London, stressed the 'wonderful change' that had 'come over the music hall stage in the past ten years'. He believed that 'public taste' had been 'educated up to a higher level' and 'vulgarity' had 'practically disappeared'. Only one family member had patronised halls 15 or 20 years earlier, but now the whole family came. In Moss Empires' 23 halls 'no artists is allowed to sing, or suggest anything to which the most particular could possibly object', while 'legitimate' theatre performances 'frequently contain allusions and remarks that a high-class music hall would not permit for one moment'.²⁰⁸ In spring 61-year-old Richard Thornton lived in the Grove, Gosforth, with Margaret, who claimed to be 32 but was at least 34, seven-year old Margaret junior and 16-year old Ethel Tindle, all born in Sunderland, plus two visitors, and 20-year-old Mary Hope, a 'Servant (Domestic)' born in South Shields. In June a Blyth man recalled Rowland Harrison's comments about the police being "'vary buzzy" in finding 'shelter' for and collecting fines from drunks.

William Barrow died in December 1902 and Freemasons led the cortege from Julian Avenue, South Shields. In January 1903 the directors of Moss Empires met at the London Hippodrome. They agreed to write off almost £8,000 of 'preliminary expenses', pay a 15 percent dividend free of tax on ordinary shares for the past six months, and add almost £16,400 to reserves, which amounted to over £25,400.²⁰⁹ In May Thornton bought Bishopwearmouth Rectory and a row of adjoining buildings in High Street West, Sunderland, to erect a hall like the London Hippodrome, which would hold 5,000, and be 'adaptable for circuses, water carnival, or music hall shows'.²¹⁰ He also rebuilt Newcastle Empire. In August there were two houses nightly at South Shields Empire, lasting two hours without an interval, so visitors from a distance could get home in good time. Prices were halved.²¹¹ Elizabeth Harrison died and was buried next to her husband.²¹² In January 1904 South Shields Empire's curtain rose at 6.50pm and 8.50pm. Boxes cost 5s to 10s and a single seat 2s, but they were 1s in the orchestra stalls, 9d in the grand circles, 6d in the pit stalls, 4d in the pit and 2d in the gallery, and the programme changed every week.²¹³ By 1905 Moss Empires owned Empires in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield, Birmingham, Liverpool, Cardiff, Swansea, Newport, Nottingham, Dublin, Belfast, Coventry, Sunderland, Ardwick and South Shields, and Hackney, Holloway, New Cross, Stratford and Shepherd's Bush in London, plus People's Palaces in Hull, Leicester, Bordesley, Camberwell and Granville Walham Green, Hippodromes in London, Glasgow and Manchester, Glasgow Coliseum, Liverpool Olympia, Walsall Theatre of Varieties, Reading and Richmond Theatres, Cardiff Philharmonic Hall and Glasgow Zoo. Moss was knighted.²¹⁴



215

Mr Thornton was not.

In spring 1907 the Lord Chamberlain permitted music halls and variety theatres to stage sketches for up to half an hour. Sunderland had seven big venues, but Thornton's Empire, which had cost £31,000, was the largest. It seated 3,000 and its passages allowed those entering for the second house to avoid those leaving the first. The grand entrance was for the more expensive seats, which could be reserved, while seats in the pit, upper circle and gallery had an entrance at the rear. The stalls and circle had tip-up seats, while those in the pit and stalls were static, but there were electric lights in the front of house, the auditorium, the stage and the dressing rooms and over every exit. Vesta Tilley opened the Empire on 1 July.



Thornton engaged the Scottish star Harry Lauder who thought it the best hall between Penzance and Inverness, and the *Echo* believed the audience was 1,000 over its official capacity. In April 1908 Charlie Chaplin performed there and in May Sunderland People's Palace closed for the summer. In 1909 it reopened as a cinema, and the Empire showed films of football matches,²¹⁶ but amateurs had continued to sing Joe Wilson's songs.

In 1901 John Pailey sang *Keep your feet still, Geordie Hinny*, at the annual supper of the Six Mile Bridge Leek Club in Seaton Burn. In 1902, Mr T. Brown sang *The Gallowgate Lad* at the Killingworth branch of the Enginemen and Firemen's annual supper at the Traveller's Rest, Seaton Burn, and in 1903 he sang it again at the annual supper of the Seaton Burn Star Cricket Club in the Miners' Arms. In 1904 he sang *Keep yor feet still, Geordie, hinny* at the annual supper of the Six Mile Inn Bridge Inn Leek Club, while Mr T. Laverick sang *Dinnet clash the door* and Mr J.F. Robson sang *Dolly's Peddikit*. In 1905 Mr W. Foster sang *Keep your feet still Geordie hinny* at Dinnington Colliery Leek Club's annual supper at the 'Ca Canny' Hotel. In 1906 Mr W. Arkley sang *The Gallowgate Lad* at Cramlington Mechanics' Supper and again at a presentation at the Black Bull in Bedlington. Mr T. Brown sang *The Gallowgate Lad* and John Paley sang *Keep yor feet still, Geordie hinny* at a presentation at Seaton Burn and District Workmen's Social Club, while Mr W. Lynn 'gave one of Joe Wilson's fine songs in the vernacular, entitled "Charlie's gyen away"', at a presentation to a New Delaval overman. In 1908 Mr Dodds, who was originally from Ashington, sang *Keep yor feet still, Geordie, hinny*, at a gathering of around 30 expatriates, mainly from Ashington, in the Hotel Scotia, Jeppetown, Johannesburg, and Mr W. Arkley junior sang *The Gallowgate Lad* at the Cramlington Colliery Mechanics and Enginemen's annual dinner at the Hartford Hotel, but some 'local' songs were now available as recordings.

J.C. Scatter's recording of Wilson's *The Row on the Stairs* and other pieces was on sale in Morpeth.

TYNESIDE SONGS.

COME AND HEAR THE NEWEST
DISC RECORDS IN TYNESIDE DIALECT.
Double Side, 3/- each.
By J. C. SCATTER.

| | |
|----------------|----------------------------|
| Blaydon Races. | The Soldier (with patter.) |
| Sergant Sweet. | Howdon for Jarrow. |
| I Divn't Kna. | The Row on the Stairs. |

AND. FOSTER'S,
(Sole Agent),
20, BRIDGE STREET, MORPETH.

In 1909 John Pailey sang *Keep yor feet still, Geordie*, in the 'Tyneside vernacular' at Wideopen Yearly Fund's annual supper at the Traveller's Rest, but Newton's of Westgate Road Newcastle advertised Scatter's recordings that included Wilson's *Keep Yor Feet Still* and *Neibors Doon Below*, and their 'Newtonophone Cabinet', in the *Morpeth Herald*.

14. Sagging and settlement

Thomas and Ida Allan's son, Thomas Kingsley, was born in Newcastle in 1900.¹ In spring 1901 the 51-year-old widow Annie Allan was 'Living on own Means' at 9 Osborne Villas, Jesmond, with 27-year-old Edward and 25-year-old George William, both described as 'Bookseller & Stationer', 19-year-old Flora Alice, 12-year-old Elizabeth, 60-year-old Elizabeth Armstrong, 'Living on own Means', and Mary Colquhoun, a 25-year-old 'General Domestic' born in Newcastle. At number 10 70-year-old Elizabeth Allan lived with Harriet Hall, a 50-year-old 'General Domestic' who had been born in Newcastle. Number 11 was empty. In Tynemouth the 'Stationer' Ralph Allan senior lived at 7 Alma Place with his wife and two daughters, one of whom was a 'Stationers' Clerk'. That year William Allan died in Newcastle, aged 57,² and his nephews closed the shop at 30 Grainger Street.

Thomas and Ida Allan's son, Maurice Bellerby, was born in 1904.³ That year T. & G. Allan bought a printing works and shop at 291 Westgate Road, Newcastle, and they opened a shop at 162 Elswick Road in 1905,⁴ the year Thomas and Ida Allan's son John Bellerby was born.⁵ T. & G. Allan bought a shop in Fore Street, Hexham, in 1908,⁶ and after Ralph Allan senior died in 1909,⁷ his nephews ran the North Shields shops. A photograph of T. & G. Allan's shop in Blackett Street, Newcastle, shows Miss Dodds on the left, next to an unknown man, Miss Sally Pigg and Joseph Hutchinson.



Joe Hutchinson had worked for T. & G. Allan for about ten years.⁹

Thomas and Ida Allan's son Edward Norman was born in 1910. Thomas lost 'a great deal of money' in a speculative venture and considered going to Rhodesia, even though the four shops made £1,000 profit that year. Annie Allan junior married a bank manager.¹⁰ In spring 1911 Annie Allan senior and her sister Elizabeth, who both had 'Private Means', lived in the nine-room 9 Osborne Villas. Edward described himself and George as 'Bookseller & Stationer (Dealer)'. Flora Alice and Elizabeth were at home, while Annie Owell, a 22-year-old 'General Servant Domestic' from Swalwell, did the housework. Thomas Allan, a 40-year-old 'Bookseller & Stationer (Dealer)', lived nearby in the ten-room 1 Otterburn Villas, with Ida and their four sons. Ethel Gilliot, their 21-year-old 'Nurse' was from Sunniside in County Durham, and 24-year-old Kate Clark was a 'General Servant' from Newcastle. In North Shields Ralph Allan junior, a 'Wholesale Stationer & Paper Merchant', lived with one son and five daughters, three of whom worked in the business, but no servant. A photograph of Saville Street shows the shop on the left.



11

In 1911 Richard Thornton, a 72-year-old 'Theatre proprietor', lived in The Grove, Gosforth, with 41-year-old Margaret, his 17 and 25-year-old nieces and 27-year-old Frances Ann Dodworth, a servant born in Monkwearmouth. Alderman Fenwick opened the Picture Hall at Bedlington Station and remarked that the 'improvement in the morals of the people' had been 'largely due to picture halls' without bars, and quoted Joe Wilson's warning about being 'canny wi' the beer!'¹² The *Shields Daily Gazette* praised a performer for a 'Tyneside dialect' that had 'never been approached since the days of Rowley Harrison'.¹³ Mr J. Pattinson read 'Joe Wilson. A Sketch of His Life' at Birmingham Tyneside Club, and a guide to finding his grave appeared in a Tyneside paper.¹⁴

The 51-year-old former music hall performer 'Charles Ernest Catcheside-Warrington' was now a 'Commercial Traveller (Wines and Spirits)'. He claimed to be 49, and lived in the seven-room 8 Windsor Terrace, South Gosforth, with 'Helen Edythe Warrington' and one of his daughters, a 'Teacher in private School'. Her father used pseudonyms,¹⁵ and 'Eric Foster' recorded *Keep your feet still Geordie* for Klingsor records, the London subsidiary of Polyphon Musikwerke of Wahren, Leipzig, while 'Ernest Warrington', the 'English comic', recorded *The Gallowgate Lad*, *Be kind to me dowter* and *Geordie haud the bairn* for the Gramophone Company Limited in Hayes, Middlesex.¹⁶ Catcheside-Warrington knew a Newcastle music dealer.

Joseph Windows was born into a labourer's family around 1837 and later married Jane Gale, who had been born in Henley around 1838. By 1870 Joseph was a 'Sergeant of Police' in Cowley, Oxford and by 1871 they lived at 53 Princes Street. Jane had evidently died by 1881, since Joseph, an 'Inspector of Police', lived at 17 Princes Street with his second wife, Fanny, five children, including the ten-year-old 'Scholar' James, and Joseph's first mother-in-law, Ann Gale. By 1891 James was a 'Music Sellers Assistant' in Newcastle and lodged with Annie Turnbull at 158 Monday Street, Elswick. In 1896 he married Maud Frances Hind in Oxford, and by 1901 she and James, a 'Piano Dealers Assistant', lived at 57 King John Street, Heaton, Newcastle, with three-year-old Maurice. By 1911 James Gale Windows (as he called himself) was a 'Music & Musical Instrument Dealer' and employer and lived at 69 Cardigan Terrace, Heaton, with Maud, Maurice, a 'Scholar', and five-year-old Hedley, while Maggie Calder, a 'General Servant Domestic' born in Jarrow, looked after the six-room house.

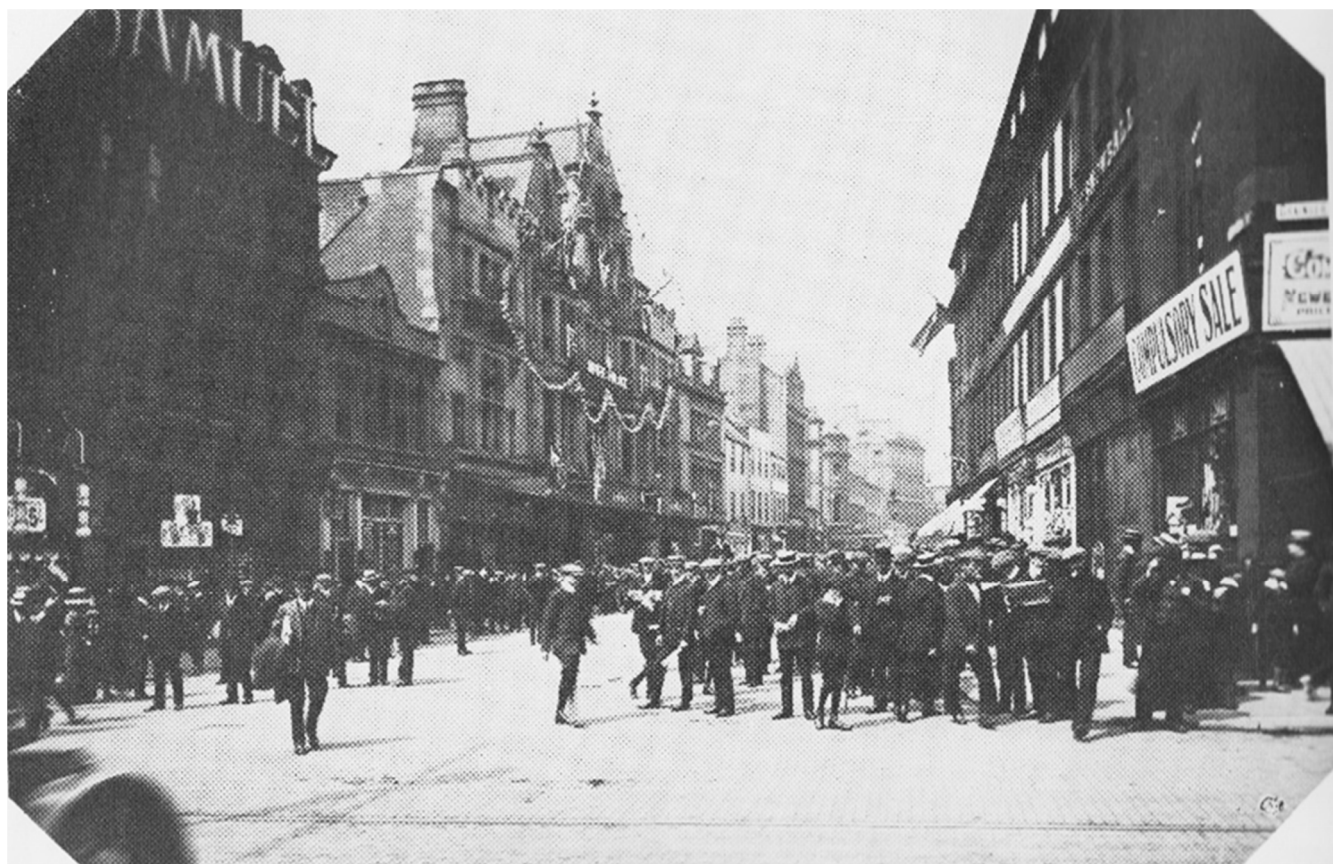
In Leipzig the Oppenheimer Brothers printed an *Album of Tyneside Songs* for J.G. Windows' Music and Pianoforte Saloons at 6, Central Arcade, Newcastle. It was also available from two London shops and advertised 'ALL THE LATEST LONDON AND CONTINENTAL SUCCESSES'. The tunes had been 'Collected, and the Pianoforte Part Arranged, by C.E. Catcheside-Warrington', who later confirmed that the *Album* appeared in 1911,¹⁷ though his musical arrangement of *Geordie Haad the Bairn* was labelled 'Copyright 1912 by J.G. Windows'. He credited no lyricists but T. & G. Allan had allowed him to 'use the words of several of the most popular songs'. He evidently believed Wilson's earliest hits were the most marketable, but changed Wilson's title to *Geordie Haad The Bairn*, omitted his subtitle, changed eight-line stanzas to four, substituted 'aa' for 'aw', 'shure' for 'sure', 'jool' for 'jewel', 'hoos torns' for 'hooose-turns' in the first verse, and made more changes in others, but reverted from 'Geordie' to 'Geordy'.¹⁸ Wilson had acknowledged that Thomas H. Wilson of Newcastle composed the music for *Mally Dunn*,¹⁹ but Catcheside ignored that, changed Wilson's eight-line stanzas to four, substituted 'aa' for 'aw', 'yalla' for 'yellow', 'knaa' for 'knew', 'past' for 'passed', 'of' for 'ov', 'Such' for 'sic', 'me' for 'maw' and 'Than' for 'Then', altered 'Yor awn 'ill seun turn sair'

to 'yor aan'll seun torn sair' and put quotation marks around direct speech.²⁰ He added *Aa Hope Ye'll* to the title of *Be kind te me Dowter*,²¹ changed eight-line stanzas to four, 'gan' to 'gyen', 'gawn' to 'gan', 'Korus' to 'Chorus' and 'fault' to 'falt'.²² The narrator of *Keep Yor Feet Still!* had been 'Bob Jonsin',²³ but he became 'Bob Johnson', and Catcheside changed the verse-structure and altered words and phrases. Wilson had set *The Gallowgate Lad* in the 'morn',²⁴ but Catcheside set it at 'neet'. He changed the verse structure, altered the last lines of the second stanza, failed to correct 'god' for 'got' and omitted references to 'stays'. The man no longer rolled his sweetheart 'anundor the blankit' on the Town Moor and her sexual longing and his request to 'stop the whole neet' disappeared.²⁵ The *Album* price of 'Two Shillings Nett' was a quarter of the best-paid coal-hewer's daily wage, and the target market was the piano-owning middle class. Late that year Mr T. Patterson sang *Keep yor feet still, Geordie*, at a social evening at Byker Union Jack Club and Mr R. Gray sang it at Dudley Leek Club's annual supper.²⁶

Joe Wilson's brother, the brushmaker Thomas and his wife Ellen, had lived at 35 Wesley Street, Shield Field, Newcastle, for at least ten years, but by 1911 he was a 69-year-old 'Unemployed Labourer (Builder)' and she was a 66-year-old 'Laundress (Ironer)'. Their only child had died and Thomas died in May 1912 and was buried in All Saints Cemetery.

The *Morpeth Herald* believed that *Windows' Album* would be 'warmly welcomed by North-country folk, who are well known for their devotion to everything "local"'. The tunes had 'never been in print' and 'were in danger of being forgotten'. The accompaniment was 'simple' and 'quite in keeping with the subject of the text', while the 'printing, paper and general style of the volume are excellent' and copies were available from the *Herald* office.²⁷ In September Volume II included three Wilson songs, and *Windows* claimed copyright on the arrangements, but credited lyricists. Wilson had used the tune of *Newcassel is me Native Place* for *Me Little Wife at Hyem*,²⁸ but Catcheside's arrangement was allegedly based on an 'Old Irish Tune'. He rearranged lines to a lesser extent than in Volume I, but changed spellings in *The Row Upon The Stairs*.²⁹ Wilson had set *Jack's Listed I' the Ninety-Ite* to *Doran's Ass* or *Finnigan's Wake*,³⁰ but Catcheside arranged an 'Old Newcastle Tune' for what he called *The 98th*, altered almost every line in the second verse and several in the fourth and fifth, and 'translated' and rephrased Wilson's lyrics.³¹ By December the *Morpeth Herald* sold copies.³²

The *Sunderland Daily Echo* had advertised a Year Book which included 'special articles, sketches and portraits' of Rowland Harrison.³³ By autumn over a dozen theatres and cinemas in the town could seat up to 19,000 and four cinemas were under construction, and the Lord Chamberlain allowed music halls to stage full-length plays.³⁴ Sir Edward Moss died late that year, when Moss Empires owned 30 venues and parts of others,³⁵ and the Empire was an imposing sight in Newgate Street, Newcastle.



36

Better-off Tynesiders could now hear local singers in their homes.

In January 1913 the *Morpeth Herald* carried an advertisement for 'Zonophone Tyneside Records', which included some Joe Wilson songs sung by 'Mr. E. Warrington' and local stories told by 'Mr Eric Foster', who was imaginary singer who paid no income tax, but sounded remarkably like 'Catcheside-Warrington'. 'Foster' also recorded Wilson's *Keep your feet still* for the National Gramophone Company Limited and described it as 'trad[itional]' and 'arr[anged]'.³⁷

ZONOPHONE
TYNESIDE RECORDS
 are the finest double-discs made, 10-inch 2/6

| Mr. E. Warrington | Mr. Eric Foster |
|--|---|
| 736 Clide of Old Tyneside Hark's name (Water Music version) | 677 George and his Minnie at the Shaking Stick |
| 737 The Galligash Lad Be kind to an dweeb | 678 George at the Quade's |
| 738 Cattie Bowerfield The Founding Minnie | 679 Cattie the Pulla |
| 739 Geordie head the hair A woorler's life | 680 Cattie the Tram-Car Conductor |
| 740 O, look at the woorler | 681 Pitmen's Election |
| | 682 Pitmen's Trip to Loo-on |
| | 683 The Fiddler and the School |
| | 684 The tea for ever |

| Mr. J. C. Scatter | Mr. Sammy Shields |
|--|---|
| 97 The Soldier's Song Neighbours don't believe Corry | 638 The English Cap Fund 1 |
| 98 Keep Your Feet Still Earl Laidie | 639 The English Cap Fund 2 |
| 99 Dinning Clash Face | 640 Football Match No. 1—New- castle & Manchester City |
| | 641 Football Match No. 2—New- castle City & Newcastle United |

Jas. Brown (Melodeon).

| | |
|---|--|
| 712 Coming then the Boy—Auld Hoose—Up in the Morning early Within a Mile of Edinburgh (Edinburgh Scottish) | Zonophone Records are the best issue on market |
| 713 Pride of the Bells—The High Road to Linton (Fife) | |
| 714 Little Pet (Calcuttina Polka) | |
| 715 Jessie Smith (Strathgarry and Red) | |
| 716 Harvest Home (Harvest) | |
| 717 Orange and Stone (Calcuttina Scottish) | |
| 718 Highland Whisky (Strathgarry and Red) | |
| 719 Scottish Jig | |
| 720 Irish Jig | |
| 721 Happy we've been together—Jessie Cape Oranmore Suite—Auld Laidie—Auld Laidie | |

ZONOPHONE TYNESIDE RECORDS

In March Mr J.H. Yeat sang *Keep your feet still* for old people from West Moor and Forest Hall at a tea in the Cooperative Store Hall.³⁹ Windows evidently bought the remaining stock of *Songs and Ballads of Northern England* and reissued it with a blue paper cover.⁴⁰ The *Album of Tyneside Songs* Volume III appeared at Christmas and included a 'Vocabulary of Local Dialect' and a guide to 'correct pronunciation' by 'kind permission of the editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*'.⁴¹ Wilson's *The Lass That Leeves Next Door* had been lightly phoneticised, but Catcheside made it more so and altered the ends of the verses.⁴² He rephoneticised the title of *Dinnet Clash the door!* altered 'bear' to 'beor' and made many other changes.⁴³ (Ten of the 33 songs in the three *Windows Albums* were Wilson's, but six had been published by 1866 and four others by 1870.)

By 1914 'Warrington' had a telephone number (432) at 8 Windsor Terrace in Jesmond.⁴⁴ In February a successful 'Popular Concert' in the Irish National Club in Blyth was devoted to songs and recitations in the 'Tyneside dialect' including some songs by Joe Wilson and James Anderson.⁴⁵ In March the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle* advertised a biography of Wilson,⁴⁶ but Mr Pattison's lecture had come almost word for word from the 1890 Wilson songbook without acknowledgment.⁴⁷ George Innes of Gallowgate Baths lived within sight of Wilson's birthplace in Stowell Street and was a member of the New Pandon Good Templar Lodge. He had talked about Wilson to 31 gatherings, and the latest had been at Hebburn, where the vicar exhorted him to carry on, since lectures about 'the high-toned sentiments and fine moral teaching embodied in the writings of Joe Wilson were too few now-a-days'. Innes believed the 'younger generation of Tyneside do not really know what beautiful thoughts and sentiments are expressed in Joe's writings', but looked forward to a 'great revival of interest in local songs'. He believed that 'Mr. J.G. Windows, of the Central Arcade, Newcastle, has done much to quicken and bring this about, by publishing in delightful form three volumes of local songs set to music by Mr C.E.C. Warrington', which were 'within the reach of everyone', at 2s each. Innes had been to school with several members of the Birmingham Tyneside Club and offered to read them his 'paper'.⁴⁸ Pattison claimed that Wilson had married in 1862,⁴⁹ and plagiarised the 1890 book in part three.⁵⁰

That spring 'Mr C. E. Warrington' was elected as a member of Newcastle Society of Antiquaries and also 'contributed to an enjoyable concert' at a 'Military Smoking Concert' in the Drill Hall, Barrass Bridge. He was Senior Deacon of the Lord Collingwood Lodge of Freemasons in Byker, where he welcomed visitors, candidate members and distinguished visitors.⁵¹ In May John Pailey 'maintained the popularity of the Tyneside vernacular' by singing *Keep your feet still*, *Geordie, hinny* in the Miners' Arms at Seaton Burn.⁵² Bro. C. E. Warrington, S.D., attended a memorial service for a fellow Freemason in June,⁵³ and claimed to have collected or written *Tyneside Stories and Recitations* Volume I. Windows' advertisements appeared first,⁵⁴ followed by tales about feckless workers, especially pitmen. Volume II was much the same.⁵⁵ According to the *Newcastle Journal* the humour was 'peculiar to this district' and would 'tickle the risible faculties of the most serious' in 'these strenuous times'. Copies were available from 'Mr J. G. Windows at 6, Central Arcade', and 'Messrs T. and G. Allen' in Blakett Street. Soon after 'about 300 ladies and gentlemen' heard 'Mr C. E. Warrington' sing at a Ratepayers' Association party in Jesmond Dene.⁵⁶

At this point gramophone wax cylinders cost 9d, less than half the price of German discs, but they outsold cylinders until the outbreak of war in August.⁵⁷ Shellac was a strategically important material, so when German pressing plants focussed on war production the British recording industry almost disappeared. There were evidently no new recordings of 'Tyneside Songs' on discs for over a decade,⁵⁸ but wax cylinders remained on sale.⁵⁹ *Tyneside Stories and Recitations* Volume III appeared that autumn,⁶⁰ and they were 'quite to the taste of the audience' in Wingrove Presbyterian Church. When Catcheside attended a 'call to arms' matinee at the Theatre Royal, the chairman bragged that Tyneside 'had not been beaten' and 'several young men the audience joined the ranks', but the *Newcastle Journal* reported that 2,876 Irishmen and only a few Englishmen had volunteered. In December it noted that *Tyneside Stories and Recitations* were 'of the humorous type' and 'the ranks of our brave defenders' would welcome the 'military stories' to 'brighten up the weary vigil both ashore and afloat'. 'Mr J. G. Windows, Central Arcade, is the publisher, where all previous editions of Tyneside songs, stories, etc., may be had'. The *Journal*

reported on the 'annual entertainment' for the 'aged poor' at St. Nicholas' School in Hanover Square. 'Time was when those popular Tyneside poets, Bobbie Nunn and Joe Wilson, used to attend the function and delight the veterans with selections of their own songs'. John Moore of Byker gave 100 old men and women a 'treat' with *The Bonnie Bit Gallogate* Lad and other 'Tyneside songs' and most could 'appreciate them', because they had been 'born and bred in Newcastle' and had 'remained within the sound of the Cathedral bells'.⁶¹

Around this time a version of *Maw bonny Gyetside Lass* appeared in a newspaper with the title of *Ma Bonny Gyetside Lass*.

Aa warn'd ye hev'n't seen me lass, hor nyom
Aa winnet mention,
For feor ye gan an' tell hor hoo Aa like hor
—so Aa de!
But it's just for lads an' lasses to whisper thor
affection,
The bonniest lass A' Gyetsid's bonny fyee's
bothered me.
The first time that Aa saa hor, wey Aa's sure
Aa didn't knaa hor.
Tho' Aa thowt Aa'd seed hor fyee afore,
but cuddin't think o' where;
Her blue eye met mine, passing up the High
Street I' the mornin',
An' hor luck wes se intrancin' that me heart
wes mine ne mair.
Aa didn't see hor for a week, till one meet at
the Bridge-End,
When Aa straxpt upon hor goon, and the
gethors com away.
She said that Aa wes clumsy, an' Aa said that
Aa wes sorry.
An' Aa humbly begged hor pardon, Aa wes
lacked for what to say.
But Aa waaked on biv hor side, just as if Aa
had a rest to de'd.
The conversation foret wes shy, at last it
torned forst-class.

We byeth spoke about the weather, an' she
mentioned that hor fethor
Wes a puddler doon at Haak's, O, me bonny
Gyetsid lass!
She mentioned confidensly that her uncle wes
a grosser,
An' he's muthor's fethor's cousin was a
fiddler doon the shore,
An' she spok se nice an' frindly an' smiled se
sweet an' plizint.
That Aa thowt Aa'd nirvor see'd a lass se
charmin' like afore.
She sed hor muthor kept a shop an' sell'd hot
pies an' candy,
An' hor bruthor wes a cobbler at the high
part o' the toon,
An' she wes a dress-meyker; an' we got se
kind tegithor,
That Aa blist Aa'd been se akward as Aa
strampt upon hor goon.
Aa myed nor laff, an' slap me lug, wi' taakin'
lots o' nonsense;
But bliss ye, when yor courtin' thors nowt
se gud'll pass;
Aa axed hor wad she be me lass, an' Aa'd tyek
hor oot o' Sunday,
Te ma delight she said Aa might, me bonny
Gyetsid lass.

At some point Ralph Allan 'went into cinemas'.⁶³ In 1915 Moss Empires bought two Cine-Varieties. Thornton owned several cinemas, including South Shields Theatre Royal, and he had converted the King's Theatre in Gateshead into the Empire Palace. In 1916 Stoll bought the Tyne Theatre in Westgate Road, Newcastle, which became The Stoll Tyneside's Talkie Theatre.⁶⁴ A Westfield Hall lecturer spoke of Wilson's 'contribution to Tyneside song', quoted his praise of Garibaldi and concluded he was 'on the side of the men who love their motherland'. He ignored Garibaldi's revolutionary nationalism, but criticised conscientious objectors. Mr J.C. Thompson, headmaster of Bedlington Council Schools, lectured on the 'Songs of the North' at the Literary and Scientific Society.

To mention Tyneside songs without special reference Joe Wilson would be to discuss Hamlet and ignore the Prince of Denmark. It has been said of him that he has succeeded beyond all others in reaching the heart of the people in writing songs which were actually sung and which have entered into our local life. This is the test of a great song writer. There are songs ... which stir the blood like the blast of a trumpet, which ring through the heart like marriage bells, and which pour forth the wail of the weary; and others which drop like soothing balm on the stricken heart, and songs which even seem reach beyond the grave. And those are the songs which please the bairns, and the songs of common domestic life, and to this class do Joe Wilson's belong.

He believed that Wilson had hoped that *Aw wish its Muther wad cum* would 'have the sympathy of the male portion of the audience, who had no doubt had similar trying episodes'.⁶⁵

In summer 1918 George Wallace of Milfield near Wooler in Northumberland recalled his boyhood days when he heard 'big Jack giving mouth' to *The Row I' the Public House*, *Geordie haud the bairn* and *Keep your feet still geordie, Hinny!*⁶⁶ T. & G. Allan had closed the Elswick Road shop and Annie Allan had taken her family to live in Stocksfield in the Tyne Valley while their Jesmond home was being renovated. On Armistice Day in November the firm paid £25,000 for 26 Blakett Street, Newcastle, to sell pens and fancy goods. In 1919 they paid £4,500 for a shop in South Shields to sell china, and in 1920 they opened a shop at 99 King Street in the town to sell stationery.⁶⁷

In 1919 Oswald Stoll was knighted, but Thornton was not.



68



69

Cecil James Sharp and the Reverend Charles Marson had published *Folk Songs from Somerset*,⁷⁰ and Sharp and Baring-Gould's conception of 'folk' music was becoming influential in state schools,⁷¹ because of its supposed 'Englishness'.⁷²

William Gillies Whittaker was born in Newcastle in 1876 and educated at the Wesleyan Day School.⁷³ He studied mathematics at Armstrong College, but organ music and singing from 1898. He became the College instructor in music and was subsequently promoted to lecturer,⁷⁴ then Reader,⁷⁵ and worked with Newcastle and Gateshead Choral Unions.⁷⁶ In 1921 most of Whittaker's 'Edited and Arranged' *North Countrie Folk-Songs for Schools* came from Bruce and Stokoe's 1882 *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*.⁷⁷

Richard Thornton owned a large house at Eden Villas, Gosforth,⁷⁸ but leased it to someone else and lived in a Norwegian gypsy wooden caravan in the garden. When neighbours complained about being overlooked he bought all the houses in the street and evicted those who had complained.⁷⁹ In 1921 he retired,⁸⁰ and wrote 3,500 words of an autobiography,⁸¹ but he died early in 1922, aged 83, and *The Times* carried a tiny obituary.⁸² He left £105,000 0s 3d to his widow, an architect, and accountant's clerk, a wine and spirit merchant and a solicitor, and he also left a family archive.⁸³

Annie Allan's sons had attended a fee-paying preparatory school in Newcastle and gone on to Trent College, a fee-paying boarding school in Derbyshire.⁸⁴ Thomas Kingsley matriculated at the 'Newcastle Division' of Durham University in 1917,⁸⁵ and John Bellerby Allan later entered St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford.⁸⁶ Early in 1924 Annie Allan died and left £5,990 to Edward and George. In March Catcheside wrote a 'Preface' for *Windows' Album of Tyneside Songs* Volume IV. He noted that the 'growth of public appreciation of Folk-lore, throughout the country, has been remarkable, and nowhere more so, perhaps, than on Tyneside'. Samuel Reay had produced the 'pianoforte arrangements', and Catcheside had tinkered with the lyrics of two versions of Wilson's *Maw Bonny Gyetside Lass*.⁸⁷ Catcheside had published three more volumes of *Tyneside Songs and Recitations*.⁸⁸ In March 'Mr Catcheside Warrington (entertainer)' sang *Keep Your Feet Still, Geordie Hinney* on Newcastle BBC radio.⁸⁹ In March 1925 the BBC Station Orchestra played *Geordie, haad the bairn* and *Divvent clash the door* arranged by 'Warrington', and Andrew Murray, a 'Tyneside entertainer', broadcast 'Tyneside song and story (Joe Wilson)' in April.⁹⁰

In 1926 the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* published 15 'Tyneside Songs Illustrated' with only a few verses. Six were by Joe Wilson. W. Dixon's sketch for *The Row Upon the Stairs* raised Mistress Bell's verbal abuse to a threat of physical aggression, as she wielded a brush over Mistress Todd's head. In Dixon's sketch for *The Aad-Fashion'd Bairn* a mother fed gin to an eager baby as an approving father looked on. The father in *Aa Wish Yor Muthor Wad Cum* appeared in pit clothes, while the screaming bairn belaboured his forehead with a spoon, and the verses gave no indication that the youngster would go to sleep.

I.—"The Row Upon the Stairs."
BY JOE WILSON.



Says Mistress Bell te Mistress Todd,
"Ye'd better clean the stairs!
Ye've missed yor torn for mony a week,
The neybars a' did theirs!"
Says Mistress Todd te Mistress Bell,
"Aa tell ye, Mistress Bell,
Ye'd better mind yor aan affairs,
An' clean the stairs yorsel."

KORUS:

Oh, whaat tungs i' the row upon the stairs,
Clitterin, clatterin, scandal an' clash,
I' the row upon the stairs.
Says Mistress Todd, "Ye greet sk'yot gob
Ye'd better had yor jaa,
The varry shift upon yor back
Belangs the wife befaa!"
"Ye lazy wretch," shoots Mistress Bell,
"It's true, thor is ne doot,
Last neet ye fuddled wi' Bob the Snob,
The time yor man wes oot!"

V.—"The Aad Fashion'd Bairn."
WRITTEN BY JOE WILSON.



Wor Bessie's got a little bairn,
But, bliss us, whaat a stor
It's myed among the family;
An' the varry foaks next dor
Declair they've nivor seen its like,
An' Aa've heard Dolly Cairns
Swear it wes mair aad-fashion'd
Then the most o' little bairns.

KORUS:

But, oh my, bliss us a', ye shud see the stor
Betwixt the foaks i' wor hooose, an' them that leevess next
dor.
For accordin' te thor noshuns, and the words o' Dolly
Cairns,
It really is the most aad-fashion'd ov aad-fashion'd
bairns.
It hes ne hair upon its heed,
But Aa suppose it will;
It likes its meat like uther bairns,
An' screams te hev its fill;
It cannet waak, it cannet taak,
"Mamma," it just can say,
But Aa warn'd amang aad-fashion'd bairns
They'll a' hev the syen way.
It hes its nose abuv its mooth,
Its mooth abuv its chin,
Aa suppose that myek'st aad-fashion'd,
An' its muthor's fond o' gin;
An' when she gis the bairn a drop
Upon hor finger-end,
It suck'st as natrill as can be,
An' myeks a clivvor fend.

VI.—"Aa Wish Yor Muthor Wad Cum."
BY JOE WILSON.

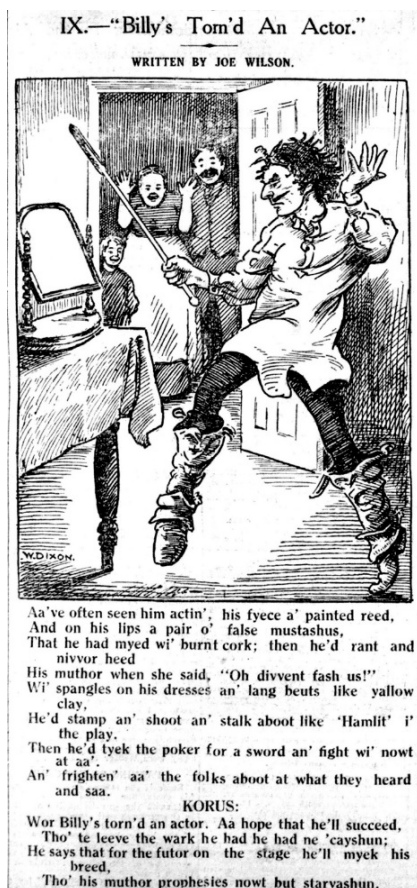


Aa wish yor muthor wad cum!

Men seldom give a thowt
Te whaat thor wives endure,
Aa thowt she'd nowt te de,
But clean the hooose, Aa's sure,
Or myek me dinner an' tea—
It's startin' te chow its thumb,
The poor thing wants its tit,
Aa wish yor muthor wad cum!

Whaat a selfish world this is,
Thor's nowt mair se than man;
He laffs at wummin's toil,
And winnet norse his aan—
It's startin' te cry agyen,
Aa see tuts throo its gum,
Ma little bit pet dinnet fret—
Aa wish yor muthor wad cum!

In Wilson's *Billy's Torn'd An Actor* a mother prophesied 'nowt but starvashun',⁹² but Dixon's sketch showed an admiring younger brother. His sketch for *Snooks' Dinah* is completely unacceptable today, while the verses ignored Wilson's insistence that the couple 'got to 'gree forst-rate'. Wilson had ridiculed drunkenness in *The Cobbler's Spree*,⁹³ but Dixon's figures seemed almost insane.



In December Mr Ryder sang *Keep your Feet still, Geordie*, at a concert in the Schoolroom at Ord near Berwick, and in January 1927 Mr Renwick sang it in a concert in Berwick Workhouse.⁹⁵ Margaret Thornton died in March.

In 1928 'Mr Catcheside Warrington (entertainer)' sang *Keep Your Feet Still, Geordy Hinney* and *Aa Hope Ye'll Be Kind te me Dowter* on Newcastle BBC radio.⁹⁶ Jamieson Dodds recorded *Geordie haad the bairn* and *Keep your feet still* for Parlophone, a firm founded in Germany, and Catcheside received a penny a side for his arrangements. In 1929 Newcastle Oxford Galleries Dance Band recorded *Keep your feet still* but the Columbia Gramophone Company in London did not issue it. 'Catcheside E. Warrington' recorded it for the Gramophone Company Limited in Hayes, Middlesex. He was credited for his arrangement, allowed to advertise *Windows' Albums* and recorded the song again. Dewey Gibson recorded *Keep your feet still Geordie hinny* and *Blaydon Races* for Dominion Records Ltd in Luton,⁹⁷ and a Gloucester paper believed that the recording would carry these 'old favourites' far and wide.⁹⁸ J.C. Scatter recorded *Keep yor feet still* for the Crystalate Gramophone Record Manufacturing Company in Tonbridge, Kent, and St. Hilda's Colliery Band recorded a medley of 'Tyneside tunes', including *Divvent clash the door*, for the Columbia Gramophone Company.⁹⁹ Whittaker was appointed to the Gardiner Chair of Music at Glasgow University and also as first principal of the Scottish National Academy of Music,¹⁰⁰ and adviser to the BBC,¹⁰¹ while J.G. Windows reissued Volume II, Volume III and Volume IV of what they now called *Tyneside Songs*.¹⁰²

In 1931 Manchester BBC radio broadcast St. Hilda's Colliery Band and 'Catcheside Warrington (entertainer)' from Newcastle.¹⁰³ He also recorded *Keep your feet still* and *Aa hope ye'll be kind te me dowter* for Edison Bell Ltd in London and received ¾d a copy for his arrangements. He and Frank Batey recorded a double-sided 'Novelty record' for Decca Records in London that included bits of *Keep your feet still* and *The row upon the stairs* in a commentary on a football match between Newcastle United and Sunderland.¹⁰⁴ Late that year Thomas Wilson's widow, Ellen, died in Newcastle, aged 87.¹⁰⁵ In 1932 'C.E. Catcheside-Warrington' recorded *Keep Your Feet Still* for Regal Zonophone.



By 1935 Newcastle's Stowell Street, where Joe and Tom Wilson had been born, was over 100 years old. Some houses had sagging roofs, while others suffered from settlement probably caused by old mine workings.



107

The rear passages were narrow and light and ventilation were restricted in ground floor rooms, while the toilet and water tap were unhealthily close to each other in the backyard.



108



109



110

The BBC's Outside Broadcast Unit recorded the baritone Archie Armstrong singing a Wilson song on Newcastle Town Moor.¹¹¹

In 1936 Edward Chester walked into a large and up-to-date store on the site of an old Sunderland theatre and 'again saw Rowley Harrison', the Wearside comedian', asking 'If ony-on-ye, has ony-on ye' and singing 'I get my chuck and I gather horse muck, and they call us Billy Fineday'.¹¹² A 'gentleman's Night' at Bankhill Guild in Berwick heard Mr W.H. Turner sing *Keep your feet still, Geordie, Hinny*.¹¹³ That year T. & G. Allan made £2,600 profit.¹¹⁴ In 1937 Eva Carter hailed Wilson as 'the last of the Tyneside bards'. His songs' 'daily impression of homely scenes' and the 'thoroughly human character of his compositions' ensured their 'immortality'. They had 'an immense tenderness and sympathy' for 'the simple pleasures of the people, their kindness and charity to each other, their love of little children' and 'uncomplaining philosophy'.¹¹⁵ In 1938 Archie Armstrong sang 'Tyneside Songs' on BBC radio, including *The Gallowgate Lad* and *Geordie haad the Bairn*. The *Sunderland Daily Echo* recalled Sam Jones's 'Penny Gaff' in High Street West, where Rowland Harrison drew the largest crowds with songs like *They Call Me Billy Fine Day*.¹¹⁶ In 1939 Harry Johnson sang a 'rousing chorus' to the tune of *Keep yor feet still, Geordie Hinny* at the shepherd's annual feast at the Rose and Thistle in Alwinston, Northumberland.¹¹⁷ Archie Armstrong broadcast 'a recital of Joe Wilson's songs',¹¹⁸ on the Northern Rediffusion Service Limited's "'A" programme',¹¹⁹ but there was a complaint that he did not sound the Northumbrian 'R'.¹²⁰ Edwin Wallace sang *Keep Your Feet Still, Geordie Hinney*, at Wallace Green Literary Society in Berwick and remembered for *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum* and *The Gallowgate Lad*.¹²¹ Small pipers, fiddlers, a guitarist, pianist and concertina player performed *Keep your feet still Geordie Hinny* at a concert and dance organised by the Alnwick branch of the Northumbrian Pipers' Society in Bolton Village Hall.¹²² Rowland Harrison was remembered for acting as 'a pollis' and his and J.C. Scatter's names were linked to Newcastle Temperance Festival.¹²³ That year T. & G. Allan opened a shop in North Shields,¹²⁴ and Ralph Allan probably ceased trading soon after.¹²⁵

In 1940 a contributor to the *Sunderland Daily Echo* recalled over a dozen places of entertainment, including 'Rowley Harrison's little hall in High Street West, opposite the Londonderry Hotel. A journalist recalled that Sir Arthur Lambert had everyone singing the chorus of *Keep your feet still, Geordie Hinny*, at a Press Dinner, and was pleased that the Threepenny Concerts in Newcastle City Hall would encourage audience participation. Rowland Harrison was remembered in Sunderland for his 'famous song and patter about "Billy Fine-Day"' which was 'appreciated by Tynesiders wherever they are'. A Northumberland Press Christmas card used a vernacular form of the local 'dialect',¹²⁶ and included a copy of 16-page *The Aad*

Tung, which contained 'Aw'll sing ye A Tyneside Song', *Canny Aud Chrissmiss!*, *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum, Newcassill*, *Keep yor feet still!*, *Varry Canny*, *Tyneside lads for me* and *Aw wish ye a happy new year*.¹²⁷ The *Chronicle* was sure that 'Tynesiders everywhere' would be 'glad to receive and preserve such a link with home', and a visitor to the General Hospital wanted a copy for a 'dear aad Newcassel lady (only 95 years of age!) who is never tired of singing Joe Wilson's songs'. In 1941 Fenham Townswomen's Guild gave a programme of 'Tyneside in Song and Story' and 'rendered some of Joe Wilson's songs', and in May a correspondent suggested that the chorus of *Keep Your Feet Still* should begin with 'Keep your mouth still, Geordie hinny,/ Let's be silent through the war'.¹²⁸ On the night of 1 September German bombs hit Manors railway goods yard. The entire region's supply of sugar exploded and damaged the Adelaide Hotel at 122 New Bridge Street, which belonged to R. Charlton Ltd.¹²⁹ In 1942 76-year-old Anne Hope, one of Joe Wilson's cousins and a Methodist stalwart, died in Fenham, aged 76. In 1943 Edith Catcheside-Warrington died at 7 Stoneyhurst Road, Gosforth.¹³⁰ Mr W. Wilson sang the 'ever popular' *Keep Your Feet Still* and *Geordie Had the Bairn* at in a concert at Doddington Reading Room in aid of merchant seamen, Mr Willie Moore sang *Keep Your Feet Still*, *Geordie Hinney* at a Scremerston concert in support of the Red Cross,¹³¹ and 230 'Geordies' sang it in Stalag 383. Elizabeth Graham donated a copy of the 1890 songbook to 'Eldon' of the *Chronicle*, which helped him locate *Dinnet Clash the Door*, one of 'those homely pictures which Joe Wilson was more successful than any other Tynesider in depicting'. An RAF man 'somewhere in Warwickshire' asked 'Eldon' to 'dig up the words' of *Aw wish yor muther wad cum* and *Keep yor feet still*, *Geordie hinny*, so his comrades could sing them at 'Yuletide'. Wilson's songs were 'increasingly in request as marching measures, and youth organisations as well as men in training camps or on active service' asked the *Chronicle* for the lyrics. James Waugh of Fernwood Road, Jesmond, reported that his father, a pilot in World War 1, had used the 1890 Wilson song book 'extensively' 'wherever Tynesiders were gathered together'. 'Eldon' could not answer a query about a song, but sent his correspondent *Keep Yor Feet Still* and *Blaydon Races* instead. In 1944 a Walker man in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps 'in the south' asked 'Eldon' for 'something in the Tyneside tongue', so he could 'retaliate' against Scottish songs. He received *Keep yor feet still*, *Geordie hinny*, as did a lieutenant on board a Navy vessel, a member of the Royal Army Service Corps in the Mediterranean and a private in the Durham Light Infantry. 'Eldon' relied on a reader for the tune of *Keep yor feet still* and did not know the words of *Sally Lee*, so someone sent him another copy of the 1890 songbook.¹³² The DLI Band was set to play the tune of *Keep yor feet still*, *Geordie Hinny*, when it entered Germany,¹³³ and on Christmas Day they entertained children with it in Holland. In 1945 the *Newcastle Chronicle* reported that Tynesiders serving '600 miles up country with the West African Forces' managed 'quite nicely so far as sports and films were concerned, but were 'badly in need of a copy of Catcheside Warrington's Book of Tyneside Songs'. A Tynesider heard the tune of *Keep Your Feet Still Geordie Hinney* in the Brunnsnik Folk High School in Sweden, which a Swedish 'song pirate' had brought there from England.¹³⁴ A South Shields serviceman visiting Weston in New South Wales, where 90 percent of the inhabitants were from Tyneside, was greeted with *Keep your feet still Geordie hinny*.¹³⁵

Edward Norman Allan had been a lance-corporal in the cadets at Trent College and had been promoted to 2nd lieutenant in the Tyne Electrical Engineers in 1937.¹³⁶ Maurice Bellerby Allan was commissioned as a Pilot Officer in the Auxiliary Air Force in 1940,¹³⁷ and was rapidly promoted to Flying Officer in the Balloon Branch.¹³⁸ Edward later became a captain in the Royal Artillery,¹³⁹ but was a passenger in a car which collided with a stationary lorry on the Great North Road near Barton in 1942.¹⁴⁰ He was fatally injured,¹⁴¹ and was buried in St. Andrew's Cemetery, Newcastle.¹⁴² That year T. & G. Allan opened a shop in Blyth,¹⁴³ and became a limited liability company with a capital of £20,000 in 1943. The three surviving brothers became managing directors and gave themselves salaries of £1,000 a year, which they raised to by 50 percent to £1,500 in 1945.¹⁴⁴

By 1947 Henry Outbridge's Adelaide Hotel at 132-150 New Bridge Street, Newcastle, had been rebuilt.¹⁴⁵ Billy Ternent's orchestra played Tommy Pears' dance-tempo arrangement of *Keep Your Feet Still*, *Geordie Hinny* in Sunderland,¹⁴⁶ and the Conservative candidate in the Jarrow bye-election sang it to prove he was a Tynesider,¹⁴⁷ while Nottingham North Countrymen's Association sang in it at their annual dinner in 1948.¹⁴⁸ T. & G. Allan (Newcastle) Limited owned three empty properties and several shops,¹⁴⁹ including a pen shop in Grainger Street, Newcastle,¹⁵⁰ and in 1949 they printed and published a *Selection of Songs and Ballads of Northern England* edited by the journalist Clarence Walton. It included 37 lyrics as 'sung by our worthy forbears in the 18th and 19th centuries' who were 'a hardy race' with 'homely ways' and their own 'customs and traditions'. *Cum*, *Geordie*, *Haud The Bairn* was the 'best local song by Joe Wilson, one of the best local writers', but Walton felt that he had to gloss 'Haud = Hold', 'Tyek = Take', 'Turns = Work' and 'Tuts = Teeth' and 'Dis a vast = Does a great deal'. He wanted his 'handbook' to 'serve as an introduction to a new edition of "Tyneside Songs"' which was 'about to be printed and which I have had the pleasure and honour to prepare,¹⁵¹ but T. & G. Allan asked a knight to introduce it.

Arthur Munro Sutherland, the son of a shipping merchant, was born in Newcastle in 1867. He attended the Royal Grammar School, but left at 16 to become a ship-owner's clerk. In 1892 his father helped him raise £22,700 to buy a ship, and he later bought others and formed the Sutherland Steamship company in 1896. He was elected as a Newcastle councillor in 1910, sheriff in 1916 and mayor in 1918, then sold his fleet to a firm that soon went bust. In 1920 he bought the *Newcastle Chronicle* from the Cowens for around £800,000,¹⁵² and was appointed a Knight Commander of the British Empire. He was created a Baronet in the King's Birthday Honours in 1921,¹⁵³ but sold the *Chronicle* in 1925.¹⁵⁴ By 1943 he was a director of Blyth Dry Docks and Shipbuilding Company, but he and the managing director, the Newcastle alderman Robert Stanley Dalgleish, were charged with conspiring to bribe an Admiralty official. Sutherland was found not guilty,¹⁵⁵ but Dalgleish was sentenced to 15 months and fined £2,500 for bribery, while the official went to jail for three years.¹⁵⁶ Sutherland served on the government's wartime Shipping Commission, and Leonard Johnstone wrote his biography, *Tynesider*, in 1947.¹⁵⁷ In 1949 T. & G. Allan printed a songbook for Joseph Lingford & Son Ltd. of Bishop Auckland to raise money for railway charities and got Sutherland to write an introduction. He considered himself a 'true Tynesider' and felt that 'the typical old Tyneside songs have linked the two

counties in spirit and in sentiment' and 'have often brought a touch of "home" to men and women of Northumberland and Durham all over the world'. Lingfords thanked T. & G. Allan for having 'placed their book of Tyneside Songs at our disposal'. 'Nowhere else in the country is there such a richness and abundance of traditional folk song as on Tyneside'. Wilson's *Cum, Geordie, Haad the Bairn* was 'Geordie in Nursery-land' and *Keep Yor Feet Still* was 'A song with a rousing chorus by 'one of the best local writers'.¹⁵⁸ The former lacked the three last verses and the latter was close to the version in Windows' *Tyneside Songs*,¹⁵⁹ as were all but one of the 18 lyrics.¹⁶⁰

Around 1950 Windows reissued the four volumes of *Tyneside Songs*.¹⁶¹ The Northumbrian Serenaders sang on the popular BBC Newcastle radio programme, 'Wot Cheor Geordie', and recorded Wilson's *Dinnet Clash the Door* on a 78rpm shellac disc. Denis Weatherley, a physics teacher at Ryhope Grammar School, recorded *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum*, *The Gallowgate Lad*, and *The Row upon the Stairs* for the BBC, but the tapes reportedly went into a skip. In February 1951 a choir dressed in Victorian costume sang *Keep Your Feet Still*, *Geordie Hinnie* at Felton Women's Institute in Northumberland, but in July travellers who heard two kilted men singing it thought they were foreigners.¹⁶² In London Topic Records, an offshoot of the Workers' Music Association, a Communist Party front organisation, sold Soviet and left-wing music and comrades Albert Lancaster ('Bert') Lloyd and 'Ewan MacColl' (Jimmy Miller) recorded what they called 'traditional' music.¹⁶³ Lloyd wanted to extend Sharp's category of 'folksong' to include 'industrial folksong',¹⁶⁴ yet in 1952 he included *Geordie Black* by Rowland Harrison, a 'Gateshead comedian', in *Come All Ye Bold Miners. Ballads and Songs of the Coalfields*. His source was *Allans' Illustrated Edition of Tyneside Songs*, but he felt that he had to 'translate' phoneticised vernacular into 'standard' English.¹⁶⁵ In 1953 the North Eastern Esperanto Conference in Sunderland, sang the chorus of *Tranviliga Georgeto (Keep Your Feet Still Geordie, Hinny)*.¹⁶⁶

Martin Smith was born in 1897, Alfred in 1903, Stanley in 1906, Harold in 1912 and Roy in 1913.¹⁶⁷ The family lived in Maughan Street, Elswick,¹⁶⁸ and the boys appeared in church and club concerts.¹⁶⁹ From 1925 to 1927 Alf played football for Liverpool, Stanley played for Birmingham until around 1930,¹⁷⁰ while Harold and Roy played for Northern League teams, and worked as a motor mechanic and electrical engineer.¹⁷¹ Stan, Martin, Harold and Roy sang close harmony,¹⁷² and made their first professional appearance in Gateshead Empire,¹⁷³ as The Four Smith Brothers, in 1932.¹⁷⁴ *Blaydon Races* was their signature tune,¹⁷⁵ and in summer 1934 they appeared at Islington Blue Hall in London,¹⁷⁶ Hull Tivoli Variety,¹⁷⁷ and then worked on the Gaumont-British circuit at Stratford Broadway in London. They were at Gateshead Empire in November,¹⁷⁸ Dundee Broadway in December,¹⁷⁹ and Portsmouth Hippodrome in April 1935.¹⁸⁰ After a successful pantomime season in Edinburgh and Glasgow they were at Black's Regal Theatre in Sunderland by March 1937.¹⁸¹ Martin died in a car crash in 1939, and Alfred replaced him,¹⁸² and the four brothers served in World War II.¹⁸³ Harold teamed up with one of the Cole Brothers to entertain members of the armed forces,¹⁸⁴ and Ronald Culbertson from Edinburgh, who was in the RAF Concert Party and entertained at Millfield near Berwick,¹⁸⁵ also performed with Harold.¹⁸⁶ After the war Culbertson joined the brothers to play the clarinet,¹⁸⁷ and 'Ronnie Smith' became one of 'Mrs Smith's five little boys'. On one occasion a London County Council inspector arrived at a hall to check that they were not truants.¹⁸⁸ The Five Smith Brothers performed on the BBC's Scottish Home Service,¹⁸⁹ and at Belfast Opera House in 1946,¹⁹⁰ and in 1947 they recorded *In dear Old Glasgow Town* and *Back to Donegal* for Parlophone.¹⁹¹ In 1948 the Scottish Home Service broadcast their records,¹⁹² and they appeared with the famous comedians, 'Jimmy Jewel' (James Marsh) and Ben Warris, and had a summer season at Blackpool with the Irish tenor, 'Josef Locke' (Joseph McLauchlin).¹⁹³ By 1949 they topped the bill at Portsmouth Royal.¹⁹⁴ In 1950 they sang *The Harry Lime Theme* rather than *Blaydon Races* at Nottingham Empire.¹⁹⁵ In November they interrupted their Newcastle Empire engagement to perform with the Crazy Gang in the Royal Variety Show at the Palladium in London,¹⁹⁶ and then acknowledged the 'supreme honour' in *The Stage*. By December Syd Royce and Ralph Marshall were their agents in London,¹⁹⁷ and the brothers autographed 15,000 pictures for fans,¹⁹⁸ before their agents produced publicity with printed signatures.¹⁹⁹ In May 1951 The Five Smith Brothers made their first appearance in West Hartlepool,²⁰⁰ and after 81 men died in an explosion at Easington Colliery,²⁰¹ the brothers organised fellow artists to sing at a benefit concert.²⁰² In 1952 they took part in two radio broadcasts and one TV show, as well as recording for Parlophone in one week.²⁰³ In 1953 they topped the bill in *Aladdin* at Sunderland Empire. Three brothers lived in 'luxury caravans' on a strawberry farm nearby and the other two lived at home. They sang at a children's party organised by the Sunderland Branch of the Police Federation,²⁰⁴ and appeared at the London Palladium and acknowledged the support of Val Parnell, Lew and Leslie Grade, and other impresarios. They each had a caravan and took their families with them.²⁰⁵ They sang at a celebration of Victory in Europe Day in the Ulster Hall, Belfast,²⁰⁶ and Yale Music Corporation in London published their five 'Tyneside Favourites' including *Keep Your Feet Still Geordie Hinny* and *Geordie Haad the Bairn*, under licence by J.G. Windows Ltd.²⁰⁷ By 1954 the brothers had agents in Glasgow. After a 'bumper Summer Season' in Yarmouth,²⁰⁸ they topped the bill at the Winter Gardens in Blackpool. 'Attired in Scottish regalia, complete with kilts', they sang songs that would 'please every member of the family – from grandma to the teenager' for half an hour.²⁰⁹ In Coventry, with piano, clarinet, guitar and 'an occasional comic dance' they rescued a 'disappointing' variety programme at the Hippodrome.²¹⁰ They recorded *The Homecoming Waltz*,²¹¹ but also covered Bill Haley's *ABC Boogie*,²¹² and acknowledged the Grades' support in *The Stage*.²¹³ In spring 1955 they were at the North Pier in Blackpool,²¹⁴ along with Arthur Askey, 'Eric Morecambe' (John Eric Bartholomew), 'Ernie Wise' (Ernest Wiseman) and 'George Formby' (George Booth), in the Royal Variety Show in the Opera House.²¹⁵ Roy Smith recorded *Don't Worry* and *The Devil's in Your Eyes* for Decca, and hoped to record more solo discs, but Culbertson left the group.²¹⁶ The brothers' last recording appeared on a 45rpm vinyl disc in 1956,²¹⁷ with an accompaniment directed by Johnny Douglas, and *I'm In Favour of Friendship* reached number 20 in the charts.²¹⁸ Two brothers recorded again seven years later,²¹⁹ and Roy appeared solo in 'What Cheor Geordie', but he was not a success on TV.²²⁰

Thomas Allan had died in 1950,²²¹ and his brother Edward, who was in his late 70s, ran T. & G. Allan. In 1951 the print works had lost £20,000, but the firm bought a Hartlepool stationery shop in 1955 and their income was around £250,000 in 1958.²²²

In 1959 they reissued Walton's *Selection of Songs and Ballads of Northern England*,²²³ and a locally-born opera singer recorded a Joe Wilson song in London.

Owen Brannigan was born into the family of a church organist of Irish descent in Annitsford, Northumberland, in 1908. He sang in the church choir as a boy, trained as a joiner and by 1929 he had moved south and joined Windsor Operatic Society. By 1934 he was a government clerk in London and enrolled on an evening course at the Guildhall School of Music. By 1938 he was in Westminster Cathedral choir and after a Guildhall performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Ruddigore* he won a scholarship to study full-time. In 1942 he won the gold medal, but was put in charge of constructing army camps. He joined Sadler's Wells Opera Company in 1943 and performed at Covent Garden and Glyndebourne Festival Opera in 1947. He left Sadler's Wells, but returned in 1952 and in 1953 he appeared in the film of *The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan*. In 1955 he performed at the Promenade Concerts. He left Sadler's Wells in 1958 and recorded Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and in 1960 he recorded Joe Wilson's *Keep yor feet still, Geordie Hinney* on an HMV 45rpm Extended Play vinyl record entitled *Folk Songs from Northumbria*.²²⁴ This was 'Folk Songs (No. 1)', but No 2 included no Wilson songs.²²⁵

William Leader was born into a British family in New Jersey in 1929, but the family returned to Britain when he was young and lived in Dagenham, Nottingham and Shipley. By 1955 'Bill' worked in a film library at the Polish Embassy in London and later recorded Irish 'folk' musicians for Topic Records. He also worked in Collett's record shop in Oxford Street and met Nathan Joseph of Transatlantic Records.²²⁶ Leader took part in the US 'folk' musician Ramblin' Jack Elliott's recording of *Woody Guthrie's Blues*, reportedly in Ewan MacColl's mother's front room, and Topic released it in 1956.²²⁷ From 1962 Leader worked with Joseph as a part-time producer. He used a semi-professional Revox tape-recorder in a room in his Camden flat that was lined with blankets and egg boxes,²²⁸ and his recordings influenced some Tyneside singers.

Louis Killen's paternal great-grandfather had brought his family from County Mayo to Tyneside in 1852. His son married a Scottish woman, and their son Frank married an Irish woman called Mary.²²⁹ Louis was born into this working-class Catholic family in Gateshead in 1934.²³⁰ In the 1940s Frank, Mary and their four sons sang in a church choir, played the concertina and stringed instruments by ear,²³¹ and took songs from a wide range of sources, including J.G. Windows' *Tyneside Songs*. In 1950 one son bought some jazz records and they encouraged Louis to go to Newcastle Rhythm Club.²³² In 1955 he studied cabinet-making at the Catholic Workers' College in Oxford,²³³ and left after a year, but stayed in the city and worked as a carpenter. In 1957 he played in a skiffle band, but a visit to Oxford University's Heritage Society exposed him to 'real' 'folksongs',²³⁴ and soon after he returned to Tyneside and met a kindred spirit.

John Pandrich was born into the family of a Wallsend couple with roots in Dundee and Poland in 1935. He grew up in Walker, but the family moved to Hexham during the war, then moved back to Newcastle. John attended Heaton Grammar School, but by 1952 he worked in a pit and was paid by the day, then trained to be a surveyor.²³⁵ He met Killen in a Newcastle jazz club and they established Folk Song and Ballad, the region's first 'folk club', in 1958.²³⁶ Handle qualified in 1959 and worked at the Rising Sun Pit in Wallsend, but later went to Teesside to work for ICI, then returned to Ellington Colliery on Tyneside and lived in Newcastle's Black Gate.²³⁷ Killen worked for British Rail and used his staff pass to visit the Ballads & Blues club at the Princes Louise pub in High Holborn, London, which was run by MacColl and supported by Lloyd.²³⁸ By 1961 Killen, Handle and other Tyneside performers, including the Newcastle University sculpture graduate Colin Ross, had adopted MacColl's policy that singers should sing only songs from their own country.²³⁹ Killen worked in a shipyard, but learned songs from Alan Rogerson, a Northumberland sheep farmer, and after he became unemployed he became a professional 'folk singer',²⁴⁰ while Ross lectured at Newcastle Polytechnic.²⁴¹ In 1962 Killen, Handle and Ross recorded *Northumbrian Garland*, a vinyl EP for Topic which included a version of *Keep Your Feet Still, Geordie Hinny* that was different to Brannigan's, but he had inspired a choir.

William Westgarth had formed the Consett Citizens' Choir at the Young Citizens' Club in 1949 and the 24 members gave their first concert in Sunnyside Methodist Chapel. Their numbers grew and they appeared at a 'Top Down' competition in Blackpool in 1955 and made the first of eight appearances on BBC radio's 'Wot Cheor Geordie'. They sang at the inauguration of Tyne Tees Television in 1959 and at Gala Charity shows at Newcastle City Hall in 1963 and 1964 with Brannigan. The recordings became their first LP, *Songs of the Tyne*, which included a medley with bits of *Keep your feet still Geordie*.²⁴² The World Record Club also released the LP in Australia,²⁴³ and the queen awarded Brannigan the Order of the British Empire.²⁴⁴

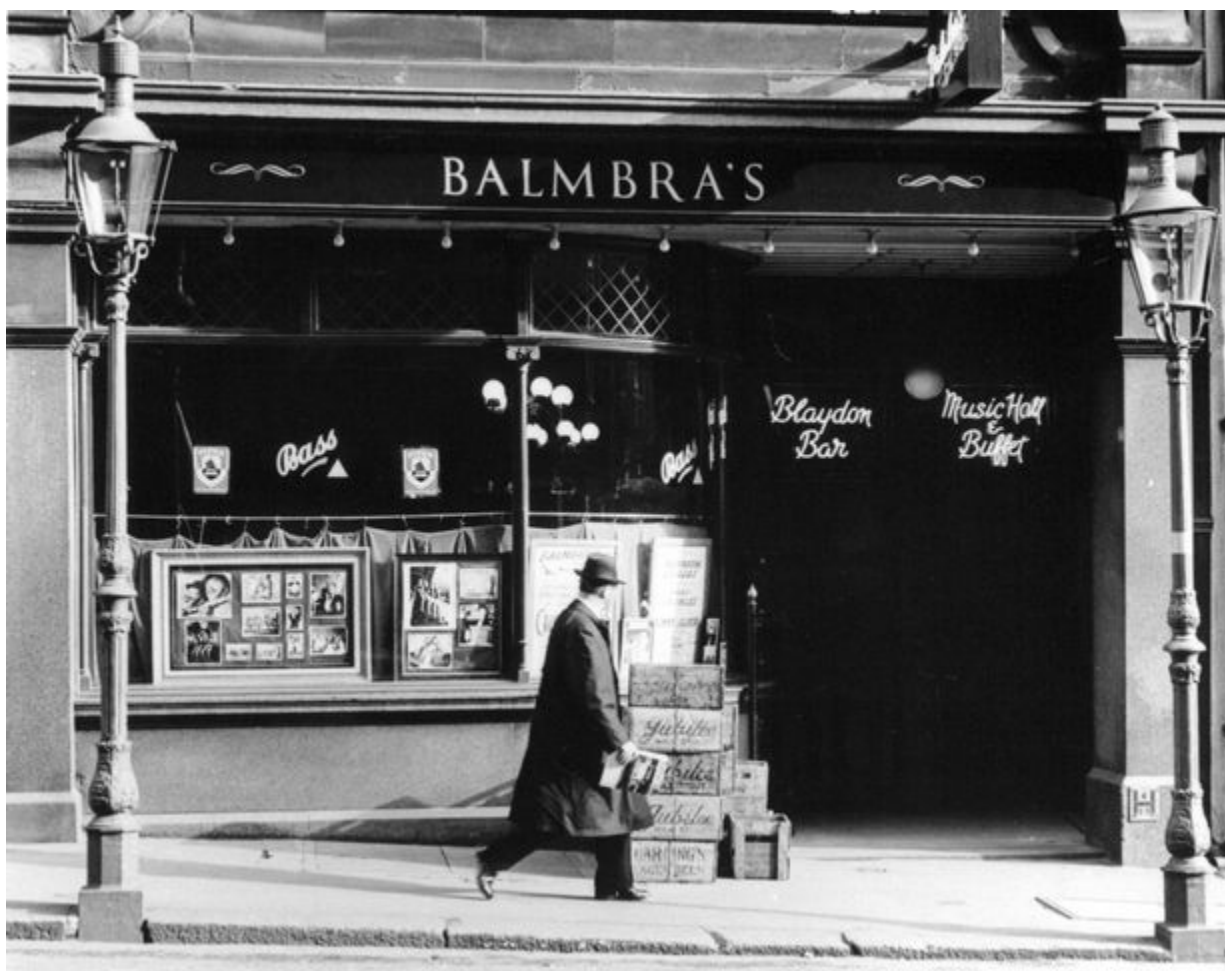
The Empire in Newgate Street, Newcastle, was demolished in 1965,²⁴⁵ but Consett Citizens' Choir provided 'musical background' for the launch of BBC Radio Two in 1967 and that of Radio Durham in 1968. They performed in ITV's *A Steel Town Sings* and with the Dusseldorf Schubertbund at Consett Technical College. In 1969 the choirs sang sacred music together in a Dusseldorf church,²⁴⁶ and there was a growing interest in local culture on Tyneside.

When Philip Moore Graham, a draper's assistant, and his wife Ann Booth (formerly Dagg), lived in Kitchener Street, Sunderland in 1913 they had a son they called Francis Moore. He later won a scholarship to Bede Collegiate School, and in the early 1930s he won a scholarship to King's College, London, to read 'Classics'. Reportedly he spent a lot of time at the School of Economics and became active in anti-fascist work, including tackling the Blackshirt rally at the Olympiad, and Graham joined the Communist Party. Lack of money forced him to return to Sunderland, but he worked in the Communist-led National Unemployed Workers Movement, helped to organise contingents for the 1934 and 1936 Hunger Marches to London and Special Branch considered him 'worth watching'. When the Spanish Civil War began, Graham organised volunteers for the International Brigade and arrived there himself at Christmas. He took part in the battle of Jarama, early in 1937, and the trench warfare that followed, but the deaths of two close friends deeply affected him. In spring he returned to England and tried to win support for the Spanish Republic, then returned to Spain and took part in the battle of Brunete and the fighting around Villanueva de la Canada. He was a Brigade reconnaissance officer and went out on horseback, but was seriously wounded at Caspe in spring 1938. After leaving hospital he contributed to Republican radio broadcasts in Barcelona, but contracted typhoid.

In spite of the British Embassy making difficulties he returned to Newcastle and spoke to over 2,000 people at a recruiting rally in City Hall.²⁴⁷ In April 1939 Lieutenant Graham spoke alongside Professor Haldane in the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, but instead of talking about underground bomb shelters, as 'moderate' councillors had hoped, they commemorated the deaths of five local members of the International Brigade, and that summer Graham organised Gateshead Flag Day to support the widows and orphans of dead volunteers.²⁴⁸ He was unfit for military service, and spent the war doing manual jobs on Teesside, but he worked for the CP,²⁴⁹ and in September 1943 he spoke at a public meeting in Newcastle's Bigg Market.²⁵⁰ In 1945 he trained to be a teacher and got a job at Wharrier Street School in Walker. In 1958 he published a booklet on *Holy Island* which sold almost 3,000 copies, so in 1960 he left teaching, dealt in antiques and old prints and became a publisher.²⁵¹ In 1965 he issued facsimiles from Crawhall's 1888 *A Beuk o' Newcassel Sangs*, as *Tyneside Songs*, including *Come, Geordie – ha'd the Bairn*, and published 500 copies of Crawhall's book at £1 5s in a cloth binding and £2 2s in leather.²⁵² In 1969 he published the art teacher Edward Scott Dobson's *Larn Yersel Geordie*,²⁵³ a spoof linguistic 'primer' which sold 3,000 copies in 48 hours and 81,000 by the end of the year.²⁵⁴ In 1970 Graham's *Tyneside Songster* included *Cum, Geordy, haud the Bairn*, with a sketch of a modern-looking father, except for his 19th century pit clothes, and *Keep yor feet still*, with a sketch of two men in modern pyjamas.²⁵⁵

In 1970 S.R. Publishers of East Ardsley near Wakefield reissued *Tyneside Songs and Drolleries, Readings and Temperance Songs by Joe Wilson*. Gordon R. Fletcher, the Hartlepool Borough Librarian, claimed that Wilson was more important than Ridley or Corvan, because he used 'dialect song' to 'report simple everyday situations' without 'burlesque and extravagance'. He could 'rank with the best of the country's dialect poets', so his songs deserved 'be brought to the attention of both the connoisseur and the layman'. He 'still remains a legend on Tyneside and in the North-East'. *Keep your feet still Geordey hinny* 'immediately springs to the mind of any Tynesider and North-Easterner' and *Aw wish yor Muthor wad cum, The Gallowgate Lad* and *Dinnet clash the door* were 'outstanding', so 'Tyneside and North-East will never be without its own brand of folk music'.²⁵⁶ That year Denis Weatherley recorded Wilson's *Sally Lee*.

The former Oxford Music Hall had been rebuilt by 1902, with a small hall and stage on the ground floor,²⁵⁷ and by 1964 it was called 'Balmбра's' after its original owner.



258

Around 1965 Johnny Handle formed the High Level Ranters with the fiddler and Northumbrian smallpiper, Colin Ross, the Northumbrian smallpiper John Foster Charlton, who had been born in Hexham in 1915 but later lived in Gateshead, the guitarist Tom Gilfellon, and the concertina player Alistair Anderson, born in Wallsend in 1948.²⁵⁹ In 1970 they recorded an LP of the 'Very Best of Tyneside Songs' at 'Balmбра's Music Hall' and included *Keep Yor Feet Still Geordie Hinnie* and *Come Geordie Ha'd The Bairn*.²⁶⁰ That year T. & G. Allan had opened a store in Morpeth.²⁶¹

15. Joe Lives?

Alexander Glasgow married Mary Jane ('Polly') Swailes,¹ and their son, Alexander, later became a miner,² but by the mid-1930s he was a builder in Gateshead. His wife, formerly Margaret Williamson McLean, had been born in Scotland, and in October 1935 she bore a son in Ellison Buildings, Low Fell. 'Alex' recalled that when he was three or four he wound up the gramophone for Scottish hornpipes played on an accordion.³ In 1939 Polly Glasgow died at 2 Ellison Buildings, aged 69, and was buried in Saltwell Cemetery.⁴ Alex's family moved to a larger house, got a piano and sang *Lily of Laguna* and *My Old Man* at Christmas, Scottish songs and Harry Lauder's music hall songs at Hogmanay, and 'occasionally' some 'Geordie songs' such as *Keep Your Feet Still Geordie Hinny* from J.G. Windows' songbooks. In 1946 Alex passed the 11-plus and went to the boys' Grammar School. He had 'a nice soprano voice' and was invited to join the Anglican Church choir which sang hymns, Händel's *Messiah* and Stainer's *Crucifixion*, and Alex also earned 5s for singing at weddings. His voice soon 'went to a pretty high tenor', but he was glad his music teacher did not advise him to have it 'trained', since some boys had come back with 'terrible voices'. A teacher suggested they should form a 'singing circle' and perform 'Geordie songs' like *The Water o' Tyne*, which they had only ever heard sung by girls, and other pieces from Whittaker's *North Country Folk-Songs for Schools*. The 'Caprians' sang 'Geordie' songs and 'very stylised' 'negro spirituals' at old people's homes and women's guilds. Around 1950 Alex bought records like *Your Tiny Hand is Frozen* at Windows, but was 'first in the queue' at the Theatre Royal for the Carl Rosa Opera Company and was 'crackers for a while' about Puccini's *La Bohème*.

In 1954 Alex won a place at Leeds University to study German, but tuned his radio to US stations and recalled that *Rock Island Line* was 'the most exciting music I'd ever heard' because it was 'different, and fresh, and new'. Rock songs were 'telling stories' and the sound 'made you jump up and down'. When he went to Tübingen in Germany as part of his course he took his guitar and was surprised that he got a response from students in the hall of residence to songs like Tommy Armstrong's *Wor Nanny's a Maisor*, but he also joined a male voice choir that sang 'folksongs'. He went back to Leeds, and after he graduated he returned to Germany to be a schoolteacher, but also broadcast on radio.⁵ He had met Patricia ('Paddy') Wallace at Leeds University and in 1961 they married in Bremen.⁶ Phillips of Hamburg paid Alex £30 for a cover version of a 'German Evergreen', known in English as *Forsaken Lover*, and it reached number four in the charts, but the Glasgows left for Tyneside. Richard ('Dick') Kelly at Newcastle BBC radio asked Glasgow to record German and French songs and gave him the job of introducing *The Voice of the People* for £3 3s a day. National BBC work followed and he wrote 'musical editorials',⁷ but he had a solo singing engagement at the Crescent Garden Sun Lounge in Filey in summer 1962, and sang his own songs.⁸ Richard Duncan was born in 1963,⁹ and his father recorded *Alex Glasgow sings ... Geordie Songs* in 1964. It included *Keep Your Feet Still*, *Geordie Hinny* and Glasgow claimed it was 'the equivalent of today's pop songs' and Wilson was a 'brilliant comedian'.¹⁰ The EP became one side of an HMV LP, *mix me a folk song*, and the other side were French and German songs.¹¹

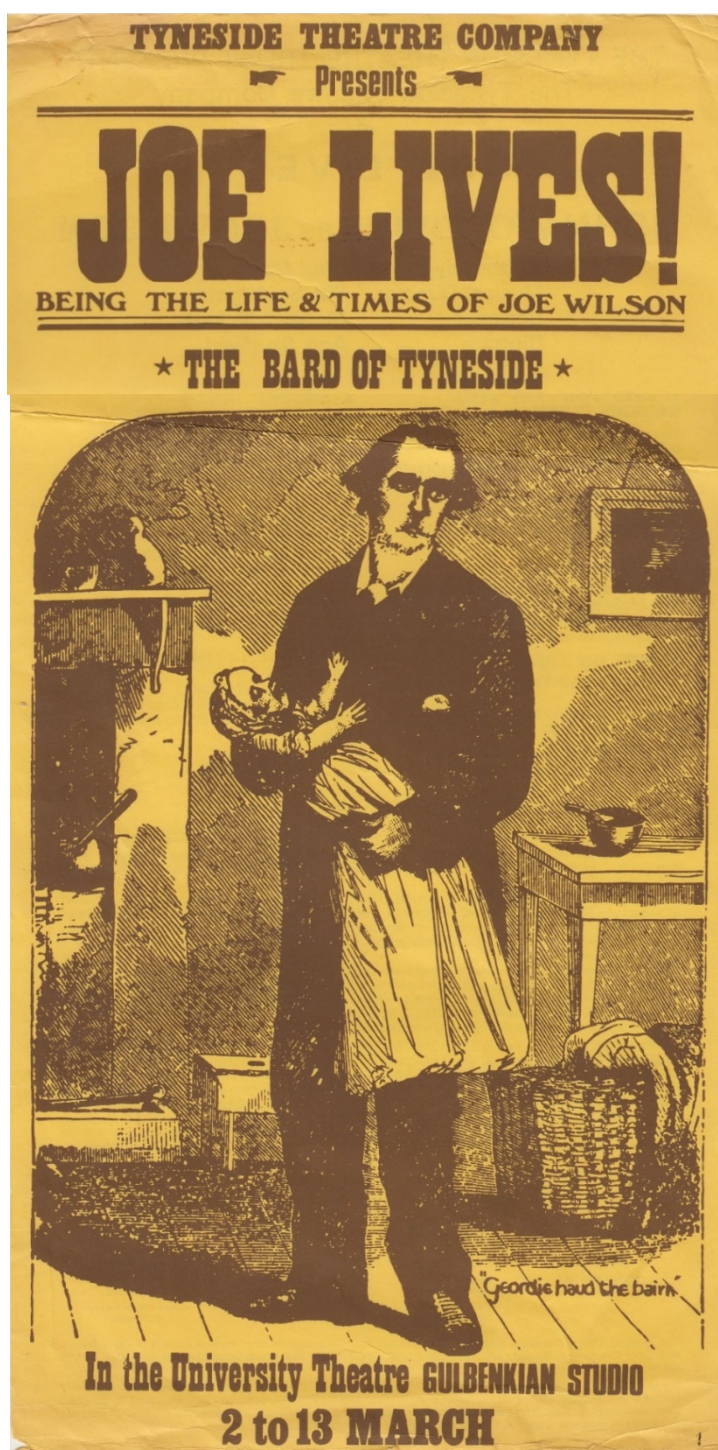
Daniel Alexander Glasgow was born in 1965. In 1967 his father wrote for radio and television and presented the BBC arts programme, *New Release*. Ruth was born in 1968,¹² and the Glasgows adopted her.¹³ Glasgow wrote songs for Alan Plater's play about the struggles of north east pitmen, based on Sid Chaplin's stories. It was named after Glasgow's *Close the Coalhouse Door*,¹⁴ and premiered at the Tyneside Theatre Company's Flora Robson Playhouse in Jesmond.



Glasgow recalled that there was 'a first night crowd, as well as I think 50 miners. There was a full brass band. There was a lot of people in the audience who had not been in a theatre if at all, at least for 30 years. And they made such a row. They talked to the actors on the stage'. 'It was as if the audience had been waiting for the play for a hundred years'. It was the 'most exciting night in the theatre that anybody can have experienced'.¹⁶ Michael Chaplin, Sid's son, recalled 'the excitement that rippled through the little theatre that night' and 'I heard more laughter than I've ever heard in an auditorium, as well as the spine-tingling sound of people sobbing in the darkness'. 'In the weeks that followed the car-park was filled with coaches from the Durham and Northumberland coalfields, full of men and women in their Sunday best, coming to hear a hitherto-untold story'.¹⁷

In 1970 Glasgow's songs were used in the Sheffield Playhouse pantomime, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and while a reviewer felt that most of them were 'a little on the drab side', two or more would be 'hummed on many a homeward journey'.¹⁸ Glasgow felt that his career 'seemed to have finished', but he wanted to go on 'telling people back their own stories with my gloss on them', to 'make them more aware of the system they're in, who they are, what they are',¹⁹ and *Joe Wilson's Tyneside Songs and drolleries, Readings and Temperance Songs* had been reissued.²⁰

Up to this point the musical arrangements for recordings of Joe Wilson's songs had come from J.G. Windows' songbooks and included 20 versions of *Keep yor feet still*, six of *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum*, and two of *Be kind to me Dowter*, *Dinnet clash the Door*, *The Gallowgate Lad* and *The Row upon the Stairs*. Glasgow began writing a play and accepted Catcheside-Warrington's arrangements of *Keep Yor feet still*, *Geordie Haud the Bairn*, *The Row Upon the Stairs*, and what he knew as *Molly Dunn*, but wrote new ones for what he called *Bonny Sally Wheatley*, *Drunken Dolly's Deeth*, *Intoxication!*, *The Lanlord's Dowter*, *Ne Wark*, *Snooks' Dinah*, *The Strike*, *Teetotal Noo!* and *Wor Neybor Nell*, and included the recitations *Charity!*, *Flog'd In Jail!*, *Me Muther's Warnin!* and part of Ned Corvan's *Toon Improvement Bill*, which decried Newcastle Corporation's sale of public grounds to build the Central Station.²¹ Glasgow wanted to link that shenanigans to Newcastle's Labour-led City Council's policy of destroying much of the historic city centre to build motorways in the 1960s, but the inclusion of a peal of bells from St. Nicholas's Church at the time of Corvan's death was an invention, since he was a catholic and had a pauper's grave.²² Ironically most financial support for staging the play came from Newcastle City Council and Labour-led South Shields and Tynemouth County Boroughs and Longbenton Urban District Council. The Arts Council of Great Britain and Northern Arts contributed, Scottish and Newcastle Breweries loaned a beer keg and Windows a tambourine. The star of Tyneside Theatre Trust's one-man show was 41-year-old John Woodvine, a Shakespearean and TV actor born in Tyne Dock,²³ and it opened at the Gulbenkian Studio of Newcastle University Theatre on 2 March 1971.



THE TYNESIDE THEATRE TRUST PRESENTS
The Tyneside Theatre Company
in
JOE LIVES!
JOHN WOODVINE as JOE WILSON

Written by **Alex Glasgow**
Musical Director **Bill Southgate**
Designer **Richard Pickett**
Director **Ann Stutfield**

**1. KEEP YOR FEET STILL
GEORDIE HINNY**
Keep yor feet still Geordie hinny
let's be happy through the neet
For we may not be so happy through
the day
So give us that bit comfort,
Keep your feet still Geordie lad
an' divvent drive me bonny dreams
away.

2. MOLLY DUNN
Such a bonny lass, I couldn't pass
Like Molly at the Fair
Oh happy neet—that I should meet
Me comely sweetheart there.

3. ROW ON THE STAIRS
Oh what tungs in the row upon the
stairs
Clitterin', clatterin', scandal and clash
I' the row upon the stairs.

4. LANDLORD'S DAUGHTER
This fine lookin' lass for a queen
might pass
An' a queen I've often thought her
An' I's the lad if you want to know'd
That's on for the landlord's daughter.

5. SNOOKS' DINAH
From the head to the foot
She's as black as any soot
There may be fair and finer
But for a Blackeymoor, I's sure
There's none like Snooks's Dinah.

6. TEETOTAL NOO
Teetotal noo, teetotal noo
It cheers the heart all through
'Cause he's teetotal noo.

7. SALLY WHEATLEY
Oh, dear me, I divvent know what
to do,
For Sally's teun me heart away
completely
An' I'll never get it back
For she gans wi' Mister Black
An' they say he's going to marry
Sally Wheatley.

8. INTOXICATION
So shun intoxication
Keep from intoxication
It's vile intoxication
Makes the world so full of care.

Keep Yer Feet Still! Geordie Hinny; Row on the Stairs; Molly Dunn and Geordie Haud the Bairn are sung to the original tunes. The music for the other songs was specially written by Alex Glasgow and arranged by Bill Southgate.

JOE WILSON was born on 29th November, 1841, in Stowell Street, Newcastle, and attended St. Andrew's School, Percy Street. His mother was a straw bonnet-maker. His father was a joiner and cabinet maker and also a Freeman of Newcastle. This freelage Joe inherited from his father. When the Working Men's Club was established, Joe was amongst its first members and wrote a rhyming appeal for its support. His earliest aspirations were to produce ditties that the people would sing, and the ambition to do so continued with him through the useful, practical, but unfortunately short life he was destined to live. From 1874 onwards his health began to deteriorate and at the Royal Star Theatre, Stockton-on-Tees, he gave his last performance. On Sunday 14th February, 1876, he died quietly, as if going to sleep, at the age of 33 years; leaving a widow and three children.

JOHN WOODVINE was born in South Shields, County Durham. His first West End appearance was in INHERIT THE WIND in 1960. At the Mermaid Theatre, London, he played Macbeth, Long John Silver, and Simon Eyre in THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY. He also played Jacky in the original CLOSE THE COALHOUSE DOOR in Newcastle, as well as the London and television productions. His many television appearances have included Inspector Witty in Z CARS, Bloody Delilah in THE DUSTBINMEN and Aramis in THE THREE MUSKETEERS. At Christmas he finished work on Ken Russell's new feature film THE DEVILS, which is to be released later this year. He will be appearing as Sir Francis Drake with Glenda Jackson in the new B.B.C. 2 series ELIZABETH R.

For the Tyneside Theatre Company:
Lessees: Tyneside Theatre Trust Ltd.
Administrative Director: Peter Stevens

Licensee: Peter Stevens
Artistic Director: Ann Stutfield

| | | | |
|--|---|---|---|
| Head of Design Richard Pickett | Production Manager Tom Gardner | Master Carpenter Joseph Casson | Resident Stage Manager of Studio David Medlycott |
| Scenic Artist Peter Benion | Chief Technician Roger Spence | Assistant Carpenter Stephen Allen | Stage Manager Frank Howes |
| Property Mistress Hester Rowbottom | Assistant Technician John Anderton | Apprentice Carpenter Donald Stevenson | Deputy Stage Manager Clive Odum |
| | Technical Assistant Michael Howells | | Assistant Stage Manager Colin Hale |

The Tyneside Theatre Company gratefully acknowledges financial assistance from the Arts Council of Great Britain, Newcastle Corporation, Northern Arts, the County Boroughs of South Shields and Tynemouth, and the Urban District of Longbenton.

For this production: Set built in the University Theatre workshops. Properties by the University Theatre Property Department. We would like to thank Mr James Dick, North of England Temperance League for the slides; J. G. Windows for tambourine; E. L. Hattam for pewter mugs and watches; Scottish & Newcastle Breweries for the beer keg; Northern Gas Board for the street lamps; Mr Elliot, University Special Collections.

24

The *Newcastle Evening Chronicle* claimed that Wilson had 'endeared himself to thousands of Tyneside workers' because he was 'one of the few sources of entertainment that they could afford'. He 'championed their cause – wrote songs about their strikes, satirised the lechers of society, condemned the pollution of the river, castigated racialism, stood out against the clearance of old Newcastle' and 'wrote songs which are right up-to-date in subject matter' but Glasgow believed Wilson 'could have been a more successful figure internationally if his songs had not been localised by their language'.²⁵

Reportedly the first night and a subsequent performance were recorded with hidden microphones and the sound quality left a lot to be desired, while the 15-track LP omitted around half of the play including *Intoxication!* and *Snooks's Dinah*.²⁶ *Joe Lives!* was staged at the University Theatre again in May and in June it opened at Greenwich Theatre in London. A reviewer warned off those 'not so keen on a dialect and dialectical evening' lasting two and a half hours,²⁷ but the *Newcastle Chronicle* reported that Glasgow was 'absolutely staggered' when the audience joined in with the songs 'as though nobody had ever asked them to before', and he was delighted 'when a little box about 12 inches by six' arrived with '40 songs and poems in Wilson's own hand'. Mrs F.E. Brooks of Benton had found them among her late husband Dr Charles Brooks' papers.

Among the material there is what looks like a first edition of 'Songs and Drolleries', and many of the items seem to be careful copies in Wilson's hand of songs and poems for the publisher. One or two of them, in fact, contain notations such as 'This song must be second'

and there are proof copies which have come back to him from the publisher. They're in beautiful condition, all on pale blue paper and obviously painstakingly executed. The songs and poems are destined for a library when Alex can tear himself away from them ...

Glasgow admitted that Corvan 'would have been a better kind of subject for a "Joe Lives" kind of show' and the *Chronicle* noted my hope that he would 'steer' the manuscripts to the Central Library,²⁸ but many academics patronised such material.

Peter Davison was born in Newcastle in 1926 and later gained a PhD at Sydney University.²⁹ In 1965 he took part in seminars at Birmingham University Centre for Contemporary Cultural Studies, where Richard Hoggart and Stuart Hall criticised his 'fixed literary critical inhibitions'. In 1971 Davison and Jerry Silverman's version of *Keep Your Feet Still, Geordie Hinney* from J.G. Windows' *Tyneside Songs* appeared in *Songs of the British Music Hall* in New York. Davison argued that Wilson's first verse represented a 'structural weakness', because it was narrated by someone other than 'Bob Johnson' and 'Wor Geordie', and the song had a 'rather sordid down-to-earthness'.³⁰ In Newcastle Frank Graham's 48-page *Joe Wilson Sings* included ten lyrics from Allan's 1891 songbook.³¹

In 1972 I wrote an introduction for Frank Graham's reprint of *Allan's Illustrated Edition of Tyneside songs*,³² and relied on documentary evidence, including material from Thomas Hutchinson and Maurice Bellerby Allan, but the latter was not best pleased.³³ Frank Graham published a 64-page *Geordie Song-Book*, but most had previously appeared in his *Tyneside Songs* or Walton's *Selection of Tyneside Songs*. Graham included Wilson's 100-year-old autobiography from Allan's book, parts of the 'Life of Joe Wilson' and the lyrics of *Keep yor feet still*, *Dinnet Clash the Door*, *The Row upon the Stairs* and *Cum, Geordie haud the Bairn*, whose 'popularity grows with the passing of the years'.³⁴ That summer Spennymoor Cambridge Theatre, which Wilson had briefly managed a century earlier, and had later become a cinema, burned down.³⁵ Decca re-released the Consett Citizens' Choir and Brannigan's *Songs of the Tyne*,³⁶ and Ann Wright tape-recorded Mrs Fox reciting Wilson's *Bob Hobson's Advice* in an East Yorkshire accent.³⁷

In 1973 *Joe Lives!* featured at Ashington festival.³⁸ Brannigan issued two versions of *Keep Your Feet Still, Geordie, Hinney!*, and *My Bonny Gateshead Lass*, but he died of pneumonia, aged 65, and was buried at St John the Baptist Roman Catholic Church in Annitsford. Cardinal Heenan subsequently made a valedictory speech at a memorial service organised by the Catholic Stage Guild in London.³⁹ In Newcastle, the former Tyne Theatre & Opera House in Westgate Road, where Joe Wilson had performed, retained its Stoll advertisement on the side wall, but showed 'X'-rated films.



40

The Stoll closed in 1974.⁴¹ In autumn 1975 *Joe Lives!* was staged at Newcastle University Theatre.⁴² Canny Fettle recorded Wilson's *Varry Canny* for the first time, and Frank Graham published the US scholar Martha Vicinus's *Broadsides of the Industrial North*, which described Wilson as one of north-east England's 'traditional working-class song-writers' and one of the 'two most successful Northumbrian dialect writers'.⁴³

In 1976 Frank Graham published the lyrics of *Keep your feet still* in *Geordie Songs, Jokes and Recitations*.⁴⁴ Bert Lloyd published a version of Rowland Harrison's *Geordie Black* in the second edition of *Come All Ye Bold Miners*, but with lyrics he had 'Transcribed from the singing of Peter Elliott, Birtley, Co. Durham', 15 years earlier, and with spelling that was more 'phoneticised' than Harrison's. Lloyd acknowledged that James Anderson had written *Aw Wish pay Friday Wad Cum*, but not that it was inspired by Wilson's *Aw Wish Yor Muther Wad Cum* or that it had won a Chater's almanack competition.⁴⁵

By 1983 the rebuilt former Royal Adelaide Hotel in New Bridge Street, Newcastle, was called 'Joe Wilson's'.



46

Late that year Heather Ging told *The Stage* that Joe Wilson was very popular and Tyne Tees TV planned to adapt *Joe Lives!* for Channel Four. Ging was still working on it in January 1985, but in February the Northumberland Theatre Company began touring the play across Northumberland and up to Peebles and Jedburgh in Scotland, with Eddie Angel as Wilson. *The Stage* reviewed it quite sympathetically at the Buddle Arts Centre in Wallsend,⁴⁷ and the tour ended in Stamford Village Hall in April.⁴⁸ I sent Alex Glasgow my draft critique of Joe Wilson and comments on *Joe Lives!* He acknowledged that switching the stage lights off after *The Strike* was to create a 'good dramatic effect to finish the first act', though it never happened, and he had probably made Wilson 'more radical than he actually was', so he 'could identify with him more closely'.

The other Big Lie is in the second act when Joe's temperance songs scale staggering heights of bigotry. I suppose I could have let him die a despicable, consumption-ridden misanthrope. Why didn't I? Fifteen years later it's hard to know. Perhaps, having created a hero I wanted to get him off the hook. Not to make a 'Happy ending' because it was far from that – But to allow for dignity in death. He spent most of his short life writing and singing marvellous songs for and about the working class of Newcastle. He deserves a decent memorial.⁴⁹

Thomas Kingsley Allan and John Bellerby Allan died that year.⁵⁰ In 1986 my published article on Wilson noted that he had been a self-employed printer and singer-songwriter, a concert hall stage manager and manager, and a pub landlord, before being a self-employed singer-songwriter who wrote some appalling songs when he was seriously ill. He still hoped to become a businessman, so he was definitely not a traitor to the petit-bourgeoisie.⁵¹ Maurice Bellerby Allan died in 1987,⁵² and in 1989 a reviewer quoted Wilson's *Keep your Feet Still* to damn a Tyne Tees TV quiz show.⁵³

In 2000 Pete Scott's *The Day of Life, the songs of Joe Wilson*, included new melodies for all the songs except *Sally Wheatley*, for which Scott used Glasgow's arrangement. Only that song and *Mally Dunn* had been recorded before and Scott sang 12 others for the first time: *Affected Bella*, *Charley's Across the Sea* (*Charley's Run Away*), *The Chep that Knaws Nowt*, *The Day of Life*, *The Fight* (*The Fight about a lad*), *Hannah's Black Eye*, *Jimmy's Gettin' Wark*, *Keep't Dark*, *Mally Didn't Come*, *Readin' Owld Letters*, *The Uncertain Lass* and *What a fool I've been*. Scott felt it was 'a mark of genius when a writer's work is as relevant generations on from when it was first composed'. He saw Wilson as 'a keen observer of humankind with an eye for all our faults and hypocrisies' and his humour and pathos 'ring true today'. That year Windows' songbooks went out of print. In May 2001 Alex Glasgow died in East Fremantle, Western Australia, aged 65. Alan Plater's obituary acknowledged the 'huge range' of his 'musical palette, from angry polemic to knees-up music-hall to love songs of surpassing tenderness' and *Joe Lives!* was 'a wonderful one-man show' about the 'great 19th-century Tyneside radical and songwriter'.⁵⁴ Denis Weatherley's 1950s recording of *Aw wish yor Muther wad cum* was released and his and Bill Robinson's *The Row upon the Stairs* followed in 2002.

T. & G. Allan had closed most of their north eastern shops and opened others in 11 Debenhams stores from Glasgow to Thurrock. They opened one in London's Oxford Street in 1994, Liverpool Street Station in 1995, Gatwick Airport in 1997, Heathrow Airport Terminal 4 in 1999 and Terminal 1 and Stanstead Airport in 2001. In 2002 the firm's profits were over £9,000,000.⁵⁵ That year Mary Thompson recorded Wilson's *Charley's Across the Sea*, Sir Thomas Allen recorded *Sally Lee* and Johnny Handle recorded *Superstitious Sally* for the first time. In 2003 Judy Dinning recorded *Miseries o' Shiftin'* for the first time and Joe Wilson's had become The Stout Fiddler. Benny Graham recorded *Jack's Listed I' the ninety Eight* in 2006, but the Stout Fiddler closed and later reopened as the Moot.



56



57

In 2007 Robert Colls claimed that Wilson's songs were 'bathed in the limelight of his own indomitable good sense',⁵⁸ but perhaps he had not read *Flog'd in Jail*, *Drunken Dolly's Deeth* or *Murder throo Drink: The Gallows*. The album of half of *Joe Lives!* was reissued in 2008. By 2009 the Moot had been refurbished and renamed The King's Manor.



59

T. & G. Allan still had shops in Morpeth and Whitley Bay, plus 31 branches of The Pen Shop across the UK.⁶⁰ In 2009 the firm closed the Whitley Bay shop.⁶¹

T. & G. Allan Holdings Limited was established in 2010.⁶² In 2011 Pete Scott and Charlie Hardwick recorded Wilson's *Ne Work*. The rebuilt former Wheat Sheaf and Oxford Music Hall in Newcastle Cloth Market bore a blue plaque commemorating John Balmbra, the former landlord, and the short-lived singer-songwriter George Ridley, who had written *Blaydon Races*,⁶³ but by 2014 Balmbra's had become Balmbra's Motown Bar.



The bar took fire that summer.⁶⁴ After refurbishment it became Balmbra's Fun Bar with psychedelic lights, flashing screens and very loud music, but it soon closed,⁶⁵ while the western part of the former King's Manor became Café M.



66

T. & G. Allan's annual turnover was just over £8,000,000: post-tax profits were almost £470,000; the return on capital was 21 percent and net assets were valued at £2,100,000.⁶⁷ In 2015 when the firm had only 20 outlets, three managers bought it from members of the Allan family for an undisclosed sum,⁶⁸ and then closed one shop.⁶⁹ George Ridley had a second plaque in Gateshead,⁷⁰ but Joe Wilson had no plaque in Newcastle, South Shields, Spennymoor or anywhere else.

16. A new life in a new land

Joe Wilson's widow Isabella, their children Joseph Thomas and Thomas, and Isabella's illegitimate daughter Mary had landed in Quebec, Canada, in May 1879,¹ but by 1880 they lived in Delaware, Sanilac, Michigan, USA, with Mary Medd, Isabella's friend from Newcastle.² Isabella married in 1881. William Friedrich was a farmer born in Baden, Germany, around 1849, and he had come to the USA in 1868. Jennie was born in 1882, Albert in 1883 and John in 1886.³

Elizabeth English, Isabella's sister, had gone to Australia, and in 1881, in St Luke's Church, Adelaide, she married Edward Greaves Porter, who had been born in Birmingham, Warwickshire, but she did not look very happy on her wedding photograph.



Mary Jane English had married William Bell, who had been born in Northumberland in 1850, and they lived in Jarrow. Eleanor Margaret was born in 1874, William Edward in 1877, Ernest in 1879 and Florence in 1880; but in 1889 Mary Jane Bell left for Australia, where her sister Elizabeth had two sons and three daughters by 1890.

Over a century later one of Elizabeth Porter's descendants in Australia sent a photocopy of a photograph that had been taken in the USA around 1890 to Pauline Tebbs in England.

Aunt Isabella with husband, Tom Friedrich, taken in America
Albert by her side, Jennie by Tom's side, John in front, Mary
behind.



'Tom' was probably Isabella and Joe's son and not her new husband, but she bore her last child, Charles, in 1891.⁵ In 1900 the 'Frederick' family, as they called themselves, lived in Delaware, but by 1910 Isabella and William had divorced. He owned a

farm and employed workers and lived with his son Albert, a farm labourer. Jennie had married Ord Smith in 1899. Gladys was born that year, Loyd in 1901, Merrill in 1903 and Thelma in 1912. Mary had married Robert Tuxworth in January 1898 and Roy Harold was born in Detroit in April. In 1910 Robert was a well driller and the family lived in Bloomfield, 20 miles north of downtown Detroit. In 1918 Roy was described as short, of medium build, with blue eyes and brown hair, but 'deformed'.

Joe and Isabella Wilson's younger son, Thomas, lived in Pontiac, Michigan, and in 1894 the 22-year-old married 24-year-old Margaret Hanselman from a German family in Sherman, Michigan, 200 miles north.⁶ Edwin was born in 1895, Alfrid in 1898 and Ruth in 1900,⁷ when they lived in Utica Village, Shelby Township, Michigan, where Thomas was a 'Minister'.⁸ Freda was born in 1905 and Walter in 1910.⁹ By 1920 Thomas was an office worker in a Detroit automobile plant and the family lived in the 16th District. Alfred and Ruth were bank clerks and Freda and Walter were probably at school.

By the early 1890s Joe and Isabella Wilson's elder son, Joseph Thomas, lived in Ontario, Canada, and he married Isabella Hartley in 1893.¹⁰ She was 25 and already had a daughter called Carrie. Annie Ellen was born in Forest, Ontario, in 1894, Elizabeth May Isabella followed in 1897 and George Hartley in 1906. Soon after the family moved to Eagle Creek, Saskatchewan, a hamlet with two grain elevators and a store at the end of a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1907, when a school opened for 12 children, Joseph Wilson became its secretary and a trustee, and teachers boarded in his and Isabella's home. In 1908 a branch line to Asquith carried gravel for the railway from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and Eagle Creek became known as the 'Pit'. Up to 80 farmers drove horse-drawn wagons of grain to the railhead and there was always a scramble to get it away after the first snowfall, but they unloaded it into boxcars via 17 chutes. In 1911 George Hartley Wilson and his parents visited his grandmother Isabella in Michigan and Joseph later visited alone.

Around 1917 Joseph Thomas Wilson moved his family to Stettler in Alberta and Isabella's sister Annie lived nearby.¹¹ One day George came home from school and asked his father where his dog was. He said it was 'out by the barn', but he had shot it dead with his rifle.¹² George left school after the sixth grade, the last year of elementary school, and worked on the farm, but his father was a hard task master.¹³ Years later George told his eldest son Leonard that Joseph liked to hire a hand and then fire him at the end of the month without paying him. One day when Joseph was 'cribbing' a well to keep the walls from falling in, he slipped and fell into the water and became 'real wet, cold, scared, angry', so he 'yelled up the well for assistance'.

Looking down the well was wee George and the hired hand. The hired hand said, 'We have to get him out'. And George said 'No we don't'. 'Yes, yes we do' said the hired hand, not realising that if he got him out or not, he still was not going to get his month's pay. 'Yes, yes' said the hired hand. 'We have to get him out before he drowns'. And George looked the hired hand in the eyes and said 'I won't tell if you don't tell'.

George Hartley recalled that Joseph was 'a bully, philanderer, wife beater, child abuser' and 'not a person you would want as a relative or a friend'.¹⁴ One day in 1922, when Joseph was away from the farm, the postmistress in a nearby town arranged for a carriage to take Isabella and George to the railway station so they could travel to Viscount, Saskatchewan, to live with George's sister, Elizabeth ('Beth'), who had married a farmer. George never saw his father again. He worked as a farmhand and carpenter, but one day he fell off a roof and broke his leg.

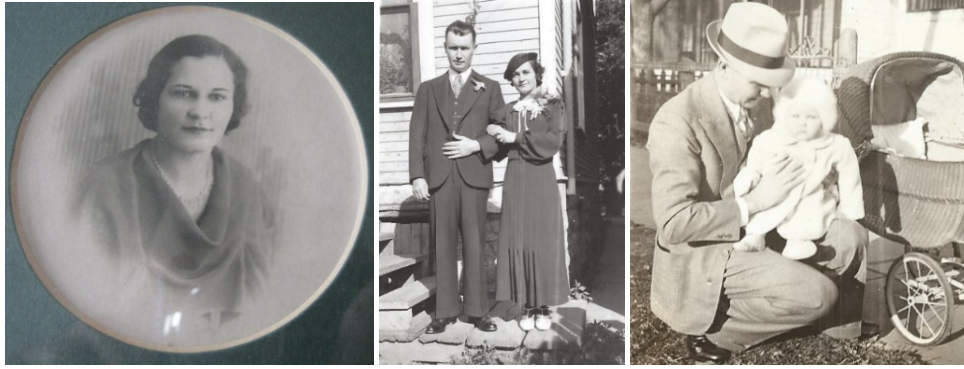


15

The local hospital did not set it well and George over heard that they might have to amputate it, so he and his mother packed their belongings and took the train to Winnipeg, visited a hospital and a doctor put a plate in his leg and saved it.

By 1920 William Frederick had died in the USA and his 70-year-old widow Isabella lived with her daughter Mary in Porter Street, Albion, Calhoun County, Michigan. Isabella had become naturalised and learned to read. In 1923 Mary died in Parma, aged 44, and in months Robert married Leverette Ford, a 49-year-old widow, in Rosebush, Isabella County, but he died in Parma in 1924, aged 46.¹⁶ In 1930 Isabella Frederick lived in Birmingham with her daughter Jennie and her husband Ourey Smith, 24-year-old Merrill, plus 42-year-old John Frederick and his 17-year-old wife Thelma, but Isabella died later that year, aged 80.

George Hartley Wilson and his mother had settled in Winnipeg and his sister Ellen lived two hours away in Grand Forks, North Dakota, USA. George drove a taxi and worked in food stores, and one day, when he was stacking shelves, he met Bernice Skelton.¹⁷ She was the youngest of Alexander and Alice Skelton's seven children, and had been born in Carman, Manitoba, in 1915, but had moved to Winnipeg to complete her high school education and help her mother to run a lodging house.¹⁸ They lived across the city from George, but he walked there most days in all types of weather to visit Bernice, and they married in August 1935. Shirley Elizabeth was born in January 1936.



In 1937 George's sister Elizabeth died, but George and Bernice's son Leonard Hartley was born in November.

Alice Skelton was an excellent seamstress and taught Bernice very well, so she made her own and Shirley's clothes. George grew vegetables in the back garden during World War II and continued to do so for many years. George Terry arrived in April 1941 and in 1942 the Wilsons bought a two-storey, three-bedroom house with a large yard at 348 Mandeville Street. They later had the exterior renovated and 'winter-proofed' so the inside porch was usable all year round, and George grew flowers and hung baskets of them on either side of the front steps.



19

George worked as a bread delivery man for Weston Bakery and had a wagon driven by a horse he called Jimmy.²⁰ His love of horses and farm experience helped them to bond, but Shirley suffered from asthma and had an extreme allergy to animals, so when George came home he took off his work-clothes and had a shower before he joined his family. Shirley would wait up to see her parents when they returned from a dance, and ask her father to dance with her a little, which he always did, but he had to carry her upstairs sometimes when she was unable to climb herself on account of her difficulty with breathing. He had a great sense of humour and could tell a story very well and dramatically.²¹

Unbeknown to the family, Helen Creighton tape-recorded Vincent McGuckin singing Joe Wilson's *Keep Your Feet Still* *Geordie Hinny* in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, in 1944.²²

Caroline Bernice Wilson was born in February 1945 and the four siblings were photographed a year or so later.



Shirley took piano lessons at an early age and enjoyed performing in concerts with other students.²³

Leonard Wilson recalls that when Weston Bakery workers went on strike in 1950 his father found a job at Reid's Grocery at the end of the street and then with Modern Dairies before the strike was over. He had another horse for a couple of years and if he was 'too busy talking with his customers, especially at Xmas, Johnny would keep making the milk calls and was upset when Dad had to get a ride to find his milk wagon and bring him back'. In the early 1950s Modern Dairies replaced horses and wagons with trucks and George became the first driver to get a van.²⁴



In September 1953 Shirley married Roland Georges Raoul Hindlet, a French Air Force pilot, at Eglise St. Leon in Le Havre, France.



Bernice designed and made Shirley's wedding dress. Joseph Thomas Wilson died that year and in 1954 George Hartley received a cheque for \$600 from the USA and used it to build a garage. George's sister Carrie had married John MacSorley, a farmer near Asquith, and Leonard later heard that his grandfather Joseph had 'come looking for his son and wife', but was 'kicked off', and went to the USA. Leonard assumed the \$600 was from his grandfather's estate, but his father never confirmed that. He had told Bernice something about his unhappy time with his father, but told his children nothing.

In February 1956 Shirley and Roland Hindlet had a son, Michel Phillippe Georges, but later that year Roland was killed in a plane crash in Germany. Bernice took the train to Montreal, flew to Frankfurt, then took the train to Mainz, and went to the nearby town of Finthen. The three of them travelled to Le Havre, stayed with Shirley's in-laws, then sailed to Montreal on *HMS Scythia* and took the train to Winnipeg.

In 1960 Leonard Wilson married 21-year-old Gail Isabel Griffiths. George and Bernice Wilson bought a cottage at Victoria Beach, Manitoba, two hours' drive north of Winnipeg, and it became a happy summer residence for the whole family. In 1965 Terry took George by surprise when he photographed him having a beer after work at home in Winnipeg.



25

Leonard and George Terry visited their aunt Carrie in Asquith,²⁶ and George Hartley and Leonard visited her in 1966.



John MacSorley is on the left next to George Wilson, Carrie MacSorley, her son Ivan and his wife.

In 1967 Caroline Bernice Wilson married 23-year-old Roddy Jon Hoffman, and in 1969 her sister Shirley Hindlet married Edward Gaul who was stationed at a Canadian Air Force base in Germany. When Shirley's parents came for a lengthy visit she and 'Ted' took them to meet Shirley's French relatives in Le Havre and they also visited Paris. Back in Winnipeg, George and Bernice Wilson loved to dress up and go dancing.



George retired in April 1971. Six months later he had a major heart attack, but he recovered. Caroline, Roddy and their infant son Kyle lived with George, to take care of him, since Bernice was still working. George loved music. He played records and listened to music on the radio. He also played the violin and sang. He had a tenor voice like his grandfather Joe Wilson, though he had not heard of him. George sang in a church choir and was a keen member of the Manitoba chapter of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America. He took part in his quartet's fortnightly practice sessions and when several quartets formed a choir he sang at the annual concerts at the Playhouse Theatre in downtown Winnipeg and at other venues, sometimes wearing a grey top hat.



In winter George spent a month with his daughter Caroline in British Columbia,²⁷ and in 1977 she asked him about his father. He told her that he had beaten him and his mother all week, but went to church on Sundays.²⁸ In June George died suddenly at the Victoria Beach cottage and the Society choir sang at his funeral.

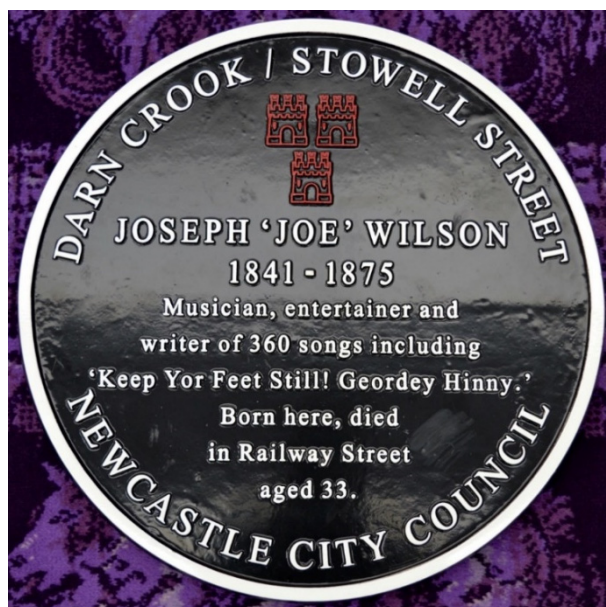
Shirley and Ted Gaul had three sons - Patrick Lesley, Craig Allan and Carey Donald – but by the early 1980's their parents had divorced and Shirley changed her name to Kasandra Van Keith. In 1984 she visited China and contacted theatre and film people. From 1986 to 1990 she was a secretary in the Canadian Consulate in Shanghai and then an English teacher at a Japanese school. She met film actors, directors and writers, appeared in two films and a seven-part TV programme, and travelled across China, but visited Vancouver from time to time and returned there to stay in 1991.²⁹ Her mother, Bernice, had married Walter Reid, but he died in 1999.³⁰



| CANADIAN WILSON FAMILY ANCESTRY | |
|---|--|
| <i>Descendants of George Hartley Wilson (1906-1977) George Being the Son of Joseph Wilson (1870-1953) & the Grandson of Joseph "Joe" Wilson - Bard of Newcastle (1841-1875)</i> | |
| Shirley-Kasandra (Hindlet-Gaul) Keith nee Wilson | |
| *Michel Philippe Georges Hindlet | |
| Jean Michel Georges Hindlet | |
| Beau Roland Charles Hindlet | |
| *Patrick Lesley Gaul | |
| Julian Alexander Gaul | |
| Stephanie Jocelyn Labonte Gaul | |
| *Craig Allan Gaul | |
| *Carey Donald Gaul | |
| Joshua Alexander Gaul | |
| Leonard Hartley Wilson | |
| *Grant Hartley Wilson | |
| Jordyn Hartley Wilson | |
| *Cameron Leonard Wilson | |
| Shael Garnet Wilson | |
| Alden Jasper Wilson | |
| *Kathryn Gail Wilson | |
| George Terry Wilson | |
| *Susanne Debra Wilson | |
| Shayna Ann Wilson-Coughlan | |
| *Jennifer Lynn Wilson | |
| Caisia Hady Chatsis Wilson | |
| Bowen Ross Hartley Wilson-Sharp | |
| Caroline Bernice (Hoffman) Poloni nee Wilson | |
| *Kyle Jon Hoffman | |
| *Kara Lynn Hoffman | |
| Anthony Kurtis Hoffman | |
| Abigail Ruby Calvert | |

38

The Friends of Jesmond Old Cemetery put it up in the South Lodge and Kasandra and Terry saw the plaque at the Civic Centre.



On 29 November 2016, 175 years after Joe Wilson was born, the Lord Mayor, accompanied by her consort, Billy Mitchell and Ray Laidlaw, unveiled the plaque, along with Joe's great-granddaughters Kasandra and Caroline.



39

References

1. The Gallowgate Lad

- ¹Tebbs 2012: [vi, ix-xi]
²Courtesy of Meg Hartford
³Tebbs 2012: [ix]
⁴Morgan 2007: 34
⁵Oliver 1838
⁶McCord 1977: 12
⁷Wilson 1890: xvii
⁸Courtesy of Meg Hartford
⁹Colls 2007
¹⁰Richmond 1868: 175
¹¹Courtesy of Meg Hartford
¹²Wilson 1872a: 143
¹³1858-1865 Ordnance Survey
¹⁴Tebbs 2012: [ix]
¹⁵Wilson 1872a: 143
¹⁶Tebbs 2012: [iii, ix]
¹⁷Wilson 1890: xxxvi
¹⁸Wilkinson 1895: 10
¹⁹Wilson 1890: xxxvi
²⁰Wilson 1872a: 143
²¹Allan 1891: 393-4
²²Tebbs 2012: [viii]
²³Wilson 1890: xviii, xxxvi
²⁴Wilson 1872a: 143
²⁵Wilson 1890: xix-xx
²⁶*Newcastle Chronicle* 5 Apr 1859
²⁷Courtesy of Keith Gregson
²⁸Tebbs 2012: [vi, ix-x]
²⁹Death certificate
³⁰Tebbs 2012: [vi]
³¹Anon ND: 1: 190
³²Wilson 1890: xxv-xxvi, xxxviii
³³Wilson 1872a: 5-6, 20-1
³⁴Allan Papers
³⁵Wilson 1890: xix

2. The Working Men's Club

- ¹*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 25 Sep, 16 Nov, 26 Dec, 2, 7, 10, 29 Jan 1861
²*Newcastle Courant* 15 Mar 1861
³Tebbs 2012: [iv], x
⁴1863-4 & 1865-6 directories
⁵Wilson 1890: xxiii
⁶Harrison 1994: 317
⁷Wilson 1872a: 144
⁸Harker 2012: 91-2
⁹Wilson 1872a: 8
¹⁰Wilkinson 1895: 11
¹¹Harker 2012: 47
¹²*Newcastle Guardian* 18 Jan 1862
¹³Hutchinson Correspondence
¹⁴*Newcastle Chronicle* 23 Jun 1832
¹⁵Allan Correspondence
¹⁶Hutchinson Correspondence
¹⁷Allan Papers
¹⁸Clarke 1979: 3-6, 9
¹⁹Allan Papers
²⁰Hutchinson Correspondence
²¹Allan 2008: 5-7, 36, 41
²²Wilson 1890: xxv
²³*Newcastle Guardian* 26 Apr 1862
²⁴Wilson 1890: xxv
²⁵*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 27 Feb 1891
²⁶Wilson 1872a: 13-14, 144
²⁷ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/static/images/sheets/15000/11330.gif
²⁸Joe Wilson Collection
²⁹Wilson 1872a: 34-7
³⁰Midford 1818: 5-8
³¹Wilson 1890: xx
³²Corven 1853
³³Wilson 1872a: 24-5
³⁴ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/static/images/sheets/15000/10536.gif
³⁵Wilson 1872a: 7-8, 144

- ³⁶ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/static/images/sheets/10000/05089.gif
³⁷Wilson 1872a: 41-2
³⁸Wilson 1890: xviii
³⁹ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/static/images/sheets/10000/09616.gif
⁴⁰Wilson 1872a: 9-10
⁴¹Scarlett 1899
⁴²Latimer 1857: 340
⁴³Anon 1889a: 130-1
⁴⁴Wilson 1872a: 2, 4
⁴⁵Todd 1991: 57
⁴⁶Tebbs 2012: [ix]
⁴⁷www.loc.gov/item/ihas.200001912
⁴⁸Wilson 1872a: 107-8, 144
⁴⁹*Newcastle Courant* 9 Oct 1863
⁵⁰*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 27 Oct 1863
⁵¹*Newcastle Guardian* 31 Oct 1863
⁵²*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 2, 4, 5, 14 Nov, 27 Dec 1863, 16 Jan, 9, 22 Feb, 25 Oct 1864
⁵³*Newcastle Journal* 8, 22 Nov 1864
⁵⁴Scarlett 1899
⁵⁵Undated cutting in Newcastle Central Library copy of Wilson 1890
⁵⁶Wilson 1890: xxiv
⁵⁷ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/static/images/sheets/05000/00920.gif
⁵⁸Wilson 1872a: 21-2, 144
⁵⁹Wilson 1890: xxii

3. The Oxford Music Hall

- ¹Rutherford ND: 7-11, 31-2
²*Newcastle Guardian* 8 Sep 1860
³Rutherford ND: 9-11
⁴*Newcastle Journal* 3, 21 Dec 1863, 10 Feb 1864
⁵*Era* 10 Apr 1864
⁶*Newcastle Courant* 6 May 1864
⁷*Newcastle Guardian* 1, 8, 10, 15 Sep 1864
⁸*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 18 Jan 1865
⁹www.bl.uk/onlinegallery/onlineex/firemaps/england/northeast/largeimage149804.html
¹⁰*Era* 12 Sep 1869
¹¹*Newcastle Guardian* 18 Sep 1869
¹²Adams 1903: 474-5
¹³Allan 1872: facing 17
¹⁴*Newcastle Guardian* 17 Dec 1864
¹⁵Todd 1992: 37-41
¹⁶Allan Papers
¹⁷Tebbs 2012: [ix]
¹⁸Wilson 1890: xxii
¹⁹*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 24 Dec 1891
²⁰Wilson 1890: xxii
²¹Chater 1865
²²*Era* 1 Jan 1865
²³*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 2 Jan 1865
²⁴*Newcastle Guardian* 7 Jan 1865
²⁵*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 18 Jan 1865
²⁶*Era* 15 Jan 1865
²⁷Wilson 1890: xxiii, xxv, xxxvi
²⁸Allan Papers
²⁹*Newcastle Guardian* 13 Jan 1866
³⁰Wilson 1865: front and back covers
³¹Wilson 1890: xxv
³²www.loc.gov/item/amss.sb20222a
³³Fordyce 1838: 3-12
³⁴Wilson 1872a: 81-2
³⁵Wilson 1890: xxiii-xxv
³⁶ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/search/?query=miller+of+the+dee
³⁷Wilson 1865: 39, 43-9, 52, 59
³⁸*Newcastle Guardian* 11 Feb 1865
³⁹*Era* 12 Feb 1865
⁴⁰*Shields Daily Gazette* 22 Feb 1865
⁴¹Wilson 1890: xxii-xxiii
⁴²*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 4, 9, 14, 16, 27 Mar, 8, 10 Apr 1865
⁴³*Newcastle Courant* 3 Sep 1858
⁴⁴*Illustrated London News* 25 Sep 1858
⁴⁵*Newcastle Daily Journal* 18 Apr 1865
⁴⁶*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 18 Apr 1865

⁴⁷ *Newcastle Guardian* 15, 22 Apr 1865
⁴⁸ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 22, 27-8 Apr, 1 May 1865
⁴⁹ *Era* 7, 21 May 1865
⁵⁰ *Newcastle Guardian* 29 Apr, 6, 13, 27 May 1865
⁵¹ Allan 1891: 392
⁵² Wilson 1890: xxxiv
⁵³ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 15 Feb 1875
⁵⁴ *Newcastle* 1855: 55
⁵⁵ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 26 May 1865
⁵⁶ levysheetmusic.mse.jhu.edu/catalog/levy:103.038
⁵⁷ Wilson 1872a: 55-7
⁵⁸ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 6 Jun 1865
⁵⁹ *Newcastle Guardian* 3, 10, 17, 24 Jun, 1 Jul 1865
⁶⁰ *Era* 4 Jun 1865
⁶¹ Rutherford ND: 13
⁶² *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 22 Jun 1865
⁶³ *Era* 9 Jul 1865
⁶⁴ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 28 Jul 1865
⁶⁵ 1865 directory
⁶⁶ Tilly 2010: 12-14, 21, 24
⁶⁷ *Era* 17 Sep 1865
⁶⁸ *Newcastle Guardian* 18 Aug 1865
⁶⁹ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 21, 28 Aug, 5 Sep 1865
⁷⁰ *Newcastle Guardian* 2 Sep 1865
⁷¹ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 7, 9, 11, 26 Sep, 10 Oct 1865
⁷² *Shields Daily Gazette* 14, 16, 17, 23 Oct 1865
⁷³ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 26 Oct 1865
⁷⁴ *Era* 29 Oct 1865
⁷⁵ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 31 Oct, 7 Nov 1865
⁷⁶ *Shields Daily Gazette* 9 Nov 1865
⁷⁷ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 10, 21 Nov 1865
⁷⁸ Newcastle Freeman's Registers

4. All the Principal Concert Halls

¹ Wilson 1890: xxiii
² Allan 1891: 476-82
³ Allan 1866: title-page
⁴ Allen 1971: 10
⁵ *Era* 19 Nov 1865
⁶ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 28 Nov, 5 Dec 1865
⁷ *Era* 10, 17 Dec 1865
⁸ *Newcastle Guardian* 5 Jan 1866
⁹ *Era* 7 Jan 1866
¹⁰ *Durham County Advertiser* 12 Jan 1866
¹¹ *Newcastle Guardian* 13 Jan 1866
¹² *Durham County Advertiser* 26 Jan 1866
¹³ *Era* 14 Jan 1866
¹⁴ *Jarrow Chronicle* 14 Oct 1871
¹⁵ *Newcastle Guardian* 20 Jan 1866
¹⁶ *Era* 21, 28 Jan 1866
¹⁷ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 5-6, 10, 26-8 Feb, 2, 5 Mar 1866
¹⁸ *Era* 4 Mar 1866
¹⁹ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 16, 27 Mar, 3 Apr 1866
²⁰ *Era* 15, 29 Apr 1866
²¹ *Carlisle Patriot* 1 May 1866
²² Rutherford ND: 12
²³ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 15 May 1866
²⁴ *Era* 22 May 1866
²⁵ Wilson 1872a: 57-60, 67-9, 96
²⁶ Wilkinson 1895: 12
²⁷ Allan 1891: 34-44
²⁸ Bell 1812: 314-16
²⁹ Wilson 1872a: 66-7
³⁰ en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nelly_Gray_%28song%29
³¹ www.vwml.org/search/search-roud-indexes?qttext=nottingham%20goose%20fair&ts=1412324324138&collectionfilter=RoudFS;RoudBS#
³² Wilson 1872a: 89-90, 96, 98-102, 104, 110-12
³³ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 5, 25 Jun 1866
³⁴ *Morpeth Herald* 30 Jun 1866
³⁵ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 7 Jul 1866
³⁶ *Era* 8, 22 Jul, 12 Aug, 30 Sep, 1866
³⁷ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 21-22, 29 Aug, 6, 24, 26-7 Sep, 2 Oct 1866
³⁸ *Era* 21 Oct 1866
³⁹ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 22-3 Oct 1866
⁴⁰ *Era* 4, 18 Nov 1866
⁴¹ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 6, 20, 27 Nov 1866
⁴² *Era* 2, 9 Dec 1866
⁴³ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 10-15, 19 Dec 1866

⁴⁴ Chater 1867
⁴⁵ ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/search/title/Pats%20curiosity%20shop
⁴⁶ Wilson 1872a: 117-18
⁴⁷ www.loc.gov/item/amss003682/
⁴⁸ Wilson 1872a: 119-20
⁴⁹ www.vwml.org/record/FK/16/31/1
⁵⁰ *Newcastle Journal* 21 Jan 1867
⁵¹ 1867 directory
⁵² *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 6, 8 Feb 1867
⁵³ *Era* 10 Feb
⁵⁴ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 12, 23, 26 Mar, 2 Apr 1867
⁵⁵ *Era* 7 April 1867
⁵⁶ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 16 Apr 1867
⁵⁷ *Era* 28 Apr, 19 May 1867
⁵⁸ Sharp 1851 Supplement: 133
⁵⁹ *Era* 26 Sep 1852
⁶⁰ *Era* 19 May 1867
⁶¹ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 10 Jun 1867
⁶² *Morpeth Herald* 13 Jul 1867
⁶³ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 13, 18, 20 Jun, 29 Jul 1867
⁶⁴ *Newcastle Journal* 30 Jul 1867
⁶⁵ *Era* 30 Jun, 4 Aug 1867
⁶⁶ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 13 Aug 1867
⁶⁷ *Era* 18 Aug 1867
⁶⁸ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 26 Aug 1867
⁶⁹ *Newcastle Journal* 3 Sep 1867
⁷⁰ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 24 Sep 1867
⁷¹ en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Henry_Clay_Work
⁷² Wilson 1872a: 140-1, 148-50
⁷³ Lillie 1968: 207
⁷⁴ *Era* 6 Oct 1867
⁷⁵ *Newcastle Journal* 15 Oct 1867
⁷⁶ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 8, 15 Oct 1867
⁷⁷ *Era* 24 Nov 1867
⁷⁸ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 12, 19 Nov, 16 Dec 1867
⁷⁹ Wilson 1872a: 143-4
⁸⁰ Wilson 1890: xxv
⁸¹ *Newcastle Journal* 12, 14, 14 Dec 1867
⁸² *Era* 15 Dec 1867
⁸³ www.arthurlloyd.co.uk/Newcastle/TyneTheatreNewcastle.htm
⁸⁴ *Newcastle Guardian* 28 Dec 1867
⁸⁵ *Newcastle Courant* 7 Feb 1868
⁸⁶ Allan Papers
⁸⁷ Wilson 1890: xxxv
⁸⁸ Allan Papers
⁸⁹ *Durham Chronicle* 3 Jan 1868
⁹⁰ *Newcastle Journal* 8 Jan 1868
⁹¹ *Newcastle Guardian* 11, 25 Jan 1868
⁹² Rutherford ND: 17
⁹³ *Era* 2 Feb 1868
⁹⁴ *Durham Chronicle* 14 Feb 1868
⁹⁵ *Era* 29 Mar, 3 May 1868
⁹⁶ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 4 Jun 1858
⁹⁷ Tebbs 2012: [iii, ix]
⁹⁸ Courtesy of Bob Garside
⁹⁹ *Newcastle Guardian* 2 May 1868
¹⁰⁰ Death certificate
¹⁰¹ Courtesy of Bob Garside
¹⁰² Dodd 2014: 68
¹⁰³ *Era* 14, 21 Jun 1868
¹⁰⁴ *Newcastle Journal* 16 Feb 1893
¹⁰⁵ Anderson 1808: 154
¹⁰⁶ Wilson 1872a: 163
¹⁰⁷ *Newcastle Guardian* 4 Jul 1868
¹⁰⁸ *Era* 12 Jul 1868
¹⁰⁹ *Durham County Advertiser* 10 Jul 1868
¹¹⁰ *Durham Chronicle* 10 Jul 1868
¹¹¹ *Newcastle Guardian* 28 Aug, 12 Sep 1868
¹¹² *Era* 27 Sep, 11 Oct 1868
¹¹³ Newcastle Freeman's Register
¹¹⁴ ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/static/images/sheets/05000/02862.gif
¹¹⁵ Joe Wilson Collection
¹¹⁶ *Shields Daily Gazette* 20 Nov 1868
¹¹⁷ Chater 1869: 7-8
¹¹⁸ *Newcastle Guardian* 26 Dec 1868

5. Stage-Manager Joe Wilson

¹ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 1 Jan 1869

- ² *Era* 1, 10 Jan 1869
- ³ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 12, 17 Feb 1869
- ⁴ *Era* 7 Mar 1869
- ⁵ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 20 Apr 1869
- ⁶ *Newcastle Courant* 7 May 1869
- ⁷ Wilson 1869: 10-11
- ⁸ Allan 2008: 8
- ⁹ *Era* 23 May, 13 Jun 1869
- ¹⁰ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 13 Jul 1869
- ¹¹ *Era* 18 Jul 1869
- ¹² Courtesy of Meg Hartford
- ¹³ *Newcastle Guardian* 7 Aug 1869
- ¹⁴ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 12, 18, 31 Aug 1869
- ¹⁵ *Shields Daily Gazette* 4 Sep 1869
- ¹⁶ Wilson 1872a: 143-4
- ¹⁷ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 6 Sep 1869
- ¹⁸ *Newcastle Guardian* 11 Sep 1869
- ¹⁹ *Morpeth Herald* 20 Feb 1864
- ²⁰ *Shields Daily Gazette* 17 Jul 1869
- ²¹ *Era* 12 Sep 1869
- ²² *Newcastle Guardian* 18 Sep 1869
- ²³ *Era* 19 Sep 1869
- ²⁴ Joe Wilson Collection
- ²⁵ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 21 Sep 1869
- ²⁶ *Shields Daily Gazette* 22 Sep 1869
- ²⁷ *Era* 26 Sep 1869
- ²⁸ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 28 Sep 1869
- ²⁹ *Shields Daily Gazette* 1 Oct 1869
- ³⁰ *Era* 3, 17 Oct 1869
- ³¹ Oswald 1936: 117
- ³² *Era* 24 Oct
- ³³ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 9 Nov 1869
- ³⁴ *Era* 14, 21 Nov 1869
- ³⁵ Whitehead 2004: 75-6
- ³⁶ Joe Wilson Collection
- ³⁷ *Era* 5 Dec 1869
- ³⁸ *Shields Daily Gazette* 7 Dec 1869
- ³⁹ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 16 Dec 1869
- ⁴⁰ *Newcastle Guardian* 1 Jan 1870
- ⁴¹ Wilson 1869
- ⁴² *Newcastle Guardian* 1 Jan 1870
- ⁴³ *Era* 2, 9 Jan 1870
- ⁴⁴ Allan 1872: 311
- ⁴⁵ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 9-10 Jun 1898
- ⁴⁶ *Newcastle Courant* 19 Oct 1866, 4 Jan 1867
- ⁴⁷ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 9 Jan 1870
- ⁴⁸ *Era* 16, 23, 30 Jan, 6 Feb 1870
- ⁴⁹ *Newcastle Journal* 21 Feb 1870
- ⁵⁰ *Newcastle Guardian* 2 Apr 1870
- ⁵¹ www.picturesofgateshead.co.uk/engravings_newcastle2/mechanicsinst.jpg
- ⁵² *Newcastle Guardian* 2 Apr 1870
- ⁵³ Tebbs 2012: [viii]
- ⁵⁴ *Newcastle Guardian* 9, 23 Apr 1870
- ⁵⁵ *Era* 24 Apr 1870
- ⁵⁶ Joe Wilson Collection

6. Manager, Mr JOE WILSON

- ¹ Anon ND: 1: 59
- ² Wilson 1870: cover
- ³ Wilson 1872a: 156-62
- ⁴ Anderson 1898: [8], 13-14
- ⁵ *Morpeth Herald* 18 May 1899
- ⁶ Anderson 1898: 14, 19
- ⁷ Allan 1891: 519
- ⁸ Wilson 1890: xxiv
- ⁹ ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/search/?query=die+an+old+maird
- ¹⁰ Wilson 1872a: 167-8, 181
- ¹¹ Dent 1870: 22
- ¹² Wilson 1872a: 173-8
- ¹³ www.chroniclelive.co.uk/news/north-east-news/joe-wilson-bard-tyneside-blue-11180777
- ¹⁴ *Newcastle Guardian* 23 Apr 1870
- ¹⁵ *Newcastle Courant* 6 May 1870
- ¹⁶ *Era* 15 May 1870
- ¹⁷ *Newcastle Guardian* 21, 28 May, 4 Jun 1870
- ¹⁸ *Era* 12, 19 Jun 1870
- ¹⁹ *Newcastle Courant* 24 Jun 1870
- ²⁰ Joe Wilson Collection

- ²¹ *Newcastle Courant* 15, 22 Jul 1870
- ²² Gustar 2014
- ²³ Wilson 1872a: 183-4, 186-7
- ²⁴ ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/search/?query=true+lover%27s+farewell
- ²⁵ Wilson 1890: xxiv-xxv
- ²⁶ en.wikipedia.org/wiki/98th_Prince_of_Wales%27s%29_Regiment_of_Foot
- ²⁷ fwpages.blogspot.co.uk/2014/01/origins-of-song-finnegans-wake.html
- ²⁸ Wilson 1872a: 187-8, 190-1
- ²⁹ *Newcastle Courant* 5 Aug 1870
- ³⁰ *Era* 21 Aug 1870
- ³¹ Death certificate
- ³² *Shields Daily News* 26, 30 Sep 1870
- ³³ *Era* 2 Oct 1870
- ³⁴ *Newcastle Guardian* 1, 8 Oct 1870
- ³⁵ Dodd 2014: 110, 112, 116, 127-8
- ³⁶ Hair 1844: facing 50
- ³⁷ Dodd 2014: 122
- ³⁸ Whelan 1856: 250, 336
- ³⁹ Latimer 1857: 395
- ⁴⁰ Dodd 1897: 128-30, 166
- ⁴¹ 1861 Ordnance Survey
- ⁴² www.durhamintime.org.uk/tudhoe/history.htm
- ⁴³ Dodd 1897: 131, 149, 171, 180, 188, 191, 215
- ⁴⁴ Allen 1971: 10
- ⁴⁵ McCord 1977: 7
- ⁴⁶ Dodd 1897: 169-70
- ⁴⁷ *Era* 13 Feb 1870
- ⁴⁸ Dodd 1897: 173
- ⁴⁹ *Era* 6 Nov, 4 Dec 1870
- ⁵⁰ *Newcastle Guardian* 3 Dec 1870
- ⁵¹ *Era* 8 Jan 1871
- ⁵² Bath & Stevenson 2013: 35
- ⁵³ *Era* 6, 20, 27 Nov, 4, 11 Dec 1870, 5, 12 Feb 1871
- ⁵⁴ Courtesy of Vin Arthey
- ⁵⁵ *Era* 12 Feb 1871
- ⁵⁶ Anderson 1898: [11], 14
- ⁵⁷ Harrison 1994: 232, 303-4
- ⁵⁸ Colls & Lancaster 2001: 172, 177
- ⁵⁹ *Era* 7, 14 May 1871
- ⁶⁰ *London & Provincial Entre'acte* 13, 20 May, 3, 24 Jun, 8, 13, 15, 22, 29 Jul 1871
- ⁶¹ *Era* 30 Jul 1871
- ⁶² *London and Provincial Entr'acte* 5 Aug 1871
- ⁶³ *Newcastle Guardian* 19 Aug 1871
- ⁶⁴ *Era* 20 Aug 1871
- ⁶⁵ *Newcastle Guardian* 26 Aug 1871
- ⁶⁶ Wilson 1872a: 193-202
- ⁶⁷ Whitehead 2004: 121-8
- ⁶⁸ *Newcastle Guardian* 2 Sep 1871
- ⁶⁹ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 2 Sep 1871
- ⁷⁰ Wilson 1874a: 220-1
- ⁷¹ Whitehead 2004: 122-3, 132-3
- ⁷² Tebbs 2014: [iii]
- ⁷³ Davies 2013: 63-4
- ⁷⁴ Tebbs 2014: [iii]
- ⁷⁵ McCord & Saville 1974: 71-6
- ⁷⁶ Allen 1971: 52-3, 80, 84, 86-91, 99-125-30
- ⁷⁷ Bailey 1978: 222
- ⁷⁸ Allen 1971: 123, 133-8, 145
- ⁷⁹ Tebbs 2014: [iii]
- ⁸⁰ Vicinus 1974: 58-9
- ⁸¹ *Illustrated London News* Sep 1871
- ⁸² Newcastle Central Library copy of Burnett 1872
- ⁸³ *London & Provincial Entre'acte* 9 Sep 1871
- ⁸⁴ *Newcastle Guardian* 16 Sep 1871
- ⁸⁵ Allen 1971: 147-50, 163, 165
- ⁸⁶ Newcastle Central Library copy of Burnett 1872
- ⁸⁷ *Era* 24 Sep 1871
- ⁸⁸ Whitehead 2004: 134
- ⁸⁹ Wilson 1874a: 269
- ⁹⁰ Allen 1971: 173-5
- ⁹¹ Wilson 1890: 324-5
- ⁹² *London & Provincial Entre'acte* 23 Sep 1871
- ⁹³ Allen 1971: 123, 125, 178-9
- ⁹⁴ McCord & Saville 1974: 71-6
- ⁹⁵ Burnett 1872
- ⁹⁶ Jarrow Chronicle 14 Oct 1871
- ⁹⁷ Allan 1872: 310-11
- ⁹⁸ *Alnwick Mercury* 16 Dec 1871

⁹⁹ Wilson 1890: xxvi

7. The Royal Adelaide Hotel

¹ 1871-1872 directory

² *Newcastle Courant* 31 Aug 1866

³ Wilson 1890: xxvi

⁴ Wilkinson 1895: 6

⁵ Allan 1891: 506

⁶ Chater 1872: [i, iii, 23], 81, 84-8, 102-4

⁷ Wilkinson 1895: 11

⁸ *Era* 21, 28 Jan, 17 Mar 1872

⁹ Tebbs 2012: [viii]

¹⁰ www.visionofbritain.org.uk/unit/10139466/theme/VITAL

¹¹ 1871-1872 directory

¹² *Musical Times* 1 Jan 1860: 224

¹³ Joe Wilson Collection

¹⁴ Wilson 1874a: [2]30-1

¹⁵ *Era* 28 Apr 1872

¹⁶ *Newcastle Guardian* 4 May 1872

¹⁷ *London & Provincial Entre-acte* 11 May 1872

¹⁸ *Newcastle Guardian* 18 May 1872

¹⁹ *Era* 11 Aug 1872

²⁰ Wilson 1872a: front cover, [3], back cover

²¹ Allan Papers

²² Allan 1872: 310-12

²³ *Newcastle Journal* 27 Jan 1893

²⁴ Allan Papers

²⁵ Allan 1872: title-page, Note, 182-3, 230-3, 242, 283, 303-5, 310-11, 357

²⁶ Wilson 1872b

²⁷ digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic/3/

²⁸ ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/static/images/sheets/20000/18450.gif

²⁹ Wilson 1972b: 1-3

³⁰ Harrison 1994: 99, 316, 318

³¹ *Newcastle Courant* 8 Nov 1872

³² Wilson 1972b: 4-5

³³ ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/view/8e39ab1a-cb22-47b2-9dab-9a8ca17a3300/

³⁴ Wilson 1972b: 6-7

³⁵ ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/static/images/sheets/20000/16346.gif

³⁶ Wilson 1872a: 133

³⁷ Wilson 1972b: 8

³⁸ *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 18 Apr 1914

³⁹ Wilson 1874a: 225-6

⁴⁰ Joe Wilson Collection

⁴¹ *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 18 Apr 1914

⁴² Wilson 1874a: 218-19

⁴³ *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 27 Feb 1891

⁴⁴ Wilson 1890: xxvii

⁴⁵ *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 27 Feb 1891

⁴⁶ Wilson 1872c: 'Note,' 181

⁴⁷ Allan Papers

⁴⁸ Milne 1971: 21, 40-1, 132

⁴⁹ Wilson 1890: xxviii

⁵⁰ *Era* 29 Dec 1872

⁵¹ Chater 1873: 64, 68-9, 73, 77-8

⁵² *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 18 Apr 1914

⁵³ *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 26 Dec 1891

⁵⁴ Lawson 1873: 376-8

⁵⁵ 1873 directory

⁵⁶ Wilson 1890: xxvi

⁵⁷ *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 27 Feb 1891

8. Cum print us a funeral caird, Mister Printer

¹ *Era* 12 Jan, 16 Feb 1873

² 1873-4 directory

³ Anon ND: 1: 59

⁴ *Morpeth Herald* 1 Mar 1873

⁵ *Era* 16 Mar 1873

⁶ *Shields Daily Gazette* 28 Mar 1873

⁷ *Era* 11 May, 8, 15 Jun, 14 Sep 1873

⁸ *Morpeth Herald* 4 Oct 1873

⁹ Joe Wilson Collection

¹⁰ Wilson 1890: 362-8

¹¹ Joe Wilson Collection

¹² *Era* 31 Aug 1873

¹³ Joe Wilson Collection

¹⁴ Wilson 1890: 303-4

¹⁵ Joe Wilson Collection

¹⁶ *Newcastle Courant* 15 Mar 1861

¹⁷ Joe Wilson Collection

¹⁸ Wilson 1890: 353-6

¹⁹ ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/search/?query=little+dick

²⁰ Wilson 1890: 360-1

²¹ Joe Wilson Collection

²² ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/static/images/sheets/15000/10420.gif

²³ Joe Wilson Collection

²⁴ Wilson 1890: 359-60

²⁵ Joe Wilson Collection

²⁶ Wilson 1890: 371-2

²⁷ Joe Wilson Collection

²⁸ Wilson 1890: 376-7

²⁹ Allan 1873: title-page, 65, 134, 138, 152, 166, 177, 180, 277

³⁰ Dickens 1879: 183-5

³¹ Allan 1873: 16

³² Emery 1992: 9

³³ *Era* 7 Dec 1873

³⁴ Joe Wilson Collection

³⁵ Wilson 1890: 373-4

³⁶ sniff.numachi.com/~rickheit/dtrad/pages/tiERNGOBRA;ttERNGOBRA.html

³⁷ Joe Wilson Collection

³⁸ Wilson 1890: 356-7

³⁹ ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/search/?query=Turn+a+Little+Handle

⁴⁰ Joe Wilson Collection

⁴¹ Midford 1816: 9-10

⁴² Wilson 1890: 361-2

⁴³ Allan Papers

⁴⁴ Hutchinson 1968

⁴⁵ 1874 directory

⁴⁶ Hutchinson 1968

⁴⁷ Allan 2008: 7, 36, 38

⁴⁸ Wilson 1874a: [2]53-4

⁴⁹ Diamond 2013: 90

⁵⁰ Joe Wilson Collection

⁵¹ Wilson 1890: xxix, 380-1

⁵² Allan Papers

⁵³ Wilson 1890: 377

⁵⁴ [www.hymnary.org/text/lord i hear of showers of blessing](http://www.hymnary.org/text/lord_i_hear_of_showers_of_blessing)

⁵⁵ Wilson 1890: xxix

⁵⁶ Colls & Lancaster 2001: 176

⁵⁷ www.flickr.com/photos/newcastlelibraries/4075599657/

⁵⁸ Wilson 1890: xxix

⁵⁹ Joe Wilson Collection

⁶⁰ Wilson 1890: 349-50.

⁶¹ Joe Wilson Collection

⁶² Wilson 1874a: 284

⁶³ ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/view/dbe5184e-3a6b-4b41-bba8-c24a7878e2c0/

⁶⁴ [en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United Kingdom general election, 1874](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United_Kingdom_general_election,_1874)

⁶⁵ Marx & Engels 1988: 611-16

⁶⁶ www.vwml.org/search/search-roud-indexes?qtext=Maria%20Jones&ts=1448360580454&collectionfilter=RoudFS;RoudBS

⁶⁷ Allan Papers

⁶⁸ Wilson 1890: 378-9

⁶⁹ ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/static/images/sheets/05000/02106.gif

⁷⁰ Wilson 1874a: 217-18

⁷¹ *Falkirk Herald* 30 Apr 1874

⁷² *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 21 Mar 1874

⁷³ *Era* 22 Mar 1874

⁷⁴ Joe Wilson Collection

⁷⁵ *Era* 17 Apr 1874

⁷⁶ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 8 Apr 1874

⁷⁷ *Era* 19 Apr 1874

⁷⁸ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 23 Apr 1874

⁷⁹ *Era* 26 Apr 1874

⁸⁰ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 28 Apr 1874

⁸¹ Allan Papers

⁸² en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Joseph_Sadler

⁸³ Walker 1855

⁸⁴ Joe Wilson Collection

⁸⁵ Wilson 1890: xxv

⁸⁶ Wilson 1874a: 203-7

⁸⁷ *Era* 10 May 1874

9. I would like to see my children reared

- ¹Wilson 1874a: 207-9, 211-12
- ²Anon 1889b: 271
- ³*Newcastle Courant* 30 Aug 1853, 20 Mar 1863
- ⁴[en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Michael_Barrett_\(Fenian\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Michael_Barrett_(Fenian))
- ⁵Wilson 1874a: 73-4
- ⁶Wilson 1890: 387
- ⁷Allan Papers
- ⁸Joe Wilson Collection
- ⁹Wilson 1890: 351-2
- ¹⁰Allan Papers
- ¹¹Joe Wilson Collection
- ¹²Author's copy of Wilson 1874
- ¹³Wilson 1874a: 207-9, 211-12
- ¹⁴Wilson 1874b: front cover, title-page, [i-iii], back cover
- ¹⁵Wilson 1874c: title-page
- ¹⁶*Era* 12 Jul 1874
- ¹⁷*Sunderland Daily Echo* 20-1, 23 Jul 1874
- ¹⁸Tebbs 2012: [viii]
- ¹⁹*Era* 9, 16, 23 Aug 1874
- ²⁰Allan Papers
- ²¹Wilson 1890: xxix
- ²²*Era* 30 Aug 1874
- ²³Wilson 1890: xxix
- ²⁴*Era* 6 Sep 1874
- ²⁵Wilson 1890: xxix
- ²⁶*Newcastle Courant* 16 Oct 1874
- ²⁷*Shields Daily Gazette* 5 Mar 1874
- ²⁸Allan 1891: 515
- ²⁹www.geograph.org.uk/photo/888522
- ³⁰*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 26 Dec 1891
- ³¹Wilson 1890: xxx
- ³²Joe Wilson Collection
- ³³Wilson 1890: xxx
- ³⁴Joe Wilson Collection
- ³⁵Wilson 1890: xxiii, xxxi
- ³⁶Joe Wilson Collection
- ³⁷*Era* 27 Dec 1874
- ³⁸ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/static/images/sheets/05000/04149.gif
- ³⁹Wilson 1890: xxxviii
- ⁴⁰Allan 1874d: 1: title-page
- ⁴¹*Morpeth Herald* 2 Jan 1875
- ⁴²*Sunderland Daily Echo* 19 Jan 1875
- ⁴³*Jarrow Express* 20 Feb 1875
- ⁴⁴Wilson 1890: xxxi
- ⁴⁵*Sunderland Daily Echo* 15 Feb 1875
- ⁴⁶*Shields Daily Gazette* 15 Feb 1875
- ⁴⁷*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 15, 16 Feb 1875
- ⁴⁸*Sunderland Daily Echo* 16 Feb 1875
- ⁴⁹Wilson 1890: xxxiii-xxxiv
- ⁵⁰Morgan 2000: 20
- ⁵¹Courtesy of Bob Garside
- ⁵²Wilson 1890: xxxiii-xxxiv
- ⁵³*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 18 Feb 1875
- ⁵⁴*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 20 Feb 1875
- ⁵⁵*Newcastle Daily Journal* 20 Feb 1875
- ⁵⁶Wilson 1890: xxxiv, xxxvi-xl
- ⁵⁷*Morpeth Herald* 20 Feb 1875
- ⁵⁸*Jarrow Express* 20 Feb 1875
- ⁵⁹*Jarrow Guardian* 20, 27 Feb 1875
- ⁶⁰*Era* 21 Feb 1875
- ⁶¹*Northern Echo* 22 Feb 1875
- ⁶²*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 24 Feb 1875
- ⁶³Wilson 1890: xxxii
- ⁶⁴Allan Papers
- ⁶⁵Joe Wilson Collection
- ⁶⁶*Sunderland Daily Echo* 16 Mar 1875
- ⁶⁷Tebbs 2012: [viii]
- ⁶⁸Courtesy of Bob Garside
- ⁶⁹*Sunderland Daily Echo* 1875
- ⁷⁰*Era* 19 Dec 1875

10. Reflection and moral reform

- ¹*Newcastle Courant* 14 Apr 1894
- ²*Morpeth Herald* 12 Aug 1876
- ³Harrison 1876: title-page, 19-20
- ⁴*Newcastle Courant* 22 Dec 1876

- ⁵Allan 2008: 7, 34
- ⁶Rutherford ND: 18
- ⁷*Manchester Times* 22 May 1880
- ⁸*Morpeth Herald* 18 Dec 1880
- ⁹Allan 2008: 39
- ¹⁰1881-1882 directory
- ¹¹Allan Correspondence
- ¹²www.nfa.dept.shef.ac.uk/history/charter/newcastle.html
- ¹³Allan 2008: 7, 38
- ¹⁴*Shields Daily Gazette* 18 Mar 1884
- ¹⁵*Morpeth Herald* 31 May 1884, 29 May 1886
- ¹⁶Allan 2008: 37, 39
- ¹⁷Hutchinson Correspondence
- ¹⁸Allan Correspondence
- ¹⁹Allan Papers
- ²⁰Allan 2008: 36
- ²¹*Shields Daily Gazette* 11 Oct 1886
- ²²*Morpeth Herald* 26 Feb, 22 Oct 1887
- ²³*Sunderland Daily Echo* 5 Dec 1887
- ²⁴*Shields Daily Gazette* 7 May 1888
- ²⁵Crawhall 1888: [ii]-iii, viii.
- ²⁶en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Bowdler
- ²⁷Allan Papers
- ²⁸Crawhall 1888: 96-101
- ²⁹*Newcastle Courant* 31 Aug 1888
- ³⁰*Morpeth Herald* 9 Mar 1889
- ³¹*Shields Daily Gazette* 11 Mar 1889
- ³²Allan 2008: 42
- ³³Andrews 1888: Preface, 72-6
- ³⁴*Newcastle Weekly Courant* 30 Mar 1889
- ³⁵Wilson 1890: xli
- ³⁶*South Wales Daily News* 19 Dec 1890
- ³⁷Allan 2008: 7, 38
- ³⁸1890 directory
- ³⁹Allan Papers
- ⁴⁰*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 21 Jul 1890
- ⁴¹Allan Papers
- ⁴²Wilson 1890: xl
- ⁴³Allan Papers
- ⁴⁴Millard 1990: 47-8, plate following 70
- ⁴⁵*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 1 Nov 1890
- ⁴⁶Allan Papers
- ⁴⁷Wilson 1890: title-page, xv, xxi, xxxiii
- ⁴⁸Courtesy of Bob Garside
- ⁴⁹Allan Papers
- ⁵⁰*Western Daily Press* 31 Oct 1890
- ⁵¹Allan Papers
- ⁵²*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 3 Nov 1890
- ⁵³Allan Papers
- ⁵⁴*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 8 Nov 1890
- ⁵⁵Allan Papers
- ⁵⁶*Newcastle Daily Journal* 14 Nov 1890
- ⁵⁷Allan Papers
- ⁵⁸*Morpeth Herald* 20 Dec 1890
- ⁵⁹Allan Papers
- ⁶⁰*Newcastle Daily Chronicle* 21 Nov, 1 Dec 1890
- ⁶¹Millard 1990: 48
- ⁶²*Aberdeen Weekly Journal* 5 Dec 1890
- ⁶³*Newcastle Daily Leader* 26 Dec 1890
- ⁶⁴Allan Papers
- ⁶⁵*Spectator* 31 Jan 1891
- ⁶⁶Stokoe 1891: 38-9
- ⁶⁷*Literary World* 21 Feb 1891
- ⁶⁸*Newcastle Weekly Courant* 21 Feb 1891
- ⁶⁹*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 27 Feb 1891
- ⁷⁰*Saturday Review* 28 Feb 1891
- ⁷¹Allan Papers
- ⁷²*Northern Echo* 9 Mar 1891
- ⁷³Hutchinson Correspondence
- ⁷⁴*Morpeth Herald* 2 May 1891
- ⁷⁵Allan Papers

11. Some one will enter the pearly gates

- ¹*Jarrow Guardian* 20 Feb 1875
- ²Hartford 2016: 155
- ³*Newcastle Courant* 17 Mar, 16 Jun 1876
- ⁴Courtesy of Meg Hartford
- ⁵*Northern Echo* 7 Nov 1878

- ⁶Newcastle Courant 8 Nov 1878
⁷York Herald 8 Nov 1878
⁸Newcastle Courant 15 Nov 1878
⁹Alnwick Mercury 18 Jan 1879
¹⁰Courtesy of Meg Hartford
¹¹Newcastle Central Library cutting dated 25 May 1893
¹²www.bac-lac.gc.ca/eng/discover/immigration/immigration-records/passenger-lists/passenger-lists-1865-1922/Pages/item.aspx?IdNum=ber=15108
¹³Courtesy of Kasandra Van Keith
¹⁴www.norwayheritage.com/p_ship.asp?sh=caspi
¹⁵www.norwayheritage.com/gallery/gallery.asp?action=viewimage&image-id=1651&text=&categoryid=5&box=&shownew=
¹⁶Courtesy of Meg Hartford
¹⁷Cheshire Observer 18 May, 14 Oct, 18 Nov 1899

12. The local vernacular is necessarily a drawback

- ¹Allan Papers
²Newcastle Central Library undated cutting
³Morpeth Herald 24 Oct 1891
⁴Allan 1891: title-page, [iii]
⁵Allan Papers
⁶Anon ND: 1: 62
⁷Humphreys & Evans 1997: 279
⁸Baring-Gould & Shepherd 1889-1891
⁹Allan Papers
¹⁰Shields Daily Gazette 1 Nov 1892
¹¹Morpeth Herald 7 Nov 1891
¹²Newcastle Daily Chronicle 19 Nov 1891
¹³Newcastle Weekly Courant 24 Dec 1892
¹⁴Allan Papers
¹⁵Hartlepool Northern Daily Mail 27 Dec 1892
¹⁶Pall Mall Gazette Dec 19 1892
¹⁷Stokoe & Reay 1892: title-page, [ii-iii], 136-7, 182-3, 196-7
¹⁸Allan Papers
¹⁹Humphreys & Evans 1997: 180
²⁰Allan Papers
²¹Wilson 1892
²²Hutchinson Correspondence
²³Allan 2008: 3
²⁴Morpeth Herald 21 Jan 1893
²⁵Northern Echo 23 Jan 1893
²⁶Newcastle Journal 27 Jan 1893
²⁷Allan Papers
²⁸Allan 2008: 9, 39
²⁹Newcastle Weekly Courant 29 Apr 1893
³⁰Allan Papers
³¹Morpeth Herald 28 Oct, 10 Dec 1893, 17 Mar 1894
³²Allan 2008: 3, 8, 10, 39, 57
³³Allan Papers
³⁴Allan 2008: 9-10
³⁵Wilkinson 1895: 5-16
³⁶en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hard_Times_Come_Again_No_More_bodley24.bodley.ox.ac.uk/cgi-bin/acwwweng/regsrch.pl
³⁷Shields Daily Gazette 14 Feb 1896
³⁸Allan 2008: 8, 10, 29, 39, 57
³⁹Allan 2008: 8, 10, 29, 39, 57
⁴⁰Wilson 1896
⁴¹Allan 2008: 6, 10, 29, 39, 54, 57
⁴²Hodgkin 1898: 167-70
⁴³Newcastle Journal 10 Nov 1898
⁴⁴Hutchinson Correspondence
⁴⁵Sunderland Daily Echo 22 July 1899
⁴⁶Newcastle Courant 2 Sep 1899
⁴⁷Morpeth Herald 15 Apr 1899
⁴⁸Shields Daily Gazette 22 Sep 1899
⁴⁹Morpeth Herald 30 Dec 1899

13. Dick, Sam and Rowley

- ¹Shields Gazette 11, 13 Jun 1955
²Mellor 1970: 33
³Era 18 Mar, 15 Apr, 26 Aug 1860
⁴Newcastle Daily Chronicle 22 Aug 1860
⁵Shields Gazette 11 Jun 1955
⁶Mellor 1970: 33
⁷Shields Gazette 21 Oct 1935, 13 Jun 1955
⁸Newcastle Courant 8 Aug 1862

- ⁹Shields Gazette 13 Jun 1955
¹⁰Mellor 1970: 33
¹¹Shields Gazette 13 Jun, 21 Oct 1935
¹²Mellor 1970: 33
¹³Shields Gazette 13 Jun 1955
¹⁴Shields Daily Gazette 12 Nov 1870
¹⁵Morpeth Herald 4 May 1878
¹⁶Shields Daily Gazette 23 Dec 1870, 11 Jan, 29 Apr 1871, 26 Jan, 17 Feb, 4 Apr, 31 Aug, 7 Sep 1872
¹⁷Morpeth Herald 4 May 1878
¹⁸Mellor ND
¹⁹Hodgson 1903: 457
²⁰Shields Daily Gazette 21 May 1874, 9 Oct 1877
²²Morpeth Herald 4 May 1878
²⁴Shields Daily Gazette 1 Aug 1879, 25 Jan 1881, 6 Apr 1889, 3 Dec 1892
²⁵1878-9 directory
²⁶Daily Gazette for Middlesbrough 13 Jul 1878
²⁷Shields Daily Gazette 30 Sep 1878
²⁸London and Provincial Entr'acte 7 Dec 1878
²⁹Newcastle Evening Chronicle 3 Mar 1939
³⁰Era 5 Jan 1879
³¹Shields Daily Gazette 24 Feb 1879
³²Morpeth Herald 29 March 1879
³³1880 directory
³⁴Sunderland Daily Echo 3 Jan 1880
³⁵Newcastle Courant 30 Jan 1880
³⁷Era 14 Mar, 29 Aug, 3, 10 Oct 1880,
³⁸Shields Daily Gazette 21, 28 Dec 1880, 25 Jan 1881
³⁹Newcastle Courant 11 Mar, 8 Apr 1881
⁴⁰Leeds Times 19 Mar 1881
⁴¹Newcastle Courant 8 Apr 1881
⁴⁷Era 26 Mar 1881
⁴⁸Sunderland Daily Echo 18-19 Apr 1881
⁴⁹Era 28 May 1881
⁵⁰Hartlepool Northern Daily Mail 24, 26-8 Aug 1880
⁵¹Sunderland Daily Echo 28 Sep 1881
⁵²Hartlepool Northern Daily Mail 3, 5 Dec 1881
⁵³Sunderland Daily Echo 10 Jan 1882
⁵⁴Anon ND: 1: 59
⁵⁵Sunderland Daily Echo 20 Feb 1882
⁵⁶Era 8, 29 Apr 1882
⁵⁷Shields Daily Gazette 17 Jan 1883
⁵⁸Sunderland Daily Echo 13 Nov 1883
⁵⁹Newcastle Courant 21 Dec 1883
⁶⁰Shields Daily Gazette 24 Dec 1883
⁶¹Era 29 Dec 1883, 5, 12 Jan 1884
⁶²Shields Daily Gazette 3 Jun 1884
⁶³Stage 27 Jun 1884
⁶⁴Era 23 August 1884
⁶⁵Shields Daily Gazette 20 Jul 1885, 6 Apr 1889
⁶⁶Robinson 2007: 12
⁶⁷Shields Daily Gazette 2 Nov 1885
⁶⁸Mellor 1970: 33-4
⁶⁹Era 3 Mar 1900
⁷¹Mellor 1970: 34
⁷²Newcastle Chronicle 18 Feb 1919
⁷³Robinson 2007: 22
⁷⁵Era 28 Jun, 23 Aug 1884, 19 Dec 1885, 13 Feb, 24 Apr, 1 May, 16 Oct 1886, 3 Mar 1900
⁷⁶Shields Daily Gazette 2 Oct 1866
⁷⁷Era 8, 15 Jan, 12, 19 Feb 1887
⁷⁸Newcastle Courant 13 May 1887
⁷⁹Era 25 Jun, 3, 17, 25 Sep, 1 Oct 1887
⁸⁰Newcastle Weekly Courant 26 Aug, 30 Sep 1887
⁸¹en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edward_Moss
⁸²Newcastle Evening Chronicle 3 Mar 1939
⁸³Sunderland Daily Echo 22 Dec 1888, 9 Jun 1933
⁸⁴Era 15 Sep 1888
⁸⁵Sunderland Daily Echo 2 Oct 1888
⁸⁶Shields Daily Gazette 5 Nov 1888
⁸⁷Sunderland Daily Echo 22 Dec 1888
⁸⁸Shields Daily Gazette 6 Apr 1889
⁸⁹Era 20 Apr, 18 May, 8 Jun 10 Aug, 23, 30 Nov 1889
⁹⁰Alnwick Mercury 5 Oct 1889
⁹¹Northern Echo 31 Dec 1889
⁹²Sunderland Daily Echo 7 Jan 1890
⁹³Era 11, 25 Jan 1890
⁹⁴Shields Daily Gazette 6 Mar, 22 Jul, 5 Aug 1890
⁹⁵Northern Echo 12, 13, 15 Aug 1890

- ⁹⁶ *Era* 16, 23 Aug, 27 Sep 1890
- ⁹⁷ *Northern Echo* 15 Oct 1890
- ⁹⁸ *Era* 18 Oct 1890
- ⁹⁹ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 29 Oct 1890
- ¹⁰⁰ *Newcastle Evening Chronicle* 10 Mar 1939
- ¹⁰¹ Mellor 1970: 36,123
- ¹⁰² *Era* 27 Dec 1890
- ¹⁰³ *Northern Echo* 29 Dec 1890
- ¹⁰⁴ *Era* 3 Jan 1891
- ¹⁰⁵ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 19 Jan 1891
- ¹⁰⁶ *Shields Daily Gazette* 26, 28 Jan 1890
- ¹⁰⁷ *Morpeth Herald* 24 Jan 1891
- ¹⁰⁸ Brown 1934: 19-21
- ¹⁰⁹ *Morpeth Herald* 24 Jan 1891
- ¹¹⁰ Anon 1891: 136
- ¹¹¹ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 27 Jan 1891
- ¹¹² *Glasgow Herald* 13 Feb 1891
- ¹¹³ *Northern Echo* 6 May 1891
- ¹¹⁴ *Era* 9 May 1891
- ¹¹⁵ *Shields Daily Gazette* 2 Jun 1891
- ¹¹⁶ Allan 1891: 515
- ¹¹⁷ *Era* 8, 22 Aug 1891
- ¹¹⁸ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 8 Oct 1942
- ¹¹⁹ *Era* 19 Sep 1891
- ¹²⁰ *Newcastle Weekly Courant* 31 Oct, 7 Nov 1891
- ¹²¹ *Era* 28 Nov 1891
- ¹²² Allan 1891: 515-17
- ¹²³ *Northern Echo* 3 Dec 1891
- ¹²⁴ Bath & Stevenson 2013: 363
- ¹²⁵ *Yorkshire Post* 28 Dec 1891
- ¹²⁶ *Shields Daily Gazette* 22 Mar 1892
- ¹²⁷ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 23, 31 Mar 1892
- ¹²⁸ *Era* 5, 12, 19, 26 Mar, 16 Apr 1892
- ¹²⁹ *Newcastle Weekly Courant* 20 Sep 1892
- ¹³⁰ *Shields Daily Gazette* 4 Oct 1892
- ¹³¹ *Era* 8 Oct 1892
- ¹³² *Sunderland Daily Echo* 27 Oct, 1 Nov 1892
- ¹³³ *Era* 5 Nov, 31 Dec 1892
- ¹³⁴ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 3, 19 Jan 1893
- ¹³⁵ 19 Feb, 25 Mar, 1 Jul 1893
- ¹³⁶ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 7-8 Aug 1893
- ¹³⁷ *Newcastle Weekly Courant* 23, 30 Sep 1893
- ¹³⁸ *Era* 11 Nov 1893
- ¹³⁹ *Northern Echo* 30 Nov, 9, 11, 15, 18-19 Dec 1893
- ¹⁴⁰ *Bristol Mercury* 26 Jan 1894
- ¹⁴¹ *Era* 24 Feb 1894
- ¹⁴² *South Wales Echo* 3 May 1894
- ¹⁴³ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 5 Jun 1894
- ¹⁴⁴ *Era* 7 Jul 1894
- ¹⁴⁵ *Newcastle Weekly Courant* 29 Sep, 27 Oct 1894
- ¹⁴⁶ *Era* 6 Oct, 3 Nov 1895
- ¹⁴⁷ *Hartlepool Northern Daily Mail* 27, 29 Nov 1894
- ¹⁴⁸ *Era* 6 Oct, 3 Nov, 22 Dec 1894
- ¹⁴⁹ *Newcastle Weekly Courant* 29 Dec 1894
- ¹⁵⁰ Mellor 1970: 126
- ¹⁵¹ 1895 directory
- ¹⁵² *Northern Echo* 13 Mar 1895
- ¹⁵³ *Shields Daily Gazette* 25 Mar 1895
- ¹⁵⁴ *Era* 30 Mar, 6 Apr 1895
- ¹⁵⁵ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 2 Apr 1895
- ¹⁵⁶ *Newcastle Courant* 8 Jun 1895
- ¹⁵⁷ Courtesy of Vin Arthey
- ¹⁵⁸ Rutherford ND: 8, 25
- ¹⁵⁹ *Newcastle Chronicle* 6 Jan 1894
- ¹⁶⁰ *Newcastle Courant* 8 Jun 1895
- ¹⁶¹ Atkinson 1989: 181
- ¹⁶² *Era* 13 Apr, 5 Oct, 2, 25 Nov, 28 Dec 1895, 8 Feb 1896
- ¹⁶³ *Shields Daily Gazette* 7 Jan 1896
- ¹⁶⁵ *Era* 18 Jan, 8 Feb, 18 Apr 1896
- ¹⁶⁶ *Shields Daily Gazette* 21 Apr 1896
- ¹⁶⁷ *Era* 25 Apr, 2, 9, 30 May, 27 Jun 1896
- ¹⁶⁸ *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 6 Aug 1896
- ¹⁶⁹ *Era* 5, 26 Sep, 7, 14, 28 Nov, 19 Dec 1896
- ¹⁷⁰ *Shields Daily Gazette* 29 Dec 1896
- ¹⁷¹ Mellor 1970: 127
- ¹⁷² *Era* 16, 23 Jan, 27 Feb, 6, 13 Mar, 24 Apr, 1 May, 31 Jul 1897
- ¹⁷³ *Shields Daily Gazette* 27 Aug 1897
- ¹⁷⁴ *Era* 9 Oct, 6 Nov 1897
- ¹⁷⁵ *Shields Daily Gazette* 13 Dec 1897
- ¹⁷⁶ *Era* 18, 25 Dec 1897
- ¹⁷⁷ cinematreasures.org/theaters/44582
- ¹⁷⁸ *Era* 8 Jan, 2, 16, 23 Apr 1898
- ¹⁷⁹ www.rolyveitch.20m.com/dialect_songwriters.html
- ¹⁸⁰ Allan 1891: 513
- ¹⁸¹ Allan Papers
- ¹⁸² *Sunderland Daily Echo* 9-10 Jun 1898
- ¹⁸³ *Dundee Courier* 31 May 1898
- ¹⁸⁴ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 9-10 Jun 1898
- ¹⁸⁵ *Dundee Courier* 31 May 1898
- ¹⁸⁶ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 30 May, 9-10 Jun 1898
- ¹⁸⁷ *Daily Gazette for Middlesbrough* 30 May, 10 Jun 1898
- ¹⁸⁸ *Dundee Courier* 31 May 1898
- ¹⁸⁹ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 9-10 Jun 1898
- ¹⁹⁰ *Newcastle Journal* 11 Jun 1898
- ¹⁹¹ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 13 Jun 1898
- ¹⁹² *Era* 4 Jun 1898
- ¹⁹³ Atkinson 1989: 181
- ¹⁹⁴ en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Barrasford
- ¹⁹⁵ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 8 Feb 1899
- ¹⁹⁶ *Era* 18 June 1898, 14 Jan 1899
- ¹⁹⁷ Hodgson 1903: 457
- ¹⁹⁸ Anderson 1898: 15
- ¹⁹⁹ *Morpeth Herald* 18 May 1899
- ²⁰² *Shields Daily Gazette* 25 Jul 1899
- ²⁰³ Mellor 1970: 35
- ²⁰⁴ *Era* 7 Oct, 11 Nov, 16 Dec 1899
- ²⁰⁵ Mellor 1970: 134-7
- ²⁰⁶ *Shields Daily Gazette* 3 Mar, 9 Jun, 31 Oct 1900
- ²⁰⁷ Mellor 1970: 36
- ²⁰⁸ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 8 Feb 1901
- ²⁰⁹ *Shields Daily Gazette* 7 Jun 1901, 29 Dec 1902, 31 Jan 1903
- ²¹⁰ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 1 May 1903
- ²¹¹ *Shields Daily Gazette* 15 Aug 1903
- ²¹² *Sunderland Daily Echo* 21 Aug 1903
- ²¹³ *Shields Daily Gazette* 20 Jan 1904
- ²¹⁴ en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edward_Moss
- ²¹⁵ Mellor 1970: Plate 17
- ²¹⁶ Robinson 2007: 11, 14, 15, 17, 19, 23, 25, 27-8, 41
- ²¹⁷ *Morpeth Herald* 1 Feb 1901, 27 Dec 1902, 7 Mar 1903, 30 Jan 1904, 18 Nov 1905, 20 Jan, 19 May, 15 Sep, 13 Oct 1906, 15 Aug, 26 Dec 1908, 23 Jan, 9 Feb, 13 Mar 1909

14. Sagging and settlement

- ¹ Allan 2008: 7, 59
- ² Hutchinson Correspondence
- ³ Allan 2008: 7, 59
- ⁴ Hutchinson 1968
- ⁵ Allan 2008: 59
- ⁶ Hutchinson 1968
- ⁷ Allan Correspondence
- ⁸ Allan 2008: 59
- ⁹ Hutchinson Correspondence
- ¹⁰ Allan 2008: 9, 11, 39-40, 54, 59
- ¹¹ www.chroniclive.co.uk/lifestyle/nostalgia/remember-when-saville-street-north-7954315
- ¹² *Morpeth Herald* 4 Aug 1902
- ¹³ *Shields Daily Gazette* 21 Nov 1911
- ¹⁴ Anon ND: 1: 63
- ¹⁵ Stephenson 1983
- ¹⁶ Stephenson 1999: 33-41
- ¹⁷ *Morpeth Herald* 3 Nov, 22 Dec 1911
- ¹⁸ Catcheside-Warrington 1927: 3
- ¹⁹ Catcheside-Warrington 1911: 5-6
- ²⁰ Wilson 1865: 43-4
- ²¹ Catcheside-Warrington 1911: 10-11
- ²² Wilson 1870: 167-8
- ²³ Catcheside-Warrington 1911: 14-15
- ²⁴ Wilson 1866: 89-90
- ²⁵ Wilson 1865: 9-10
- ²⁶ Catcheside-Warrington 1911: 22-3
- ²⁷ *Morpeth Herald* 9, 23 Feb, 8 Mar, 21 Jun, 30 Aug 1912
- ²⁸ Wilson 1872a: 184
- ²⁹ Catcheside-Warrington 1912: 8-11
- ³⁰ Wilson 1872a: 187-8
- ³¹ Catcheside-Warrington 1912: 20-1
- ³² *Morpeth Herald* 20 Dec 1912

- ³³ *Sunderland Daily Echo* 23 Apr 1912
- ³⁴ Robinson 2007: 29, 41
- ³⁵ Mellor 1970: 136-7
- ³⁶ Thompson & Bond 1988: photograph 53
- ³⁷ Stephenson 1999: 42, 45-6
- ³⁸ *Morpeth Herald* 3 Jan 1913
- ³⁹ *Morpeth Herald* 28 Mar 1913
- ⁴⁰ Stokoe & Reay 1913
- ⁴¹ Catcheside-Warrington 1913: 1-3, 6-7
- ⁴² Wilson 1866: 85-6
- ⁴³ Catcheside-Warrington 1913: 20-1
- ⁴⁴ 1914 Directory
- ⁴⁵ *Morpeth Herald* 6 Feb 1914
- ⁴⁶ *Newcastle Evening Chronicle* 13 Mar 1914
- ⁴⁷ Pattison 1914a
- ⁴⁸ *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 21 Mar 1914
- ⁴⁹ Pattison 1914b
- ⁵⁰ Pattison 1914c
- ⁵¹ *Newcastle Journal* 24 Mar 1914
- ⁵² *Morpeth Herald* 15 May 1914
- ⁵³ *Newcastle Journal* 13 Jun 1914
- ⁵⁴ Catcheside-Warrington 1914a: [1-2]
- ⁵⁵ Catcheside-Warrington 1914b
- ⁵⁶ *Newcastle Journal* 24 Mar, 6 Apr, 13, 19 Jun, 15 Jul 1914
- ⁵⁷ Courtesy of Ray Stephenson
- ⁵⁸ Stephenson 1999: 14, 18, 20, 30
- ⁵⁹ Courtesy of Ray Stephenson
- ⁶⁰ Catcheside-Warrington 1914c
- ⁶¹ *Newcastle Journal* 1 Oct, 20 Nov, 19, 20 Dec 1914, 1 Jan 1915
- ⁶² Oxberry ND: 1: 184
- ⁶³ Hutchinson Correspondence
- ⁶⁴ Mellor 1970: 136-7, 154
- ⁶⁵ *Morpeth Herald* 28 Apr, 29 Dec 1916
- ⁶⁶ *Berwickshire News* 6 Aug 1918
- ⁶⁷ Allan 2008: 10, 39-40, 54
- ⁶⁸ Mellor 1970: Plate 17
- ⁶⁹ Robinson 2007: 12
- ⁷⁰ Sharp & Marson 1904-1906
- ⁷¹ Baring-Gould & Sharp 1906
- ⁷² Harker 1985: 198-210
- ⁷³ Scotsman 6 Jul 1944
- ⁷⁴ en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_G._Whittaker
- ⁷⁵ Scotsman 6 Jul 1944
- ⁷⁶ en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_G._Whittaker
- ⁷⁷ Whittaker 1921
- ⁷⁸ *Newcastle Chronicle* 18 Feb 1919
- ⁷⁹ Robinson 2007: 51
- ⁸⁰ Mellor 1970: 136
- ⁸¹ *Shields Gazette* 10 Jun 1955
- ⁸² Times 23 Feb 1922
- ⁸³ Robinson 2007: 7, 51
- ⁸⁴ Allan 2008: 40
- ⁸⁵ *Newcastle Journal* 29 Sep 1917
- ⁸⁶ Allan 2008: 39
- ⁸⁷ Catcheside-Warrington 1924: Preface, 2-3, 16-19
- ⁸⁸ Catcheside-Warrington NDa, NDb, NDC
- ⁸⁹ Times 28 Mar 1924
- ⁹⁰ *Hartlepool Northern Daily Mail* 23 Mar 1925, 3 Apr 1926
- ⁹¹ *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 30 Jan, 27 Feb, 6 Mar 1926
- ⁹² Wilson 1872a: 129-30
- ⁹³ Wilson 1874a: 207-9, 234-5
- ⁹⁴ *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* 27 Mar, 24 Apr, 22 May 1926
- ⁹⁵ *Berwick Advertiser* 16 Dec 1926, 13 Jan 1927
- ⁹⁶ Times 28 Mar 1928
- ⁹⁷ Stephenson 1999: 22, 27-8
- ⁹⁸ Gloucestershire Echo 12 Jun 1929
- ⁹⁹ Stephenson 1999: 29, 31, 39
- ¹⁰⁰ *Dundee Courier* 5 Dec 1929
- ¹⁰¹ en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_G._Whittaker
- ¹⁰² Catcheside-Warrington 1929a, 1929b, 1929c
- ¹⁰³ *Nottingham Evening Post* 18 Apr 1931
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16. A new life in a new land

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 Wilson, Joe, Collection. [Newcastle City Library]

Recordings

| | | | | |
|--|--------|-------------------------------------|------|--|
| <i>Affected Bella</i> | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| | 2002 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP40 (R = reissue) |
| <i>Aw wish yor Muther wad cum</i> | 1908 | Catcheside-Warrington | Disc | Pathé Frère Pathephone |
| | 1911 | Ernest Warrington | Disc | Gramophone Company |
| | 1928 | Jamieson Dodds | Disc | Parlophone |
| | 1953 | Five Smith Brothers | Disc | Parlophone F2370 |
| | 1950s | Denis Weatherley | Tape | BBC |
| | 1970 | High Level Ranters | LP | Trailer LER 2020 |
| | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 1975 | Denis Weatherley | LP | Decca Eclipse ECS 2171 |
| | ? 1978 | Five Smith Brothers | LP | MWM 1020 (R) |
| | ? 2000 | Jamieson Dodds | CD | PHCD2K1 (R) |
| | 2001 | Denis Weatherley | CD | MWMCDSP27 (R) |
| | 2002 | Denis Weatherley | CD | MWMCDSP39 (R) |
| | 2002 | Denis Weatherley | CD | MWMCDSP42 (R) |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |
| | 2010 | Five Smith Brothers | MP3 | Hallmark (R) |
| <i>Be kind te me Dowter</i> | 1911 | Ernest Warrington | Disc | Gramophone Company |
| | 1931 | Catcheside-Warrington | Disc | Edison Bell |
| <i>Bonny Sally Wheatley</i> | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 1976 | Alex Glasgow | LP | MWM1011 |
| | 1978 | Bob Fox & Stu Luckley | LP | RUB 028 |
| | 1978 | Fraser Bruce & Ian Bruce | LP | LOCLP 1018 |
| | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| | 2002 | Alex Glasgow | CD | MWMCDSP42 (R) |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |
| <i>Charity</i> | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |
| <i>Charley's run away</i> | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| | 2002 | Mary Thompson | CD | MWMCDSP32 |
| | 2002 | Mary Thompson | CD | MWMCDSP52 (R) |
| | 2005 | Mary Thompson | CD | MWMCDSP68 (R) |
| <i>Chep that knows nowt, The</i> | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| | 2002 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP40 (R) |
| | 2002 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP52 (R) |
| <i>Day o' Life, The</i> | 2002 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| <i>Dinnet clash the Door</i> | 1929 | St. Hilda's Colliery Band | Disc | Columbia Gramophone Company |
| | ? 1950 | Northumbrian Serenaders | Disc | Manor M507 - B |
| <i>Drunken Dolly's deeth</i> | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 2003 | Judy Dinning | CD | MWMCDSP61 |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |
| <i>Fight aboot a Lad, The</i> | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| | 2002 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP41 (R) |
| <i>Flog'd in jail</i> | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |
| <i>Gallowgate Lad, The</i> | 1911 | Ernest Warrington | Disc | Gramophone Company |
| | 1950s | Denis Weatherley | Tape | BBC |
| | 1996 | Anni Fentiman | CD | DRGNCD961 |
| | 2001 | Clare Rutter | CD | MWMCDSP39 |
| | 2001 | Denis Weatherley | CD | MWMCDSP27 |
| | 2003 | Judy Dinning | CD | MWMCDSP61 |
| | 2011 | Judy Dinning | DVD | MWMDVD78 |
| | 2015 | The Unthanks | CD | Rabble Rouser (UK) RRM015 |
| <i>Hannah's Black Eye</i> | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| <i>Intoxication</i> | 1971 | John Woodvine | MWM | Unreleased |
| <i>Jack's Listed I' th' Ninety Eight</i> | 2006 | Benny Graham | CD | BGMCD0011 |
| <i>Jimmy's gettin' wark</i> | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| <i>Keep't Dark</i> | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| | 2002 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP41 (R) |
| <i>Keep yor feet still!</i> | 1908 | J.C. Scatter | Disc | Gramophone Company |
| | 1911 | Eric Foster | Disc | Polyphon Musikwereke |
| | 1913 | Eric Foster | Disc | National Gramophone Company |
| | 1928 | Jamieson Dodds | Disc | Parlophone E3597 |
| | 1929 | Oxford Galleries Dance Band | ? | Unreleased |
| | 1929 | Charles E. Warrington | Disc | Gramophone Company |
| | 1929 | Dewey Gibson | Disc | Dominion Records A128 |
| | 1929 | J.C. Scatter | Disc | Crystalate Gramophone Record Manufacturing Co. |
| | 1931 | Catcheside-Warrington | Disc | Edison Bell |
| | 1931 | Catcheside-Warrington & Frank Batey | Disc | Edison Bell |
| | 1932 | Catcheside-Warrington | Disc | Regal Zonophone |
| | 1953 | The Five Smith Brothers | Disc | Parlophone F2370 |
| | 1960 | Owen Brannigan | EP | HMV 7EG 8551 |

| | | | | |
|---------------------------------|--------|--|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| | 1962 | Louis Killen, Johnny Handle & Colin Ross | LP | Trailer 12T189 |
| | 1964 | Owen Brannigan | LP | Delysé Records DS 6069 |
| | 1964 | Owen Brannigan | LP | Delysé Records ECB.3169 |
| | 1964 | Alex Glasgow | EP | HMV 7EG 8978 |
| | 1964 | Alex Glasgow | LP | HMV CLP 1746 |
| | 1967 | Michael Hunt & Joe Leatherland | LP | Decca LK 4902 |
| | 1970 | Michael Hunt & the Dombie Brothers | LP | Decca Eclipse ECS 2073 |
| | 1970 | High Level Ranters | LP | Trailer LER 2020 |
| | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 1973 | Owen Brannigan | LP | MWM 1007 |
| | 1973 | Owen Brannigan | LP | Decca SKL 5153 |
| | 1975 | Denis Weatherley | LP | Decca Eclipse ECS 2171 |
| | 1976 | Alex Glasgow | LP | MWM 1011 |
| | 1978 | Johnny Handle | LP | One-Up OU 2222 |
| | ? 1978 | Five Smith Brothers | LP | MWM 1020 (R) |
| | 1982 | Alan Price | LP | MWM SP1 |
| | 1998 | Louis Killen | CD | Topic TSCD498 |
| | ? 2000 | Dewey Gibson | CD | PHCD2K1 (R) |
| | 2001 | Denis Weatherley | CD | MWMCDSP27 (R) |
| | 2001 | Robson Green | CD | MWMCDSP42 |
| | 2003 | Robson Green | CD | MWMCDSP52 (R) |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |
| | 2010 | Five Smith Brothers | MP3 | Hallmark (R) |
| | 2011 | Sir Thomas Allen, Graeme Danby & Clare Rutter | DVD | MWMDVD78 |
| <i>Lanlord's Dowter, The</i> | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 2002 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP39 (R) |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |
| <i>Mally diddent cum</i> | ? | Four in a Bar | ? | ? |
| | ? | Four in a Bar | CD | MWMCDSP3 |
| | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| | 2011 | Sir Thomas Allen, Graeme Danby & Clare Rutter | DVD | MWMDVD78 (R) |
| <i>Mally Dunn</i> | ? | Four in a Bar | ? | ? |
| | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| | 2002 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP39 (R) |
| | 2002 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP40 (R) |
| | ? | Four in a Bar | CD | MWMCDSP66 |
| <i>Maw bonny Gyetside Lass</i> | 1973 | Owen Brannigan | LP | Decca SKL 5153 |
| | 1976 | Tom Gilfellow, Martin Carthy, Johnny Handle & Liz & Stefan Sobell | LP | Topic 12TS282 |
| | 1978 | Bob Fox & Stu Luckley | LP | RUB 028 |
| | 1997 | Bob Fox & Stu Luckley | CD | FECDD124 |
| | 2001 | Denis Weatherley | CD | MWMCDSP27 |
| | 2001 | The Hush with Bob Fox | CD | MWMCDSP43 |
| | 2002 | Annie Fentiman | CD | ONTCD2022 |
| | 2002 | The Hush with Bob Fox | CD | MWMCDSP54 (R) |
| <i>Me Muther's Warnin'</i> | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |
| <i>Miseries o' Shiftin, The</i> | 2003 | Judy Dinning | CD | MWMCDSP61 |
| <i>Ne Wark</i> | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 2002 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP41 (R) |
| | 2003 | Judy Dinning | CD | MWMCDSP61 |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |
| | 2011 | Pete Scott & Charlie Hardwick | DVD | MWMDVD78 |
| <i>Reedin aud Letters</i> | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| <i>Row upon the Stairs, The</i> | 1908 | J.C. Scatter | DiscJumbo Record Fabrik GmbH | |
| | 1950s | Denis Weatherley | Tape | BBC |
| | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 2001 | Denis Weatherley | CD | MWMCDSP27 (R) |
| | 2002 | Denis Weatherley & Bill Robinson | CD | MWMCDSP42 |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |
| | 2011 | Alun Armstrong & Tim Healey | DVD | MWMDVD78 |
| <i>Sally Lee</i> | 1971 | Denis Weatherley | LP | Decca Eclipse ECS 2099 |
| | 2002 | Thomas Allen | CD | MWMCDSP42 |
| <i>Snooks' Dinah</i> | 1971 | John Woodvine | MWM | Unreleased |
| <i>Strike, The</i> | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |
| <i>Superstishus Sally</i> | 2002 | Johnny Handle | CD | MWMCDSP40 |
| | 2003 | Johnny Handle | CD | MWMCDSP58 (R) |
| <i>Teetotal Noo</i> | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |
| <i>Unsortin Lass, The</i> | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| <i>Vary Canny</i> | 1975 | Canny Fettle | LP | TSR 023 |
| <i>What a feul aw've been</i> | 2000 | Pete Scott | CD | MWMCDSP26 |
| <i>Wor Neybor Nell</i> | 1971 | John Woodvine | LP | MWM1003S |
| | 2009 | John Woodvine | CD | MWMCDSP97 (R) |

Song, Tune & Verse Index

- Aa Hope Ye'll Be Kind te me Dowter = Be Kind te me Dowter*
ABC Boogie 139
Absent Friends 117
Affected Bella 26, 118, 146
Alick Hogarth 70, 79, 85
Allan's Valentines 91-2
All around my Hat 14
'A merry Chrississ te ye a' ...' 93
'A nasty cough ...' 78
Annie of the Vale 94
Aud-fashion'd Bairn, The 118, 135
Aud Nelly's advice tiv her Dowter! 7, 16, 117
Auld Hoose 133
Aw like young Geordey weel 43
Aw'll sing ye a Tyneside Sang 66, 117-18, 138
Aw'm always dry 87, 118
'Aw mind when aw wis but a lad ...' 104
Aw's forcd te gan away 118
Aw've lost me Bonny Lad 118
Aw wish aw wes sumbody else 118
Aw wish pay Friday wad cum 44, 145
Aw wish ye a happy new year 16, 118, 138
Aw wish yor Fethur wes here 21, 107, 117
Aw wish yor Muther wad cum 11, 16, 19-21, 23, 26, 29-30, 34, 41, 43, 58, 86, 94, 96, 100-1, 103, 105, 107, 114-15, 117, 119, 131, 133-9, 141, 143-6
Aw wunder what Jinny 'ill hev 82
Babylon is fallen 59
Back to Donegal 139
Bad Beuts 86, 91, 93
Bairn's Nyem, The 86, 91
Baltic Fleet, The 71
Banks o' the Dee, The 115
Barney and his Pig 93
Barney Riley's Dream 86, 91, 93
Bashful Bridegroom, The
Bashful Ned! 78
'Beautiful dell, where the Fairies dwell ...' 39
Beautiful Nell 39, 116
Be Kind te me Dowter 44, 58, 131-3, 136, 143
Bella Ramsay's Lad 118
Benny 'ill not gan te Scheull! 51
Bessie Walker 16, 117
Better be wed than die an old maid 44
Beukmaker, The 118
Billy Fine Day 123, 133, 137
Billy Shyfella's Luv Story 117
Billy Turnbull's Adventors 16, 118
Billy's turn'd an Actor 118, 135-6
Blaydon Races 136, 138, 147
Bobbies I' the Beerhoose 85
Bob Hobson's advice tiv his Son 7, 16, 103, 117, 145
Bonnie Bit Gallogate Lad = The Gallowgate Lad
Bonnie Clock Fyece 129, 133
Bonny Sally Wheatley 11, 16, 117, 143-4, 146
Bonny Young Man, The 30, 86
Brocken Leg, The 78, 85, 91, 118
Buy us a gill o' beer 78-9, 85-6, 118
Cader Idris 72
Cadjin for beer 23, 84, 103, 118
Caller Fair 18
Canny Aud Chrississ 16, 118, 138
Canny Newcassel 24
Cappy 73, 129, 133
Captain's Complaint, The 53
Careless Jack 118
Castles in the Air 75
Chambers and Cooper 117
Chambers and Cooper Boat Race 16
Chambers an' Sadler 118
Chambers For Ever! The Greet Boat Race 6
Champion Boat Race 117
Champion of Castle Garth Stairs, The 57
Champion ov all Champions, The 54
Charity! 74, 86, 143
Charley across the Sea = Shine on ye Stars!
Charley's away = Shine on ye Stars!
Charlie's gyen away = Shine on ye Stars!
Chep that knows nowt, The 16, 117, 146
Child dead in the street 79
Chrississ 91, 93
Cliffs of Old Tynemouth, The 133
Clivor Men 78, 85, 91, 118
Close the Coalhouse Door 142
'Clown and Pantaloon so witty...' 40
Coal Cartman, The 54
Cobbler's Spree, The 135-6
Cock Canary Bord, The 115
Cockney's Lament, The 16, 117
'Come along one, come along all...' 38
Come Geordie, haud the Bairn = Aw wish yor Muther wad cum
Come Home, Father 28
Come into my Cabin, Red Robin 29, 39
Come Whoam To Thi' Childer An' Me 43, 46
Coming thro' the Rye 133
Contradischun 16, 117
Corncrake, The 44
Crucifixion, The 142
Cum, Geordie haud the Bairn = Aw wish yor Muther wad cum
Cum Hyem i' gud time
Cum Hyem wi' me 71, 78-9, 85, 93, 118
Cum te maw Shop! 85
Cushie Butterfield 9, 133
Dancin Held at Gyetsid 43
Dandy Jake 38
Dan's Apprehension! 25, 118
Darling Nelly Gray 24
Day his Wife wes Berried, The 24, 118
Day o' Life!, The 16, 117, 146
Day that we gat Married!, The 16, 118
Death of Old Sambo Negro Song, The 93
Death of Renforth, The (Harrison) 54
Deeth i' the Street 78, 85, 91, 118
Deeth o' Bob Chambers, The 29
Deeth o' Harry Clasper, The 46
Deeth o' Joe Wilson, The 97, 115
Deeth o' Renforth, The (Wilson) 51, 54, 58, 100
Devils in your Eyes, The 139
De withoot it for once 78-9, 87, 118
De ye call mean = Which de ye call mean
Difference, The 118
Difference o' Folks when thor Drunk, The 78, 85, 118
Dinnet Clash the Door 13, 27-8, 58, 100, 106, 117-19, 133, 136, 138-9, 141, 143, 145
Dinnet let words myek ye sad 118
Dinnet spoil the Bairn 87, 118
Disappointment – Fareweel te Garibaldi 13, 117
Diving Bell, The 38
Doctor's Shop, The 64
Dolly's Lowse Pettickit 118, 128
Don't Worry 139
Doran's Ass 132
Double Acrostic 16
Double Event, The 85, 91, 118
'Down in a Fairy dell...' 38
Draper's Appeal, The 16, 117
Drink ne mair 78, 85, 118
Drum Major, The 54
Drunken Dolly's Deeth 72, 78-9, 85, 93, 118, 143, 147
Drunken Man, A 78, 91, 118
Drunken Sailor 133
Drunken Wife, A 78, 87, 118
Engineers' Strike, The 53
Erin go Bragh 73
Ettikitt! 44
Even me 75

Fairy Queen 39
Fallin oot wi' me mate = Last Neet aw fell oot wi me mate
Fareweel te Tyneside 42, 86
Fight aboot a Lad, The 118, 146
Fightin Jim 25, 118
Finnegin's Wake 132
'First McMillan sung ...' 21
Fitter-Sweep, The 86, 91
Flash Young Waiter, The 44
Flog'd in Jail 84-5, 91, 118, 143, 147
Flower o' Tyneside, The 76-8, 85, 91, 118
Forsaken Lover 142
Forst- Futtin 16, 78-9, 85, 91, 118
'Funny as ever, both happy and gay ...' 50
Gallowgate Lad, The 12, 26, 30, 54, 96, 100, 106, 114, 117, 128, 131-2, 134, 137, 139, 141, 143
Gallowgate Lad's Weddin, The 118
Gateshead Lass = Maw Bonny Gyetside Lass
Gentle Jennie Gray 56
Geordey, O! 28, 118
Geordey's Villissippi 48
Geordy Black 57-8, 68, 98, 124, 139, 145
Geordy's fond o' Rum 87, 118
Geordy Haad the Bairn = Aw wish yor Muther wad cum
George Stephenson 16, 117
German's Groan!, The 53
Get away, black man 40
'Get away, you bad man...' 40
Give a thowt te them that's gyen 118
'Give welcome to our Fairy Queen...' 39
Glorious Vote be Ballot, The 76, 78, 85, 92
God Save the Queen 122
Good Bye Darling 93
Good Bye, John 38
Gossipin Nanny Broon 86, 91
Grainger Street 118
Greet Boat Race, The 103
Greet Strike, The 53
Gyetside Lass, The = Maw Bonny Gyetside Lass
Half Croon = It's a real bad job ye backt young Bob
Hallow Fair 29
Hannah's Black Eye 24, 118
Happy Land of Erin, The 11
Happy Neet at Hyem, A 70, 78-9, 85, 88, 118
Happy we've been together 133
Hard Times Come Again No More 116
Harry Lime Theme, The 139
Harry's Broken Leg = Brocken Leg
Hartley Catastrophe 118
Harvest Home 133
Here's a tip 118
Her Fethur Keeps a Keuk Shop 85
He's gyen te be a Bobby 40
He's teetotal noo = Teetotal Noo
He wants to be a Mormon 83
He wes reckon'd gud-hearted 84, 103
Highland Whisky 133
Hinny, Dinnet cry 118
Homecoming Waltz, The 139
Home for the Waifs and Strays, A 95
Homeward Bound 67
Hoo te leeve at Lodjins 118
Hoo te myek Mischief 118
Horrors! 73, 78-9, 85, 88, 93, 118
'I am the one to forbid the banns...' 40
I Divn't Kna 128
I Dreamed that I dwelt in Marble Halls 104
If deed Foaks com te Life agyen 86-7, 91
If it haddent been her nose 85
If Spennithorne had wun 86, 91
I'll Kiss You all away 93
I'm in favour of friendship 139
Immensichoff 38
I'm leaving you in sorrow Annie 5
'I'm Pilferini the Bandit Chief ...' 38
'I'm the pride of the Mill Dam...' 39
In Dear Old Glasgow Town 139
Injoyment when Teetotal 79
In Memorium – Renforth 59
Intended Suicides 87, 118
In the Barrow 79, 85-6, 118
Intoxication 118, 143-4
I stood it like a Lamb 18
I' the Gloom 71, 78-9, 85, 118
I' the Workhoose 87, 118
It's a real bad job ye backt young Bob 82, 85, 93
It's Muthers Cum 118
It's the best thing he cud de 79
It's time to gan te Bed 118
It's Time te get up! 18, 28, 30, 103, 118
Ivrybody thinks thor Awn Case the Warse 118
I Wish Your Mother Would Come 94
Jack Green 87, 118
Jack Hardy's Koortship and Marridge 61
Jack Simpson's Bairn 124
Jack's Listed I' the Ninety-Ite 47-8, 132
Jacob the Hatter's unhappy Courtship 93
Janey Foster 118
Janey Todd's Ancestors 87, 118
Jenny Jones = Cader Idris
Jesmond Gardens = Sunday neets at Jesmond Gardens
Jesmond Pic-Nic 16, 98, 117
Jessie Smith 133
Jiggin doon the Shore 16, 117
Jimmy Jonsin, the Barber 118
Jimmy's gettin Wark 118, 146
Just a Hapney 84, 118
Kate Mooney's Portion 30
Keel Laddie 129, 133
Keep't Dark 16, 117
Keep the Kettle Boilin 118
Keep yor feet still! 24, 29, 98, 100, 115, 118-19, 128-9, 131-4, 136-43, 145, 154
'Keep yor mouth shut, Geordie Hinny ...' 138
Kill'd throo a fall doon Stairs! 71, 78-9, 85, 88, 118
Killed wi' the Drink 79
Kill or Cure 71
Kiss Little Joe for Me! 43
La Bohème 142
Lads upon the Wear, The 66
Lancashire Lass, The 78
Lanlord's Dowter, The 26, 28, 118, 143-4
Lass aw gan with, The 118
Lass I met at Shields, The 54
Lass that leeves next door, The 118, 133
Lass wi' the Cast in her Eye, The 44
Last Neet 133
Last Neet aw fell oot wi me mate 78, 85, 91, 118
Lasy Jack 78, 85, 91, 118
Laughing Eyes 117
Leases Park, The 85
Let 'em laff but they knows it's the best 79, 87, 118
Let's hev a row, but dinnet sulk 51
Life ov a Ship, The = Shine on ye Stars!
Life of a Sponge!, The = The Spunge!
Lily of Laguna 142
Little Dick 71
Little Pet 133
Little Johnny Robinson 75, 78, 118
Live for a Whole Hundred Years! = To Live for a Whole Hundred Years
Lokil Records for this Sentory 91, 93
London Lions 40
Long have I sadly waited 117
Lossin' the Licence 43
Lukey's Dream 18
Lyin' Bad in Bed 117
Mally didn't come 146
Mally Dunn 16, 117, 131, 143-4, 146
Maria Jones 77
Marry the Lass! 51
Martha Gray 82
Martha, the Milkman's Daughter 83
Mary Lister! 44
Matilda Baker 26

Maw Bonny Brave Boat Rower 118
Maw Bonny Gyetside Lass! 14, 100, 115, 117, 134-5, 145
Maw Sweetheart = The Flower o' Tyneside
Me Awn Advertismint 28, 118
Me Bonny Gyetside Lass! = Maw Bonny Gyetside Lass!
Me Fethur's drunk ag'yen 55
Meggie Bell 16, 103, 117
Meggie Lee 85
Me Little Wife at Hyem 46, 103, 132
Me Muther's Warnin! 16, 143
Messiah, The 142
Meun-Leet Flit, The 47
Midnight Thoughts 117
Miller o' the Dee, The 18
Miseries of Shiftin 118, 146
Missin the Train 78, 85
Miss Maria Jones 77
Mistress Foster's Account ov a Boat Race 118
Mistress Thomsin's Lodger 51
Mistress Taylor's Poisin 28, 118
'Multiplication is vexation ...' 9
Murder throo Drink: The Gallows 83, 87, 118, 147
Musical Landlord, The 85
My Bonny Gateshead Lass = Maw Bonny Gyetside Lass!
Myek Peace! 92
My Love – he has gone to Kentucky 93
My Old Man 142
Nancy in the Barrow = In the Barrow
Nanny's Portrait 86, 91
Nanny's run away wiv a Sowldger 116
Narvis Johnny! 73, 78, 85, 118
Ne Claes 85-6, 118
Ned's Aud Companions 118
Neet Scheul!, The 77-8, 118
Neet the Bairn wes born, The 18, 118
Negro Street Song 93
Neibors Doon Belaw 128-9, 133
Newcassel is my Native Place 47, 132
Newcassil! 118, 138
Ne Wark 9, 16, 117, 143
New Eer, The 92
Newgate Street 20, 118
New National Song = The Baltic Fleet
Neybur Abuv, The 46
Noodle and Rifleman's Dispute, The 16, 117
Nowt but Intoxication 79
Nowt Like a Hoose O' Yor Awn 68
O, Look at the Sowldger 133
One Mile Race, The 10, 103, 117
Onions 49, 58
On presenting a fairing 117
On the Banks of Tyneside 87
On the Beer 87, 118
On the death of Joe Wilson 97
Oot ov his Heed 87, 118
Orange and Blue 133
Orange Lass, The 129
Overpaid Bill driving while tight 79
Paddy's Adventures in his sleep 5
Paddy will ye now? 82
Painted Nose, The 85, 91, 118
Parsiveer! 44
Pat of the Argyle 29
Pat's Curiosity Shop 26
Pawnshop Bleezin, The 32, 76, 133
Peg's Trip to Tynemouth = Wor Peg's Trip te Tynemouth
Perfesshunel Lodgers 79
Pitman's Courtship, The
Policeman, The 124, 129
Port Wine 87, 118
Postman's Knock, The 20
Prairie Flower 8
Prepare for what's te cum! 16
'Pretty little Fairy, pretty little Fay...' 39
Pretty Little Nell 39
Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green 9
Pretty Sweetheart – Jessie May 118

Pride 16, 117
Pride of the Ball 133
Provision Dealer's Recitation, The = Cum te maw Shop!
Pull Away Cheerily = Rocking the Cradle
Pull Away Merrily = Rocking the Cradle
Queer Customs 87, 118
Railway Guard, The 66
Readin Owld Letters = Reeding Aud Letters
Reason Why, The 94
Recknin for the Pay 24, 118
Reeding Aud Letters 118, 146
Regretta, or Shuv Ahead 118
Renforth 71, 79, 85
Return o' the Gallowgate Lad 118
Rigs and Fun of Nottingham Goose Fair 25
Rip Teerin' Jimmie 66
Rocking the Cradle, Boys, Pull Away Cheerily 27
Rodger Richborn 55
Row iv a Public-house, The 134
Row upon the Stairs, The 12, 26, 30, 48, 96, 100, 103, 106, 113, 115, 117, 128, 132, 135, 139, 143-6
Sally Gray = Sweet Sally Gray
Sally Lee 138, 141, 146
Sally Wheatley = Bonny Sally Wheatley
Sally Wheatley's Comments 118
Sangate Chrisnin, The 11
Save me life 79
Says He! Says Aw 118
Second-Fiddler, The 85
Seein' Double 87, 118
Seekin for a Hoose 86-7, 91
Set Fight, A 118
Settled Doon 118
Sewin Machine, The 64
She is Black 77
She's gyen te Place at Jarrow! 16, 118
She once was a Sprightly Young Fairy 85-6
Shine on ye Stars 73, 75, 78, 99, 115, 118, 128, 146
Sivilised 86, 91
Slippery Joe 39
Snook's Dinah 83, 135-6, 143-4
'Snuff the little candle...' 38
Sober real injoyment feel, The 78, 85, 88, 118
Soldier, The 128
Soldier's Song, The 129, 133
Soap, Starch and Candles 39
Sowger's Life, A 133
Spanish Chieftain, The 26
Spider and the Fly, The 7
Spunge!, The 74, 78, 85, 88, 103, 118
Starvashun throo the same [drink] 79
Strike, The 54, 143
Sufferings 79
Sunday neets at Jesmond Gardens 16, 113, 117
Sunderland Trip, The 28, 118
Superstishus Sally 91, 93, 118, 146
Sweet Sally Gray 12
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan 46
Syimeese Twins = Wor Geordy's History of the Syimese Twins
'Talk tiv a drunken man ...' 79
Teetotal Injoymint 87, 118
Teetotaller's Defence, A = Which de ye call mean
Teetotal Noo 79, 87, 118, 143-4
Ten Thousand Miles Away 29, 47
That Factory Lass 82
'The noble rhyme that wrote this poem ...' 95-6
'There's native bards in yon toon ...' 63
'They tell'd us te forget her ...' 60
Think o' the Little Ones at Hyem 85, 88, 118
This is the maid we have to take...' 39
Thaos getting se tipsy last neet 78
Thors cumfort in a smoke 24, 100, 118
Thor's ne fear o' that wi me 79
Throo Drinkin Bitter Beer 87, 118
Throo getting se Topsy Last Neet 87, 118
Throo hevin nowt te de! 31
Time that me Fethur wes bad, The 43, 58, 88, 96, 115

Tinker's Wedding, The 11
To Joseph Wilson 44
To Live for a Whole Hundred Years 46, 92, 118
Tommy Williamson, the Withington Weather Profit 85-6
Tom Broon 70, 78, 85, 88, 118
Toon Improvement Bill, The 143
Trab, Trab, Trab = Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp 13, 71
Tranvilia Georgeto 139
Trav'lin Portrait Tyker, The 65
Tret wi' respect when yor sober 79
True Lover's Farewell to Ireland, The = Ten Thousand Miles Away
Try! 71, 78-9, 88, 118
Turn a little handle 38
Twin-Brothers' Birthday, The 5
Tyne Exile's Lament 115
Tyne Regatta 16
Tyneside Champein Fower, The 37, 92
Tyneside Lads for me 16, 117, 128
Uncle Sam = Yankee Doodle Uncle Sam
Ungrateful Bill 118
Unsortin Lass, The 86, 91, 146
Unsettled Bill 116
Up in the morning early 133
Vary Canny 24, 84, 107, 118, 138
Vary hard bed, A 78, 85, 118
Velocipeder = Geordey's Villosippeed
Vile Intoxication 79
Vorsatile Musician, The 78
Wandering Minstrel, The 49
Warm Fireside, A 55
Water o' Tyne, The 142
Wedding March 113
Welcum te Bob Chambers 118
We'll Seun Heh Wark Te De! 52, 82
What a feul aw've been 78-9, 85, 91, 118, 146
What a helpless fellow am aw 78-9, 85-8, 118
What gud can sweerin dee 16, 103
What myed ye get the Bag 118
"What's the next case," says the Magistrate...' 79
What that man might heh been 28, 100, 115, 118
What will the Neybars say? 51
What ye shud Weer 118
When a' thor Mem'ry's gyen! 71, 78-9, 85, 118
When aw wesh me-sel 85
When gud luck shows its fyece 118
When Johnny comes marching home again 71
When the Christmas log is burning 68
When the Pollis com in! 77-8
'When we welcome the New Year's Morning' 68
Where Heh Ye Been, Lass? 48
Where is Geordy gyen? 67, 93
Which De ye call mean! 78-9, 85, 118
Whiskey Het 87, 118
Whisperin 16, 117
Whistling Thief, The 11, 94, 106
Wife 117
Willington Weather prophet = Tommy Williamson
'Will you be my darling...' 39
Within a Mile of Edinburgh 133
Wor Canny Second-Born 56, 93
Wor Fam'ley 44
Wor Geordey's Accoont O' The Greet Boat Races 10, 117
Wor Geordey's Lokil Hist'ry 44
Wor Geordey's welcome te Garibaldi 117
Wor Geordy's Album 27, 118
Wor Geordy's Kallindor for last eer 85, 91
Wor Geordey's History of the Syimese Twins 32, 103
Wor Geordy's Invitashun te Garibaldi 16
Wor Geordy's wondrous Album Buik = Wor Geordy's Album
Wor Jinny's fell oot wiv her Lad 118
Working Men's Club, The 16
Wor Nanny's a Maisor 142
Wor Neybor Nell 86, 91, 143
Wor Peg's Invitashun – Not Accepted 13, 117
Wor Peg's Trip te Tynemouth 11, 16, 103, 113
Wor Tyneside Tallint gyen! 51

XYZ 11
Yankee Doodle Uncle Sam 10, 12
Ye Fancy Yorsel Clivvor, But Ye're Not 68
Ye Knaw! Ye See! 66, 68
Ye mun think that might be ye 78, 118
Ye niver think that might be ye 79, 85, 91
Ye talk about cheps bein bashful 84-5, 92
Yellow Girl that winked at me, The 80
Ye've lost a Whole Half-Croon! = It's a real bad job ye backt young Bob
Yorkshire Humphrey 27
Young Spring 118
'Your Bess is taken away...' 39
Your tiny hand is frozen 142114,

NAME INDEX

- Adams, William Edward 15
Adele Sisters 120
Albert, Reverend W. 112
Alberto Troupe 35
Albini, Herbert 123
Alderson, Mr 109
Allan, Alice (1806-) 9
Allan, Alice (1853-) 99, 107
Allan, Ann (1829-) 9-10, 99, 107, 130
Allan, Annie senior 107, 116, 134-5
Allan, Annie junior 107, 130
Allan, Edward 32, 99, 107, 117, 130, 135, 137
Allan, Edward Norman 130, 138
Allan, Elizabeth (1830-) 9, 130
Allan, Elizabeth junior 107, 130
Allan, Flora Alice 107, 130
Allan, George (1835-) 9-10, 17, 32, 52, 57, 59-68, 70, 74, 82, 89-96, 98-9, 101, 104, 106-7, 113, 115, 117
Allan, George junior 107
Allan, George William 99, 130, 135
Allan, Ida Winifred 116, 130
Allan, Isabella 99, 107
Allan, James 10, 99
Allan, John Bellerby 130, 135, 138, 146
Allan, Kate 100
Allan, Mary Elizabeth 99, 101, 107
Allan, Maude 107
Allan, Maurice Bellerby 130, 146
Allan, Nicholas 9, 99-100
Allan, Nora 107
Allan, Ralph (1801-) 9-10
Allan, Ralph (1828-) 9, 22, 27, 38, 58-66, 72, 95, 99-100, 130
Allan, Ralph (1855-) 99, 107, 115, 117, 134
Allan, Robert 9
Allan, T. & G. (1897-) 130-1, 133-4, 137-9, 141, 146-7
Allan, Thomas (1832-) 9-11, 17, 22, 27, 32, 38, 40, 47, 52-5, 57-68, 70, 72, 80, 82, 84-93, 95-6, 98-101, 104, 106-7, 113-15, 117, 145
Allan, Thomas junior 98-9, 107, 115, 117, 130, 139
Allan, Thomas Kingsley 130, 135, 146
Allan, William (1844-) 9, 98-9, 101-2, 107, 113, 117-18
Allan, William (1878-) 107, 130, 135
Allen, Francis G. ('Frank') 122-3, 126-7
Allen, Mr J.G. 122
Allen, Mrs Peter 120
Allen, Stephen 144
Allen, Sir Thomas 146
Allister, Fanny 23
Anderson, Alistair 141
Anderson, James 43, 50, 55, 127, 133, 145
Anderson, John Burnett → Burnett
Anderson, Margaret → Burnett
Anderton, John 144
Andrews, William 100, 104
Angel, Eddie 146
Appleby, Mr T.B. 92, 114
Archer, Norman 115
Arkley, Mr W. senior 128
Arkley, Mr W. junior 128
Armstrong, Annie → Allan
Armstrong, Archie 137
Armstrong, Elizabeth 99, 107, 130
Armstrong, Margaret Ann → Wilson
Armstrong, Tommy 21, 142
Armstrong, William 117
Armstrong, Sir William 51-4
Arne, Michael 67
Askey, Arthur 139
Atkinson, Ann (1834-) 1, 3, 5, 9, 27, 29
Atkinson, Ann (1859-) → Madame Shepherd
Atkinson, Henry William ('Harry') 104
Atkinson, Mr J.W. (dancing master) 27
Atkinson, John George 9
Atkinson, John William 9, 29
Atkinson, Joseph Thomas 9
Atkinson, Reverend N.B. 112
Bagnall, Ann 15
Bagnall, Mr J.B. 75
Bagnall, Jane 15
Bagnall, Joseph 15
Bagnall, Joshua Innes 15-16, 20, 23, 25, 28-9, 33-4, 54-5, 94, 124-5
Bagnall, Robert ('Bob') 81
Bagnall, Walter 40
Balfe, William 56
Baliol, Mr J.T. 97
Balmбра, John 15, 120, 141, 147
Bannister, Frederick 74
Baring-Gould, Reverend Sabine 113-15, 135
Barrasford, Thomas 125, 127
Barrasford, Mrs Thomas 126
Barrett, Michael 83
Barron, George 117
Barrow, Margaret 123
Barrow, William 120, 123, 127
Baston, Catherine 15-16
Baston, Ellen → Wilson
Baston, Thomas 15-16
Batey, Frank 136
BBC Station Orchestra 135
Beall, John 10
Beet & Rice, Messrs 87
Bell, Eleanor Margaret 148
Bell, Ernest 148
Bell, Florence 148
Bell, John 24
Bell, Mary Jane 32, 148
Bell, Mr R.P. 20
Bell, Stuart Henry 24, 28, 72, 75, 96-7, 124-5
Bell, Thomas 27
Bell, William 81
Bell, William Edward 148
Bellerby, Ida Winifred → Allan
Benion, Peter 144
Bennehan, Sophia → Catcheside
Bertram, Mr T.L. 33
Bertrand, Henry 125
Besford, David 98
Blakey, John 15
Blakey, Walter 15
Blakey, William Walter 15-16, 20, 23, 25, 28-9, 33-4, 54, 96, 124
Bloom, Mr R. 126
Blücher, Gebhard Leberecht von 12
Boag, William 8
Boldon, Mr 87
Booth, George → 'George Formby'
Bowdler, Henrietta 100
Bowdler, Thomas 100
Bower, James 120
Boyd, Mr A. 22, 49
Boyd's Quadrille Band 22
Boyd, Robert Watson 89
Brannigan, Owen 140, 145
Brassey, Mr 112
Brockie, William 100
Brooks, Mr (musician) 35
Brooks, Dr Charles 144
Brooks, Mrs F.E. 144
Brown, John 8
Brown, Mr T. 119, 128
Bruce, Dr John Collingwood 135
Bryson, John 100
Buckham, Isabella 120
Buckham, Mary (witness) 8
Buckham, Mary → Thornton
Bullin, Mr F. 112
Burnett, Ann → Vickers
Burnett, Ann (1794-) → Wilson
Burnett, Jean Wilson 51
Burnett, John (1816-) 51
Burnett, John (1842-) 51-4
Burnett, Margaret 43
Burnett, Thomas 1
Burns, Mr (amateur singer) 54
Burns, Robert 31, 100, 102, 114
Burns, Thomas 100
Calder, Maggie 131
Campbell, William 14
Canny Fettle 145
Caprians 142
Carlberry, Lillie 123
Carlisle, Joseph 15, 29, 125
Carl Rosa Opera Company 142
Carr, John 8
Carter, Eva 137
Casson, Joseph 144
Catcheside, Charles Ernest 131-6, 138, 142
Catcheside, Robert Marium 123
'Catcheside-Warrington' = Charles Catcheside
Catcheside-Warrington, Edith 131, 138
Ceda, Mr 29
Chamberlain, Joseph 99
Chambers, Robert ('Bob') 6, 10, 15, 28-9, 33, 46, 82, 103
Chang & Eng 32
Chaplin, Charlie 128
Chaplin, Michael 142
Chaplin, Sid 142
Charlton, John 8
Charlton, John Forster 141
Charlton, Mr R. 138
Chater, John W. 16-17, 20, 24, 26-7, 29, 31, 50, 55, 145
Chater, Mrs 55
Chester, Edward 137
Chisholm, Mr S.P. 121
Churchill & Crabtree, Messrs 27
Clark, Kate 130
Clark, 'Paddy' 72
Clasper, Henry ('Harry') 10, 15, 45-6, 103
Clear, Elizabeth → Stokoe
Cleo, John 125
Clifton, Harry 9
Clifton, Miss 87
Coburn, Charles 126
Cockburn, Henry 1
Colswell, Thomas 53
Cole Brothers 139
Collet, Mr 49
Collier, Miss Carrie 45
Colls, Robert 146
Colquhoun, Mary 130
Connell, Mr 115
Consett Citizens' Choir 140, 145
Cook, Eliza 68
Cooke, Mr (circus proprietor) 122
Cooke, Fred 121
Coombes, Robert 10
Cooper, Robert ('Bob') 10, 103
Corvan/Corven, Edward ('Ned') 5, 9, 15, 20-2, 24, 51, 69, 72, 95, 98, 113, 117, 121-2, 126, 141-2, 146
Cosser, William 23

Courtenay, Lindo 23
 Court Minstrels 123
 Coward, Mr P.H. 100
 Cowen, Joseph 13, 15, 45, 52, 54, 77, 102, 104, 113
 Coxon, Mr 114
 Craggs, Elizabeth -> Wilson
 Crawford, William 25
 Crawhall, Joseph 100, 105, 113
 Crazy Gang 139
 Creighton, Helen 150
 Cromwell, Mr G.T. 124
 Cunningham, David 55
 Cunningham, Mr E. 35-6
 Dagg, Ann Booth -> Graham
 Dale, Harry 95
 Dalglish, Alderman Robert Stanley 138
 Dasent, John Rory 5
 Davis, Mr (preacher) 20
 Davis, Edward Dean 29, 36, 96
 Davison, Mr (solicitor) 108-9
 Davison, Peter 145
 Dawson, William Henderson 10, 57, 89-90, 96
 Dellow, Mr 89
 Dempsey, Hugh 126
 Dent, John M. 64, 81
 Derbyshire, Watson 96
 Dick, James 144
 Dick, Mr T. 100
 Dicken, Benny 40
 Dingwall, Mr J. senior 81
 Dingwall, Mr J. junior 81
 Dinning, Judy 146
 Dixon, Mr W. 135-6
 Dobson, Edward Scott 141
 Dodd, Mr W. 1
 Dodds, Miss 130
 Dodds, Mr 128
 Dodds, Jamieson 136
 Dodworth, Frances Ann 131
 Don, Fred 41
 Donald, Adam Elphinstone 15
 Donaldson, Thomas 40
 D'Ostas 123
 Douglas, Johnny 139
 Drake, Sir Francis 144
 Duncan, George 126
 Durham Artillery Band 53
 Durham Light Infantry Band 138
 Durham Rifles Band 97
 Dusseldorf Schubertbund 140
 Dwight, Mr & Mrs Zip 81
 E., Mrs 74-5, 86
 Eanos Brothers 81
 Eckart, Pauline 35-6
 Edwards, Mr D.E. 56
 Edwins, Mr E.J. 49, 57
 Eglington, Thomas 108
 'Eldon' (*Newcastle Chronicle*) 138
 Eldon, Lord (John Scott) 1
 'Elfin' (Sidney Miles Hawkes) 26, 107
 Elliott, Alistair 144
 Elliott, John (policeman) 15, 49, 104
 Elliott, John ('Ramblin Jack') 140
 Elliott, Peter 145
 Elliott, William (sculler) 121
 Elliott, William (venue proprietor) 96, 121
 Elton, Harry 41
 Emery, Robert 22, 55, 72, 95, 117
 Emmett, Nat 55
 Engels, Friedrich 77
 English, Eleanor 32
 'English, Elizabeth' = Isabella Wilson
 English, Elizabeth -> Porter
 English, Ethel Jane 110
 English, Grace Isabella 32, 108-11
 English, Harry Foster 110
 English, Isabella -> Wilson
 English, Jane Isabella -> Holmes
 English, Joseph (1842-) 32
 English, Joseph Milburn (1828-) 32-3, 108-12
 English, Joseph Milburn (1876-) 110
 English, Mary Jane -> Bell
 English, Robert (Joseph Milburn senior's brother) 110
 English, Robert George (1848-) 32, 108-10, 148
 English, Robert George (1876-) 110
 English, Selena Lydia Mary 111-12
 English, William 110
 Erskine, Mr J.H. 22
 Everson, George 10
 Exley, Charles 33, 88
 Fairlamb, Mr W. 121
 Fawkes, Guido 104
 Fenlon, Mr C.H. 33
 Fenton, Master 40
 Fenwick, Alderman 131
 Fenwick, Sarah 51
 Fergusson, William 31
 Fielding, Edward 72
 Fife, Sir John 16, 23
 Findley, John 41
 Findley, William 91, 95, 97
 Five Smith Brothers 139
 Fletcher, Andrew 33
 Fletcher, Gordon R. 141
 Fletcher, Harry 14
 Fogg, Thomas 100
 Folk Song and Ballad Club 140
 Ford, Leverette -> Tuxworth
 Fordyce, Thomas 57, 82, 95, 99, 114-15
 Fordyce, William 114
 Formby, George 139
 Forster, Mr (solicitor) 30
 Foster, Andrew 128
 'Foster, Eric' = Charles Catcheside
 Foster, Mr J.G. 55
 Foster, Ted 33
 Foster, Mr W. 128
 Foster, Stephen 116
 Four Smith Brothers 139
 Fox, Mrs 145
 France, Thomas 44
 Fraser, Jane 13
 Frederick, Albert 148, 153
 Frederick, Charles 149
 Frederick, Edward 153
 Frederick, Eleanor 153
 Frederick, Isabella (see Isabella Wilson senior)
 Frederick, Jeanette -> Neu
 Frederick, Jennie -> Smith
 Frederick, John 148-9
 Frederick, Mary -> Tuxworth
 Frederick, Melvin William 153
 Frederick, Ord 153
 Frederick, Sherlock George 153
 Frederick, Thelma 153
 Frederick, Wesley 153
 Frederick, William 148-9
 Freeman, Isaac 55
 Friedrich -> Frederick
 Fuller, Mr G. 111
 Fynes, Richard 25
 Gale, Ann 131
 Gale, Jane -> Windows
 Gallagher, Detective Inspector 112
 Gardner, Tom 144
 Garibaldi, General Giuseppe 13, 15, 134
 Gateshead Police Band 57
 Gaul, Edward ('Ted') 152
 Gaul, Shirley -> Kasandra Van Keith
 Gay, John 46
 George, Mr J.B. 121
 Gibb, Dr Charles John 115
 Gibbons, Hannah 107
 Gibson, Dewey 136
 Gilbert, Sir William Schwenk 140
 Gilchrist, Robert 22, 72, 95
 Gilfellon, Tom 141
 Gilliot, Ethel 130
 Ging, Heather 146
 Given, PC Martin 122
 Glasgow, Alexander senior 142
 Glasgow, Alexander junior ('Alex') 142-4, 146
 Glasgow, Daniel Alexander 142
 Glasgow, Margaret Williamson 142
 Glasgow, Patricia ('Paddy') 142
 Glasgow, Mary Jane ('Polly') 142
 Glasgow, Richard Duncan 142
 Glasgow, Ruth 142
 Glyndebourne Festival Opera 140
 Glynn, Edward 15
 Goodall, Dan 23
 Gorringer, Alfred 15, 51
 Grade, Lew & Lesley 139
 Graham, Ann Booth 140
 Graham, Annie & Lizzie 22
 Graham, Elizabeth 138
 Graham, Francis Moore ('Frank') 140-1, 145
 Graham, Philip Moore 140
 Grainger, Richard 8
 Gray, Julia Anne -> Siddall
 Gray, Mr R. 132
 Green, Thomas 10
 Gregson, Thomas 17, 24
 Grey, Earl 15, 86, 116
 Griffiths, Gail Isabel -> Wilson
 Gunnery, Mr G. 112
 Guthrie, Woody 140
 Haggerston, Mr W.J. 102
 Haggie Brothers 15
 Hair, Mr & Mrs 18
 Hair, Thomas 48
 Haldane, Professor John Burdon Sanderson 141
 Hale, Colin 144
 Haley, Bill 139
 Hall, Frank 21, 25
 Hall, Fred 126
 Hall, Harriet 130
 Hall, Harry 125
 Hall, Stuart 145
 Hanby, Benjamin 24
 Händel, George Frideric 142
 Handford, Tom 15, 22-3, 25
 Handle, Johnny (John Pandrich) 140-1, 146
 Hanselman, Margaret -> Wilson
 Harcourt, Sir William Vernon 111
 Harding, Mr 23
 Hardwick, Charlie 147
 Hardy, Jean Wilson -> Burnett
 Harker, Dave 145-6
 Harold, Mr & Mrs Frank 49-50
 Harris & Kirk, Messrs 36
 Harrison, Mr A.C. 126
 Harrison, Ann 98
 Harrison, Edwin 69, 121, 123
 Harrison, Elizabeth Stewart 40, 50, 69, 121, 123, 127
 Harrison, Ellen ('Nelly') 121
 Harrison, Mr H. 100
 Harrison, Henry William 121, 123, 126
 Harrison, Margaret (1814) 40
 Harrison, Margaret (1869) 40
 Harrison, Margaret Wakefield (1866) 40
 Harrison, Mary 40
 Harrison, Rowland (1841-) ('Rowley') 22, 40-1, 45, 48-51, 54, 57-8, 68-9, 72, 88-9, 95-8, 115, 117, 121-6, 131-2, 137, 139, 145
 Harrison, Rowland (1875-) 50-1, 121, 123, 127
 Harrison, Thomas (1813-) 40

Harrison, Thomas junior 123
 Hartley, Annie 149
 Hartley, Isabella -> Wilson
 Hartley, John 91
 Hattam, Mr E.L. 144
 Hawthorn, Robert & William 9
 Hayward, William 68
 Heddelley, James 69
 Hedley, Mr A. 40
 Hedley, Ralph 101, 105-6, 125
 Hedley, Thomas 107
 Heenan, Cardinal John 145
 Henderson, Sergeant 20
 Hendy, Stephen 122
 Herberte, Mr 87
 Heslop, Margaret -> Anderson
 Heslop, Richard Oliver 102, 113, 117
 High Level Ranters 141
 Hill, Jenny 20, 123
 Hind, Maud Frances -> Windows
 Hindlet, Roland Georges Raoul
 Hindlet, Shirley -> Kassandra Van Keith
 Hoffman, Caroline Bernice -> Poloni
 Hoffman, Kara Lynn 153
 Hoffman, Roddy Jon 152
 Hogarth, Alex 70
 Hogg, James 100
 Hoggart, Richard 145
 Holiday, Frances -> Wilson
 Holmes, Alfred 111
 Holmes, Jane Isabella 111
 Holmes, Thomas 25, 33, 75
 Hope, Anne 138
 Hope, Mary 127
 Horsley, James 101
 Howard, Mr 89
 Howard's Troupe of Can-Can Dancers 120
 Howe, Jonathan 7, 104
 Howe, William 7
 Howe Brothers 28, 43
 Howells, Michael 144
 Howes, Frank 144
 Hoyle, Theodore 8
 Hudson, Isabella -> Maule
 Hughes, Mr J. 35
 Hunt, Mr G.W. 83
 Hunter, James Crosbie 49
 Hutchinson, Joseph (shop assistant) 130, 145
 Hutchinson, Joseph (venue proprietor) 28
 Hutchinson, Thomas 104
 I'Anson, Dr. F. 95
 Ines, Ann -> Bagnall
 Ineson, Mr J. 81
 Innes, George 133
 Ions, Thomas William 115
 Irving, John 124
 Jackson, Glenda 144
 Jackson, Mr J.H. 112
 James, Matthew C. 117
 Jameson, John 8
 Jewel, Jimmy (James Marsh) 139
 Jewson, Mr 19
 Johnson, Mr (grocer) 99
 Johnson, Jimmy 99
 Johnson, Samuel 24
 Johnston, William 11
 Johnstone, Leonard 138
 Johnstone, Mr & Mrs Will 35
 Jones, Sam 137
 Jones, Selina Lydia Mary -> English
 Jones, William David 112
 Jordan, William 8
 Joseph, Nathan 140
 Keeling, Reverend W.W.F. 96
 Kelley, Harry 10, 45
 Kelly, Richard ('Dick') 142
 Kerby, Maggie 33
 Kerr, Tom 16-17
 Killen, Frank 140
 Killen, Louis 140
 Killen, Mary Margaret 140
 Kirtley, Mr T. 125
 Knox, Ann -> Wilson
 Knox, Elizabeth 1
 Knox, John 1
 Lambert, Sir Arthur 137
 Langley & Ritella 33
 La Petite Flora 81
 Lauder, Mr A. 40
 Lauder, Harry 128, 142
 Laverick, Mr T. 128
 Laws, Peter 17
 Lawson, Reverend Edward 108-9
 Lawson, William 68
 Leader, William ('Bill') 140
 Leander, Harry 123
 Lee, Mr J.T. 112
 Leveridge, Richard 46
 Leybourne, George 69, 78, 87
 Lina & Vari 123
 Lingford, Joseph 138
 Linnett, Mr 81
 Lishman, Thomas 8
 Liston, Harry 32
 Livermore, Mr C.J. 123
 Livermore, Horace 124
 Livermore, Lechmere 124
 Lloyd, Albert Lancaster ('Bert') 139-40, 145
 Locke, Josef (Joseph McLaughlin) 131
 Logie, Dr 109
 Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth 14
 Lough, Mr 107
 Lovett, James 125
 Ludwig, Herr 122
 Lumsden, William 89
 Lynn, Mr W. 128
 McAllan, Duncan Livingstone 4
 MacColl, Ewan (Jimmy Miller) 139-40
 Macdonald, James 26-7, 122
 McDonall, Joseph 45-6
 McDougal, Alice -> Allan
 McDowell, Joe 92
 McGuckin, Vincent 150
 Mackenzie, Eneas 1
 Mackey, Joseph 19
 McLean, Margaret Williamson -> Glasgow
 McMillan, Mr (singer) 20-1
 Macmillan, Mr R. 36
 MacSorley, Caroline ('Carrie') 149-52
 MacSorley, Ivan & Mrs 152
 MacSorley, John 150-1
 Maguire, Nellie 123
 Machin, Charles E. 125
 Main, George 8
 Marr, Mr 89-90
 Marshall, Ralph 139
 Marson, Reverend Charles 135
 Martin, John 37
 Masters, Minnie 35
 Matthews, Charles 72
 Maule, Elizabeth 32
 Maule, Grace Isabella -> English
 Maule, Isabella 32
 Maule, Joseph senior 32
 Maule, Joseph junior -> English
 May, Margaret 97
 Mayor, Mr J. 36
 Medd, Mary 148
 Medlycott, David 144
 Mellini, Mr 126
 Melville, Miss 81
 Mendelssohn, Felix 113
 Midford/Mitford, William 11, 22, 72, 74, 95, 117
 Milburn, Lily 87
 Mitcheson, Mr W. 55
 Mitford,
 Moore, John 134
 Moore, Willie 138
 Morecambe, Eric (John Eric Bartholomew) 139
 Moreton, Frederick 20
 Morison, Mr 43
 Morpeth Band 27
 Morris, Mr 43
 Morison, Mr 43
 Morrison, Craig 153
 Mortimer Brothers 36
 Morten, Charles 16
 Moss, Horace Edward 122-7, 132
 Moss, James 122
 Moss, Martha 122
 Mottram, Miss 23
 Murray, Andrew 135
 Napoleon Bonaparte 1
 Nash, Tom 25
 Nelson, Peter 124-5
 Nelson, Alderman Thomas 88
 Neu, Jeanette 153
 Nevitt, Tom 33
 Newcastle Rhythm Club 140
 Newsome, Mr 55
 Newton, Mr 128
 Nield, Mr J. 112
 Nixon, Miss 81
 Northumberland Theatre Company 146
 Northumbrian Pipers' Society 137
 Northumbrian Serenaders 139
 Norton, Mrs 112
 Nunn, Robert ('Bobby') 18, 47, 70, 72, 134
 Odom, Clive 144
 Oliver, Mr R. 9
 Oliver, William 22, 72, 95, 117
 Oppenheimer Brothers 131
 Outbridge, Henry 138
 Owen, Robert 15
 Oxford Galleries Dance Band 136
 Oxford University Heritage Society 140
 Oxwell, Annie 130
 Pailey, John 128
 Palmer, Charles Mark 52
 Parker, Orville 35-6
 Parnell, Val 139
 Parry, John 72
 Patterson, Mr T. 132
 Pattinson, Mr J. 131
 Paul, Mr 126
 Petticrow, Frank 100
 Pickett, Richard 144
 Pickford, Mary Ann 107
 Pigg, Sally 130
 Pinkerton, Winifred -> Wilson
 Pitman, Isaac 68
 Plater, Alan 146
 Poloni, Caroline Bernice 150, 152
 Poloni, Jon Reginald 152
 Pollard, Elizabeth 123
 Pond, William 47
 Porrin, Arthur 81
 Porter, Elizabeth 32, 109, 148
 Porter, Edward Greaves 148
 Powell, Mr (bill poster) 100
 Promenade Concerts 140
 Puccini, Giacomo 142
 Purvis, Mr (solicitor) 81
 Purvis, Billy 14, 33, 51, 69, 72, 105, 121, 126
 Purvis, Blind Willie 72
 Pyle, Annie 101
 Pyle, Snowdon 101
 Pyle, Mr W.R. 101
 Radcliffe, Mr J. B. 114
 Rankin, Elizabeth 4
 Rea, Mr 51

Reay, George Agnew 113
 Reay, Samuel 113, 115, 117, 135
 Redden, Sam 97
 Reed, Mr 33
 Reeve, Wybert 29
 Reid, Bernice & Walter 148
 Renforth, James 15, 32, 37, 45, 51, 54, 58-9, 71, 82, 100, 103
 Renwick, Mr 136
 Richardson, Catherine 107
 Richardson, Sarah 51
 Ridley, Mr (amateur singer) 19
 Ridley, George 9, 15, 22, 27, 69, 72, 95, 98, 113, 117, 121, 141, 147
 Ritchie, John 15, 29
 Roberts, Dr 112
 Roberts, Mr C. 50
 Robertson, Sergeant 109
 Robins, Hannah 100
 Robinson, Bill 146
 Robinson, Mr G. 113
 Robson, Flora 142
 Robson, Francis Hooper ('Frank') 5
 Robson, Isabella 48
 Robson, Mr J.F. 128
 Robson, Joseph Philip 16, 28, 31, 48, 51, 69, 72, 91, 95-6, 121, 126
 Robson, Robert 99, 115
 Roden, Frank 123
 Rogerson, Alan 140
 Root, George 13
 Ross, Colin 140
 Ross, Marian -> Stokoe
 Rowbottom, Hester 144
 Rowell, John 101, 105
 Royce, Syd 139
 Ruddock, William 34
 Rutter, Christopher 9
 Ryder, Mr 136
 Sadler, Mr & Mrs A.E. 112
 Saddler, James 33, 81
 Sadler's Wells Opera Company 140
 St. Hilda's Colliery Band 136
 Sanger, Messrs 121
 Scarlett, John 14, 117
 Scatter, J.C. (James Cosgrove) 128-9, 133, 136
 Scott, Pete 146-7
 Scott, Professor (John Henry Anderson) 29
 Scott, Walter, & Co. 101, 106, 113, 115
 Sessford, John 72
 Shakespeare, William 143
 Sharp, Cecil James 135, 139
 'Sheldon, Ernest' = Robert Marium Catcheside
 Shepherd, Madame Anne 9, 104
 Sheppard, Reverend Henry Fleetwood 114
 Shield, John 22, 72, 95, 117
 Shields, Harry 55
 Shields, Sammy 133
 Shotton, Jane 40
 Shotton, John 40
 Shotton, Samuel 40
 Siddall, Adelaide 34
 Siddall, Amelia 34, 40
 Siddall, Elizabeth 34
 Siddall, James 34, 40, 120
 Siddall, Julia (1857-) 34, 40
 Siddall, Julia Ann (married 1855) 34
 Siddall, Mary 34
 Siddall, Samuel Broadbent 34-8, 40-1, 120-2
 Siltz, Eleanor -> Frederick
 Silverman, Jerry 145
 Sinclair, Charles 81
 Singing English Sisters 32
 Skelton, Alexander 149
 Skelton, Alice 149-50
 Skelton, Bernice Merle -> Wilson
 Skipsey, Joseph 107
 Smart, David 8
 Smith, Mr (bill-poster) 35
 Smith, Alfred 139
 Smith, George 8
 Smith, Gladys 149
 Smith, Harold 139
 Smith, Hugh 27, 29
 Smith, Jennie 149
 Smith, Loyd 149
 Smith, Margaret -> Harrison
 Smith, Martin 139
 Smith, Merrill 149
 Smith, Ourey 149
 Smith, Ronnie (Ronald Culbertson) 139
 Smith, Roy 139
 Smith, Stanley 139
 Smith, Thelma 149
 Smith, William Henry 57
 Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America 152
 Solly, Reverend Henry 14
 Somerville, Annie 33
 Southgate, Bill 144
 Spence, Mr J. 48
 Spence, Roger 144
 Stainer, John 142
 Stanley, George 9, 15, 19, 21, 23, 26, 29, 96
 Stanley, Ruth 31, 23
 Steele, Mr S. 40
 Stephenson, Charles Henry 104-5
 Stephenson, Hazel 154
 Stephenson, John Atlantic 117
 Stephenson, Robert (engineer) 52
 Stephenson, Robert (musician) 88
 Stevenson, Donald 144
 Stokoe, Catherine 100
 Stokoe, Elizabeth 100
 Stokoe, John 100, 106, 114-15, 117, 135
 Stokoe, Marian 100
 Stokoe, Thomas 100
 Stoll, Oswald 124-5, 134
 Storey, Mr H.W. 99
 Stowell, Baron (William Scott) 1
 Street, Reverend J. 14
 Strother, Isabella 99
 Stubbs, Mr J.H. 41
 Stuti, Zoebida 32
 Stutfield, Ann 144
 Such, Henry Parker 94
 Sullivan, Sir Arthur Seymour 140-1
 Sullivan, Mr W.W. 26
 Sutherland, Mr 8
 Sutherland, Sir Arthur Munro 138
 Swales, Polly -> Glasgow
 Swan, Anna 32
 Swan, John 111
 Sword, Ann -> Burnett
 Taylor, Dr 112
 Taylor, Mr (publican) 32
 Taylor, James 37, 45
 Taylor, John ('Jack') 55, 69
 Taylor, Peter 99
 Taylor, William 99
 Tebbs, Pauline 148
 Third Durham Rifles Band 97
 Thomas, Harding 126
 Thompson, Barbara Ann -> Wilson
 Thompson, Mr J.C. 136
 Thompson, John 1
 Thompson, Thomas 24
 Thompson, William ('Billy') 15, 20, 25, 28, 30-1, 33, 51, 69, 121
 Thornton, Ann 120
 Thornton, Frances 120
 Thornton, George (son of Richard senior) 120
 Thornton, George (nephew of Richard senior) 120
 120
 Thornton, Isabella senior 120
 Thornton, James 120
 Thornton, John 120
 Thornton, Mr L.M. 20
 Thornton, Margaret senior 127, 130, 135-6
 Thornton, Margaret junior 127
 Thornton, Newton 120
 Thornton, Peter 120
 Thornton, Richard senior 120
 Thornton, Richard junior ('Dick') 120-8, 130, 134-5
 Tilley, Vesta 122, 128
 Tindle, Ethel 127
 Todd, Elizabeth 99
 Tolmaque, 'Professor' 40
 Tomlinson, William Weaver 117
 Trueman, Mr R. 100
 Tudor, William 124-5
 Turnbull, Annie 131
 Turnbull, Mr W. 55, 68
 Turner, Mr W.H. 137
 Tute, John 35-6
 Tuxworth, Leverette 149
 Tuxworth, Mary Annie 108, 110, 148-9
 Tuxworth, Robert 149
 Tuxworth, Roy Harold 149
 'Tyneside' = Thomas Allan senior
 Tyzack, Benjamin Joseph 37
 Unthan, Hermann 120
 Usher, Messrs 9
 Van Keith, Kasandra 152-5
 Vass, George 83
 Vicinus, Martha 145
 Vickers, Ann 1, 51
 Vickerson, Mark 1
 Wakefield, Elizabeth Stewart -> Harrison
 Walker, Jane 51
 Walker, John 24
 Walker, Mary 100
 Wallace, Edwin 137
 Wallace, George 134
 Wallace, Patricia -> Glasgow
 Walton, Mr B. 29
 Walton, Clarence 138, 140, 145
 Ware, George 69
 Warrington, C.E. = Charles Catcheside
 'Warrington, Catcheside E.' = Charles Catcheside
 'Warrington, Ernest' = Charles Catcheside
 'Warrington, Helen Edythe' = Edith Catcheside
 Warrington
 Warris, Ben 139
 Watson, George Lindsay 33, 49-51
 Watson, Jane 51
 Watson, Mr J.L. 41
 Watson, James 74
 Watson, Robert Spence 101, 113, 115, 117
 Watson, Mr T.C. 20
 Waugh, Ed (playwright) 153
 Waugh, Edwin (poet) 98, 101, 107
 Waugh, James 138
 Wax, Mr 99
 Weatherburn, John 28
 Weatherley, Denis 139, 141, 146
 Weatherley, Thomas 105
 Webster, Noah 24
 Weighall, Mr & Mrs E.J. 124, 126
 Welford, Richard 102, 113, 116
 Westgarth, William 140
 Westminster Cathedral Choir 140
 Westoby, Mr J.S. 23, 49
 Wheeler, William 33, 69, 121
 White, Tom 6
 Whittaker, William Gillies 135-6
 Wilckie, Thomas 8
 Wildey, Annie 87
 Wilkinson, Ralph 55, 67-8, 115

'Williams, Mr & Mrs Frank' 22-3
 'Williams, Mr H.' 23
 Willing, John Henry 55
 Willison, James 33, 35-6
 Wilson, Alfrid 149
 Wilson, Ann (1794-) 1
 Wilson, Ann (1813-) 1, 3-5, 8-9, 24, 51, 71
 Wilson, Ann (1834-) -> Atkinson
 Wilson, Ann Burnett 8, 71
 Wilson, Annie Ellen 149
 Wilson, Barbara Ann 153
 Wilson, Bernice Merle 149-53
 Wilson, Caroline Bernice -> Poloni
 Wilson, Carrie -> MacSorley
 Wilson, Edwin 149
 Wilson, Elizabeth (1734-) 1
 Wilson, Elizabeth (1783-) 1
 Wilson, Elizabeth May Isabella (1897-) 149-50
 Wilson, Ellen 15-16, 107, 132, 136
 Wilson, Frances 1
 Wilson, Freda 149
 Wilson, Gail Isabel 150, 153
 Wilson, George Hartley 149-53
 Wilson, George Terry 150-3
 Wilson, Isabella (1826-) 29
 Wilson, Isabella (1850-) 1, 3-5, 8-9, 24, 51, 71,
 87, 91, 96-7, 104, 108, 110, 148-9
 Wilson, Isabella (1868-) 149
 Wilson, Jane 13
 Wilson, Jennifer ('Jennie') -> Frederick
 Wilson, John (1786-) 1, 5-6, 8
 Wilson, John (1837-) 3, 6-7, 9, 13, 21, 95
 Wilson, Joseph (1730-) 1
 Wilson, Joseph (1755-) 1, 3
 Wilson, Joseph (1812-) 1, 3-5, 33
 Wilson, Joseph ('Joe'), (1841-) 3-97, 99-108,
 113, 115-19, 126, 128-9, 131-50, 153-4
 Wilson, Joseph (1859-) 6, 9
 Wilson, Joseph Thomas (1868-) 9, 29
 Wilson, Joseph Thomas (1870-) 41, 51, 96-7,
 110, 148-50, 153
 Wilson, Leonard Hartley 150-3
 Wilson, Margaret 149
 Wilson, Margaret Ann 6
 Wilson, Mary Annie -> Tuxworth
 Wilson, Robert John 87, 90-1, 96-7
 Wilson, Ruth 149
 Wilson, Shirley Elizabeth -> Kasandra Van Keith
 Wilson, Thomas (1841-) 3-4, 9, 16, 18, 21-2, 24,
 30, 44-5, 55, 72, 107, 132, 136-7
 Wilson, Thomas (1872-) 55, 96-7, 110, 148-9
 Wilson, Thomas (builder) 55
 Wilson, Thomas H. (composer) 131
 Wilson, Mr W. 138
 Wilson, Walter 141
 Wilson, Winifred ('Freda') 153
 Wilton, Harry 81
 Windows, Fanny 131
 Windows, Hedley 131
 Windows, James Gale senior (and J.G. Windows)
 131-3, 135-6, 139-40, 142-6
 Windows, James Gale junior
 Windows, Jane 131
 Windows, Joseph 131
 Windows, Maud Frances 131
 Windows, Maurice 131
 Windsor Operatic Society 140
 Winship, Thomas 37
 Wise, Ernie (Ernest Wiseman) 139
 Wood, Mr (cabinet maker) 120
 Wood, Mrs 120
 Wood, Fred 125
 Woodhouse, Mr J.H. 133
 Woodruff, Jane -> Blakey
 Woodvine, John 143
 Work, Henry Clay 28
 Wormall, Mr W. 113
 Wright, Mr (venue proprietor) 45
 Wright, Ann 145
 Wright, Mr F. 80
 Wright, Mr J.E. 97
 Wright, Mr H.W. 4
 Wrighton, Mr W.T. 20
 Yeat, Mr J.H. 133
 Young, Mr (property developer) 1
 Young, Mr (stonemason) 15
 Young, Mr A. 36
 Young, Catherine -> Baston
 Young, Joe 97, 123
 Young, Margaret -> Thornton
 Young, Walter
 Younie, John 8
 Zimmer, Maggie 87

Dave Harker

Dave Harker was born in Guisborough in what was then the North Riding of Yorkshire in 1946. He won a scholarship to Guisborough Grammar School in 1958 and in 1966 he went on to Jesus College, Cambridge. His Director of Studies was Raymond Williams and one supervisor was the postgraduate Terry Eagleton. Dave was awarded a BA in 1969 and began postgraduate research, nominally under the supervision of John Holloway of Queens' College, but when he became a Senior Scholar at University College in 1970 he asked to be supervised by David Craig of Lancaster University. Dave escaped from Cambridge to Newcastle for a year, and married, but had to return. In 1972 he declined the offer of a fellowship at a Cambridge college and, to the chagrin of what had become Wolfson College, he accepted a temporary lectureship at Manchester Polytechnic. He expected to be just passing through, but he became active in the Association of Teachers in Technical Institutes and his son Michael was born in 1973. In 1976, to Dave's surprise, Cambridge University awarded a PhD for 'Popular Song and Working-Class Consciousness in North-East England.' He became Senior Lecturer in Trade Union Studies in 1982, built two miners' supports groups in 1984-5 and became Senior Lecturer in English in 1986. In the 1990s he was an officer of the National Association of Teachers in Further and Education branch at what had become Manchester Metropolitan University, but retired in 2000 to get more involved in education. He was the founding secretary of the North West Retired Members' Branch of what was now the University and College Union and an officer of Manchester Trades Union Council. Dave eventually moved to Newcastle in 2015, 40 or so years after he had hoped.

Dave has published 12 books so far.

The Gallowgate Lad. Joe Wilson's Life & Songs (Newcastle: Wisecrack Publications, 2017).
Cat-Gut Jim the Fiddler. Ned Corvan's Life & Songs (Newcastle: Wisecrack Publications, 2017).
Building the Old Bolsheviks, 1881-1903 (www.marxists.org/history/ussr/events/revolution/index.htm 2016).
Gannin' to Blaydon Races! The Life and Times of George Ridley (Newcastle: Tyne Bridge Publishing, 2012).
The Flying Pickets. The 1972 builders' strike and the Shrewsbury trials (with Dave Ayre, Reuben Barker, Jim French & Jimmy Graham), (London: The Des Warren Trust Fund, 2008).
Tressell: The Real Story of 'The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists' (London: Zed Books, 2003; Manila: Ibon Books, 2004).
Songs and Verse of the North East Pitmen, c.1780-1844 (Durham: Surtees Society, 1999).
Dave Harker, *Fakesong: the Manufacture of British 'folksong,' 1700 to the present day*, (1985).
Songs from the Manuscript Collection of John Bell (Durham: Surtees Society, 1985).
One for the Money: politics and popular song (London: Hutchinson, 1980).
The Big Red Song Book (with Mal Collins and Geoff White), (London: Pluto Press, 1977 and 1981; University of Michigan Press, 1982).
George Ridley, Gateshead Poet and Vocalist (Newcastle: Frank Graham, 1973).

Dave edited and contributed *Fakesong* to the Open University Press 'Popular Music in Britain' series.

Niall Mackinnon, *The British Folk Scene: musical performance and social identity*, 1994.
Dick Bradley, *Understanding Rock'n'roll: popular music in Britain 1955-1964*, 1992.
Allan Moore, *Rock: the primary text. Developing a musicology of rock*, 1992.
Trevor Herbert, *Bands: the Brass Band Movement in the 19th and 20th centuries*, 1991.
Paul Oliver, ed., *Black Music in Britain: essays on the Afro-Asian contribution to popular music*, 1990.
Derek Scott, *The Singing Bourgeois: songs of the Victorian drawing room and parlour*, 1989.
Mike Pickering & A.E. Green, ed., *Everyday Culture: popular song and the vernacular milieu*, 1987.
Peter Bailey, ed., *Music Hall: the business of pleasure*, 1986.
J.S. Bratton, ed., *Music Hall: performance and style*, 1986.
Dave Laing, *One Chord Wonders: power and meaning in punk rock*, 1985.
Dave Harker, *Fakesong: the Manufacture of British 'folksong,' 1700 to the present day*, (1985).

Dave has also published several articles about north east English history and culture.

'Their Geordies and Ours,' Part 2, *North East Labour History* (Newcastle: North East Labour History Society, 2014), Vol 45, 187-215.
'Their Geordies and Ours,' Part 1, *North East Labour History* (Newcastle: North East Labour History Society, 2014), Vol 44, 169-89.
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'The Original Bob Cranky?' *Folk Music Journal*, (London: English Folk Dance and Song Society, 1985), Vol 5, No 1, 48-82.
'The making of the Tyneside Concert Hall,' *Popular Music* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981), Vol 1, 27-56.
'Thomas Allan and "Tyneside Song"', in Thomas Allan, ed., *Tyneside Songs* (Newcastle: Frank Graham, 1972), iii-xxix.
'John Bell, the "Great Collector"', in John Bell, ed., *Rhymes of Northern Bards* (Newcastle: Frank Graham, 1971), iii-lix.

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